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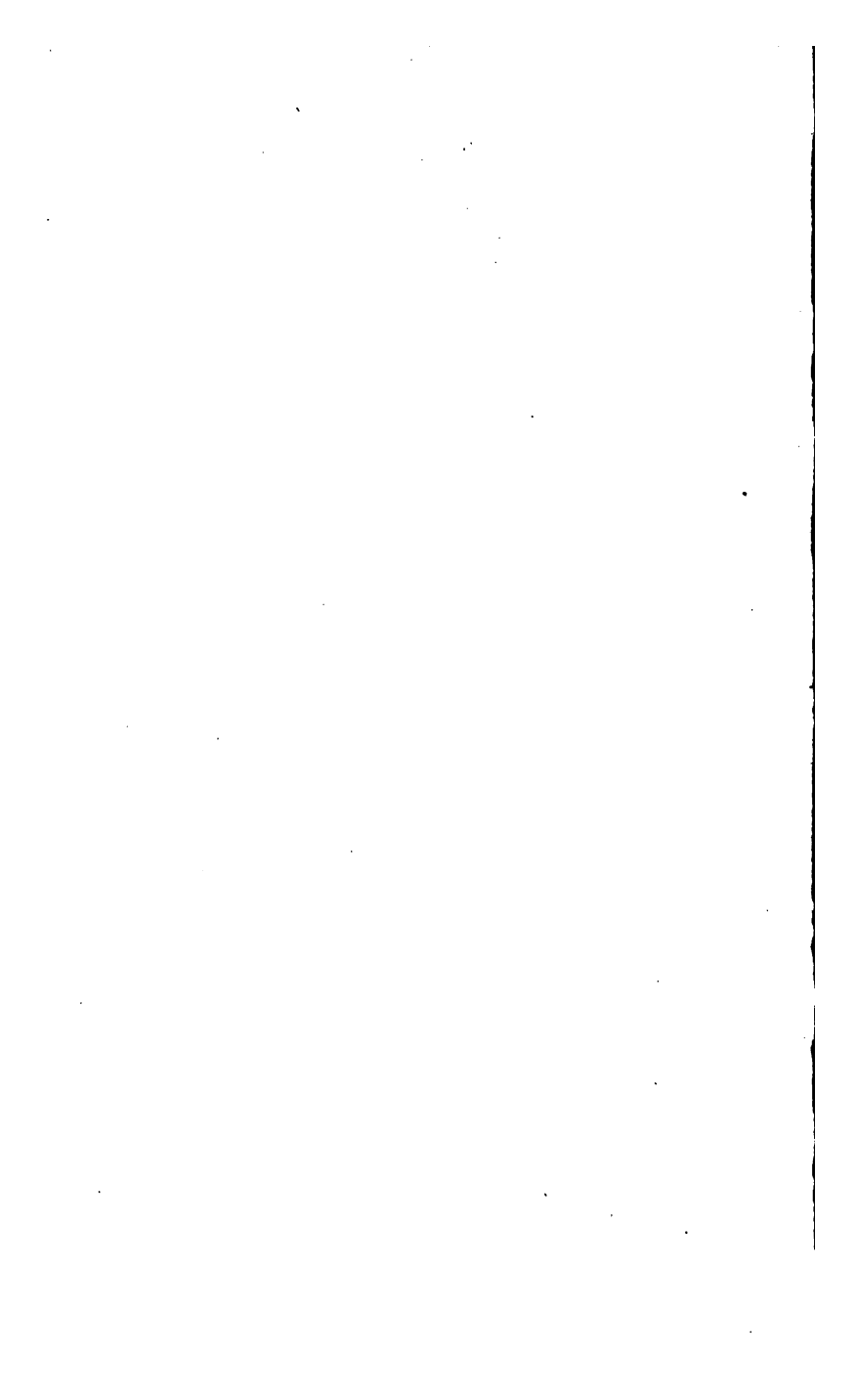


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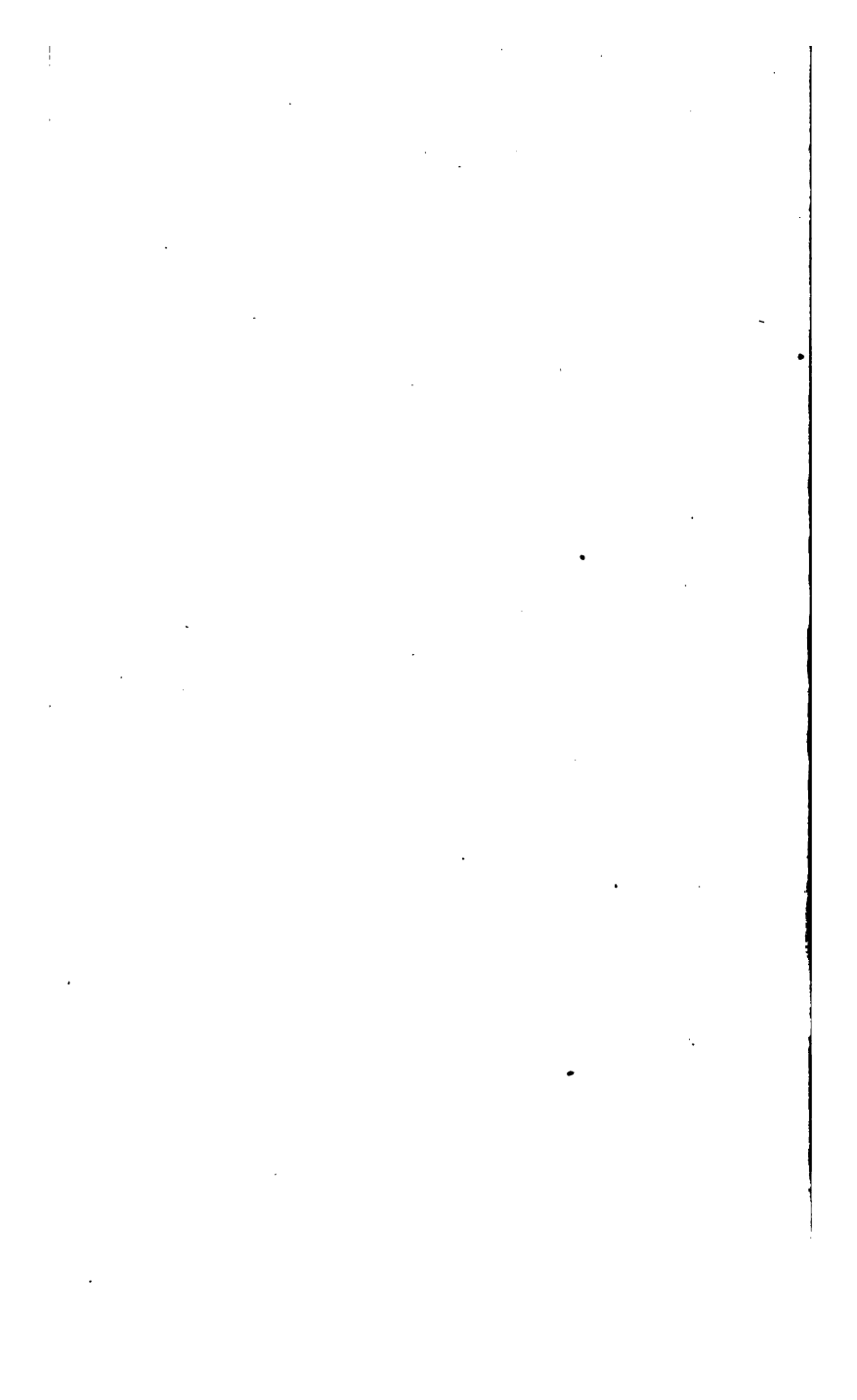
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AND  
INSTRUCTIVE READER:

A COURSE OF READING,  
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,  
IN PROSE AND POETRY,  
WHEREIN  
WIT, HUMOR, AND MIRTH  
ARE MADE THE MEANS OF AWAKENING INTEREST, AND IMPARTING  
INSTRUCTION.

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS AND ACADEMIES.

BY OLIVER OLDHAM,  
AUTHOR OF "THE HUMOROUS SPEAKER," ETC. ETC.

Perhaps it may turn out a song,  
Perhaps turn out a sermon.—BURNS.

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## PREFATORY DIALOGUE.

---

THOMAS HASTY VERSUS OLIVER OLDHAM.

HASTY.

Another book?

A humorous book?

Dear me! Oliver, how will it look?

A man as staid and sober as you,  
Forsaking the ways of wisdom true,  
And seeking after inventions new!  
Why, what in the world d'you mean to do?  
Will you abolish customs and rules,  
Time out of mind, in vogue in the schools?  
Make humor stand in gravity's place?  
Learning from laughter borrow her grace?  
Nurse the delusion, rife at this day,  
That toil is needless, study is play?  
Desist, my Friend; such conduct you'll rue:  
Burn up your book! Away with it! Do!

OLDHAM.

Why, what's to pay?

Is that the way

You exercise your critical sway?

Assail an author,—condemn his book,

And that, before you give it a look?

Is it not enough, to show your ire,

Without the blind, intol'rant desire

To hurl the work, unread, in the fire?

If you must *Eurybiades* play,

Threat'ning a stick in the Spartan way,

Allow me, with deference here to say,

Deference, however, that knows no fear,

With brave Themistocles: "STRIKE, BUT HEAR!"\*

HASTY.

Well, have your say,

And do away,

If you can, the strong objection, pray,

Which *must* belong to a book of mirth.

But what possesses you? What on earth

Has given, in you, the idea birth,

That humor with broad and laughing face,

Should take the sober, dignified place

Of teacher of youth, when well you know,

Young people are constituted so,

\* See the anecdote on page 129 following.

That, if among them you cast a joke,  
 And so the Momus-Spirit evoke,  
 All thought is made on trifles to run  
 And learning falls a victim to fun?

## OLDHAM.

But you'll admit,  
 On pondering it,  
     That humor contains nothing unfit  
 For teachers, whate'er their grade may be,  
 If only from *impurity* free;  
 For Addison, in his pedigree  
 Of Humor, (a piece I wish you'd see,)  
 Makes Truth the parent of all Good Sense;  
 Good Sense the parent of Wit; and thence,  
 By joining Wit in marriage with Mirth,  
 Deduces Humor's legitimate birth.  
 And Thackeray, one who ought to know,  
 (His words I quote in a note below,)\*  
 Says humor is wit and *love* combined;  
 While I, Mr. Oldham, am much inclined  
 To be of the said Mr. Thack'ray's mind;  
 Though, figures aside, it seems to me  
 Genuine humor's made of all *three*!

\* "I have said," says he, "somewhere, I do know with what correctness, (for definitions are never complete,) that humor is *wit* and *love*; I am sure, at any rate, that the best humor is that which contains most humanity, that which is flavored throughout with tenderness and kindness."—*Eng. Humorists of the Nineteenth Century*, p. 275.

One finds in it  
 Both mirth and wit,  
     Tempered by love, and so made fit  
 To wake attention, sympathy move,  
 Direct the heart, and its kindness prove;  
 Expose imposture, pretense and lies,  
 Uttered or acted, whate'er the disguise.  
 And this it does in a charming way;  
 So that be our mood whatever it may,  
 Cheerful, or churlish, or grave, or gay,  
 Let Humor step in its charms to lend,  
 It seems forthwith our nature to mend,  
 And thus becomes humanity's friend.

## HASTY.

I don't deny  
 Th' origin high,  
     Which you in wit and humor descry:  
 I don't deny, in certain cases,  
 At certain times, in certain places,  
 One *may* employ these delicate darts,  
 So as t' improve the manners and hearts  
 Of those who might not otherwise be  
 So forcibly led their faults to see.  
 But, after all, they're dangerous things,  
 Armed, just like bees, with poisonous stings:  
 Yielding, indeed, abundant honey,  
 Being, that is, extremely funny;

But soon their power malign they reveal,  
By leaving a wound not easy to heal.

## OLDHAM.

Well, now I see

We may agree ;

Since you admit in common with me,  
That wit and humor—the *genuine* kind,  
May often be made to instruct mankind.  
What you regard as so injurious,  
Is wit that's false, and humor spurious ;  
Attractive nonsense mixed with malice,  
Forming a kind of a poisoned chalice ;  
Which, however tempting it may be,  
Is ne'er from baleful influence free.  
But will you declare, because of abuse,  
Against the proper, legitimate use,

Of humor *true* ?

Certainly, you

Will not take this illogical view.  
Fearing a sting, will you taste no honey ?  
Fearing a counterfeit, take no money ?  
Fearing explosion, abandon steam ?  
Fearing Phaëthon's fate, drive no team ?  
Fearing a wreck, the ocean abhor ?  
Fearing restraint, abolish the law ?  
Fearing the surgeon's dissecting knife,  
Lose, instead of a finger, your life ?

Hegesias\* like, who life belied,  
 Will you always take the darkest side?  
 Or, like his pupils, before you've tried  
 The ills which morbid fancy has spied,  
 Sever by cowardly suicide,  
 The vital cord by which you are tied?

HASTY.

I do not say  
 One never may

The power of humor, in *reason*, display:  
 Laughing and learning, I say, you'll find,  
 Things too discordant to be combined  
 In th' arduous task of training mind.  
 Pupils, in school, must ever be grave,  
 Silent and studious the time to save;  
 But how with fun, and frolic and glee,  
 Can sober silence united be?  
 'Tis quite impossible; so, you see,  
 One cannot the fountain of knowledge quaff,  
 And still be always convulsed with a laugh?

\* This old philosopher was very appropriately called *Πειθαίματος*, that is, the "Advocate of Death"! He carried the views of the Cyrenaic sect to the most absurd excess: arguing, that death is to be preferred to life, because in life we are constantly exposed to evil.

He is said to have been very eloquent in the maintenance of this doctrine; so eloquent, indeed, that many of his hearers, under a profound conviction of its truth, sought to escape the evils which he had so vividly pictured, by committing suicide! Ptolemy, the reigning monarch, judged it expedient to order him into exile. What, then, should be done with those who, Hegesias like, would banish humor from the schools?

OLDHAM.

"*Always,*" my Friend?

Your *ears* pray lend!

Do wait an attack before you defend.  
 Don't build up a man of straw, and crown  
 His head with sophistry; then, with a frown,  
 Amuse yourself with knocking him down.  
 Have I proposed perpetual fun,  
 Or wit, or humor, or mirth, or pun?  
 And, if I *had*, how could it be done?  
 The mass of the studies *must* be grave:  
 From this, there's nothing on earth to save

Nine-tenths of all

Branches that fall,

In what a scholastic course we call.  
 You seem t' imagine the whole school day  
 Consumed, in a sort of mongrel way,  
 On something that's neither work nor play.  
 Your fruitful fancy figures, perhaps,  
 Geographies humorous,—humorous maps,—  
 Blackboards humorous,—humorous slates,—  
 Humorous chronological dates,—  
 Algebras humorous,—humorous Grammars;—  
 Might as well talk of humorous *hammers!*

The fact is, sir,

You sadly err

In this presuming way to infer,

That this new book, which scarce you have seen,  
 Is but a sort of laughing machine,  
 Very well *fitted*, if not *designed*,  
 To beget a light and trivial mind.  
 Thus you lose sight of my well-meant aim ;  
 For this, and nothing but this, I claim,  
 That here and there, 'mid studies severe,  
 Something lighter be made to appear,—  
 Something to rouse, to gladden, to cheer,—  
 Something to break that general gloom,—  
 That heavy academical doom,—  
 Which often settles o'er heart and head,  
 And gives of *all* school duties a dread.

## HASTY.

Well, in *that* view,  
 Your plan may do ;  
 For I'm prepared to affirm with you,  
 That schools, above all other places,  
 Should ever be free from gloomy faces.  
 But, in raising mirth, you cannot show  
 Too much precaution ; for well you know,  
 That, though the *good* we should seek after,  
 There's every sort and kind of laughter.  
 For instance, the laugh of childish mirth,—  
 The freest expression of joy on earth ;  
 The laugh of folly, the laugh of pride,  
 The laugh of scorn, which evil betide !  
 The laugh mechanical—all outside,  
 And a hundred other laughs beside.



'Mid such a host of risible powers,  
Both good and bad, the duty is ours  
To use, if *any*, in training youth,  
Such as offend not morals or truth.  
If, therefore, you purpose no more than this,  
I do not conceive the book amiss.

## OLDHAM.

I thought, if you  
The *purpose* knew  
Of the work we now have under review,  
It would not, *could* not possibly be,  
That you would think of censuring me.  
I'm, therefore, pleased your favor to gain,  
And all the more, since that to obtain,  
I've been obliged somewhat to explain;  
Since others, no doubt, might think the same  
Exactly as you did, from the name;  
Which, noticing on the title-page,  
Put even *you*, at first, in a rage.  
But never mind that; you're all right now,  
As you always *meant* to be, I trow,  
Therefore, I make my handsomest bow:  
Just dropping here  
Into your ear,  
That friendly precept, Thomas, my dear,  
Ascribed to Chilo, the wise old Greek:—  
“*Be careful to think before you speak!*”

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△

**OLDHAM'S**

**AMUSING AND INSTRUCTIVE READER.**

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**THE PAINTER WHO RESOLVED TO PLEASE THE WHOLE  
WORLD.—OLIVER GOLDSMITH.**

1. A PAINTER of eminence was once resolved to finish a piece which should please the whole world. When, therefore, he had drawn a picture, in which his utmost skill was exhausted, it was exposed in the public market-place, with directions at the bottom for every spectator to mark with a brush, which lay by, every limb and feature which seemed erroneous.

2. The spectators came, and in general applauded; but each, willing to show his talent at criticism, marked whatever he thought proper. At evening, when the painter came, he was mortified to find the whole picture one universal blot; not a single stroke that was not stigmatized with marks of disapprobation. Not satisfied with this trial, the next day he was resolved to try them in a different manner; and exposing his picture as before, desired that every spectator would mark those beauties he approved or admired.

3. The people complied; and the artist returning, found his picture replete with the marks of beauty; every stroke that had been yesterday condemned, now received the character of approbation. "Well," cries the painter, "I now find that the best way to please one-half of the world, is not to mind what the other half says; since what are faults in the eyes of these, shall be by those regarded as beauties."

## THE BACHELOR'S DILEMMA.—ALARIO A. WATTS.

How happy could I be with either.—*Beggar's Opera.*

1. "By all the bright saints in the Missal of Love,  
They are both so intensely, bewitching fair,  
That, let Folly look solemn, and Wisdom reprove,  
I can't make up my mind which to choose of the pair!
2. There is Fanny, whose eye is as blue and as bright  
As the depths of Spring skies in their noontide array;  
Whose every fair feature is gleaming in light,  
Like the ripple of waves on a sunshiny day.
3. There is Helen, more stately of gesture and mien,  
Whose beauty a world of dark ringlets enshroud;  
With a black regal eye, and the step of a queen,  
And a brow, like the moon breaking bright from a cloud.
4. In my moments of mirth, amid glitter and glee,  
When the soul takes the hue that is brightest of any,  
From her sisters enchantment my spirit is free,  
And the bumper I crown is a bumper to Fanny!
5. But, when shadows come o'er me of sickness or grief,  
And my heart with a host of wild fancies is swelling,  
From the blaze of her brightness I turn for relief,  
To the pensive and peace-breathing beauty of Helen!
6. And when sorrow and joy are so blended together,  
That to weep I'm unwilling, to smile am as loth;  
When the beam may be kicked by the weight of a feather;  
I would fain keep it even—by wedding them both!
7. But since I *must* fix on black eyes or blue,  
Quickly make up my mind 'twixt a Grace and a Muse;  
Pr'ythee, Venus, instruct me that course to pursue,  
Which even Paris himself had been puzzled to choose!"

8. Thus murmured a Bard—predetermined to marry,  
But so equally charmed by a Muse and a Grace,  
That though one of his suits may be doomed to miscarry,  
He'd another he straight could prefer in its place!
9. So, trusting that "Fortune would favor the brave,"  
He asked each in her turn, but they both said him nay;  
Lively Fanny declared he was *somewhat* too grave,  
And Saint Helen pronounced him a *little* too gay!
10. May so awful a fate bid young poets beware  
How they sport with their hopes 'till they darken and  
wither;  
For who thus dares presume to make love to a pair,  
May be certain he'll never be accepted by either!
- 

## THE ART OF FLYING.—JOHNSON'S RASSELAS.

1. THE artist was sometimes visited by Rasselas, who was pleased with every kind of knowledge, imagining that the time would come when all his acquisitions should be of use to him in the open world. He came one day to amuse himself in his usual manner, and found the master busy in building a sailing chariot: he saw that the design was practicable on a level surface, and, with expressions of great esteem, solicited its completion.

2. The workman was pleased to find himself so much regarded by the prince, and resolved to gain yet higher honors. "Sir," said he, "you have seen but a small part of what the mechanic sciences can perform. I have been long of opinion, that instead of the tardy conveyance of ships and chariots, man might use the swifter migration of wings; that the fields of air are open to knowledge, and that only ignorance and idleness need crawl upon the ground."

3. This hint rekindled the prince's desire of passing the mountains ; having seen what the mechanist had already performed, he was willing to fancy that he could do more ; yet resolved to inquire further, before he suffered hope to afflict him by disappointment. " I am afraid," said he to the artist, " that your imagination prevails over your skill, and that you now tell me rather what you wish, than what you know. Every animal has his element assigned him ; the birds have the air, and man and beast the earth."

4. " So," replied the mechanists, " fishes have the water, in which yet beasts can swim by nature, and men by art. He that can swim needs not despair to fly : to swim is to fly in a grosser fluid, and to fly is to swim in a subtler. We are only to proportion our power of resistance to the different density of matter through which we are to pass. You will be necessarily upborne by the air, if you can renew any impulse upon it faster than the air can recede from the pressure."

5. " But the exercise of swimming," said the prince, " is very laborious ; the strongest limbs are soon wearied ; I am afraid the act of flying will be yet more violent ; and wings will be of no great use, unless we can fly further than we can swim."

6. " The labor of rising from the ground," said the artist, " will be great, as we see it in the heavier domestic fowls ; but as we mount higher, the earth's attraction and the body's gravity will be gradually diminished, till we shall arrive at a region where the man will float in the air without any tendency to fall : no care will then be necessary, but to move forwards, which the gentlest impulse will effect.

7. " You, Sir, whose curiosity is so extensive, will easily conceive with what pleasure a philosopher, furnished with wings, and hovering in the sky, would see the earth, and all its inhabitants, rolling beneath him, and presenting to him successively, by its diurnal motion, all the countries within the same parallel.

8. " How must it amuse the pendent spectator to see the moving scene of land and ocean, cities and deserts ! To

survey with equal serenity the marts of trade and the fields of battle; mountains infested by barbarians, and fruitful regions gladdened by plenty and lulled by peace! How easily shall we then trace the Nile through all his passage; pass over to distant regions, and examine the face of nature from one extremity of the earth to the other!"

9. "All this," said the prince, "is much to be desired; but I am afraid that no man will be able to breathe in these regions of speculation and tranquillity. I have been told, that respiration is difficult upon lofty mountains, yet from these precipices, though so high as to produce great tenuity of air, it is very easy to fall: therefore, I suspect that, from any height where life can be supported, there may be danger of too quick descent."

10. "Nothing," replied the artist, "will ever be attempted, if all possible objections must be first overcome. If you will favor my project, I will try the first flight at my own hazard. I have considered the structure of all volant animals, and find the folding continuity of the bat's wings most easily accommodated to the human form. Upon this model I shall begin my task to-morrow, and in a year expect to tower into the air beyond the malice and pursuit of man. But I will only work on this condition, that the art shall not be divulged, and that you shall not require me to make wings for any but ourselves."

11. "Why," said Rasselas, "should you envy others so great an advantage? All skill ought to be exerted for universal good; every man has owed much to others, and ought to repay the kindness that he has received."

12. "If men were all virtuous," returned the artist, "I should with great alacrity teach them all to fly. But what would be the security of the good, if the bad could at pleasure invade them from the sky? Against an army sailing through the clouds, neither walls, nor mountains, nor seas, could afford any security. A flight of northern savages might hover in the wind and light at once with irresistible violence upon the capital of a fruitful region that was rolling under them. Even

this valley, the retreat of princes, the abode of happiness, might be violated by the sudden descent of some of the naked nations that swarm on the coast of the southern sea."

13. The prince promised secrecy, and waited for the performance, not wholly hopeless of success. He visited the work from time to time, observed its progress, and remarked many ingenious contrivances to facilitate motion, and unite levity with strength. The artist was every day more certain that he should leave vultures and eagles behind him, and the contagion of his confidence seized upon the prince.

14. In a year the wings were finished, and, on a morning appointed, the maker appeared furnished for flight on a little promontory: he waved his pinions awhile to gather air, then leaped from his stand, and in an instant dropped into the lake. His wings, which were of no use in the air, sustained him in the water, and the prince drew him to land, half dead with terror and vexation.

IGNORANCE IN OFFICE: *Scene in the Street.*—SHAKESPEARE

DOGERRY and VERGES with the WATCHMEN.

*Dogb.* Are you good men and true!

*Verg.* Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

*Dogb.* Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

*Verg.* Well, give them their charge, neighbor Dogberry.

*Dogb.* First, who think you the most desertless man to be constable?

*1st Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

*Dogb.* Come hither, neighbor Seacoal: Heaven hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.



*2d Watch.* Both which, master constable,——

*Dogb.* You have ; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favor, sir, why, give Heaven thanks, and make no boast of it ; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch ; therefore bear you the lantern : This is your charge ; You shall comprehend all vagrom men ; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

*2d Watch.* How if he will not stand ?

*Dogb.* Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go ; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank Heaven you are rid of a knave.

*Verg.* If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

*Dogb.* True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects :—You shall also make no noise in the streets ; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable, and not to be endured.

*2d Watch.* We will rather sleep than talk ; we know what belongs to a watch.

*Dogb.* Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman ; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend : only, have a care that your bills be not stolen :—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk, get them to bed.

*2d Watch.* How if they will not ?

*Dogb.* Why, then, let them alone till they are sober ; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

*2d Watch.* Well, sir.

*Dogb.* If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man ; and for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

*2d Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him ?

*Dogb.* Truly, by your office, you may ; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled : the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

*Verg.* You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

*Dogb.* Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will ; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

*Verg.* If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

*2d. Watch.* How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us ?

*Dogb.* Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying ; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

*Verg.* 'Tis very true.

*Dogb.* This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person ; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

*Verg.* Nay, by'r lady, that, I think, he cannot.

*Dogb.* Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him : marry, not without the prince be willing : for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man ; and it is an offense to stay a man against his will.

*Verg.* By'r lady, I think it be so.

*Dogb.* Ha, ha, ha ! Well, masters, good night : an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me : keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night.—Come neighbor.

*2d Watch.* Well, masters, we hear our charge : let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

*Dogb.* One word more, honest neighbors : I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door ; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night : Adieu, be vigilant, I beseech you.

## HUMAN LIFE—WHAT IS IT LIKE ?

1. LIKE as a damask rose you see,  
Or like a blossom on the tree ;  
Or like the dainty flower in May,  
Or like the morning to the day ;  
Or like the sun, or like the shade,  
Or like the gourd which Jonas had ;  
E'en such is man, whose thread is spun,  
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done ;  
Withers the rose, the blossom blasts,  
The flower fades, the morning hastes  
The sun doth set, the shadows fly,  
The gourd consumes, and mortals die.
  
2. Like to the grass that's newly sprung,  
Or like a tale that's new begun ;  
Or like a bird that's here to-day,  
Or like the pearled dew of May ;  
Or like an hour, or like a span,  
Or like the singing of a swan.  
E'en such is man, who lives by breath,  
Is here, now there, in life and death ;  
The grass decays, the tale doth end,  
The bird is flown, the dews ascend ;  
The hour is short, the span not long,  
The swan's near death, man's life is done.
  
3. Like to the bubble in the brook,  
Or in a glass much like a look ;  
Or like the shuttle in the hand,  
Or like the writing in the sand ;  
Or like a thought, or like a dream,  
Or like the gliding of the stream ;  
E'en such is man, who lives by breath,  
Is here, now there, in life and death ;

The bubble's burst, the look's forgot,  
The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot;  
The thought is past, the dream is gone,  
The water glides, man's life is done.

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## UNCLE ABEL AND LITTLE EDWARD.

FROM THE "GIFT" OF 1839.

1. WERE any of you born in New England, in the good old catechising, school-going, orderly times? If you were, you must remember my Uncle Abel; the most perpendicular, rectangular, upright, *downright* good man that ever labored six days and rested on the Sabbath.

2. You remember his hard, weather-beaten countenance,—where every line seemed to be drawn with a pen of iron and the point of a diamond; his considerate grey eyes, that moved over objects as if it were not best to be in a hurry about seeing; the circumspect opening and shutting his mouth;—his down-sitting and up-rising; all of which appeared to be performed with a conviction afore-thought—in short, the whole ordering of his life and conversation, which was, according to the tenor of the military order—"to the right-about face—forward—march!"

3. "Now, if you supposed, from all this triangularism of exterior, that this good man had nothing kindly within, you were much mistaken. You often find the greenest grass under a snow-drift, and though my uncle's mind was not exactly of the flower-garden kind, still there was an abundance of wholesome and kindly vegetation there.

4. It is true, he seldom laughed, and never joked—*himself*; but no man had more weighty and serious conviction of what a good joke was in another, and when some exceeding witticism was dispensed in his presence, you might see Uncle Abel's face slowly relax into an expression of solemn satis-

faction, and he would look at the author with a certain quiet wonder, as if it was astonishing how such a thing could ever come into a man's head.

5. Uncle Abel also had some relish for the fine arts ; in proof whereof I might adduce the pleasure with which he gazed at the plates in his family Bible, the likeness whereof I presume you never any of you saw.—and he was also such an eminent musician, that he could go through the singing-book at a sitting, without the least fatigue, beating time like a windmill all the way.

6. He had, too, a liberal hand—though his liberality was all by the rule-of-three and practice. He did to his neighbors exactly as he would be done by—he loved some things in this world sincerely—he loved his God *much*, but honored and feared him more ; he was exact with others, he was *more* exact with himself—and expected his God to be more exact still.

7. Everything in Uncle Abel's house was in the same time, place, manner, and form, from year's end to year's end. There was old Master Bose, a dog after my uncle's own heart, who always walked as if he were learning the multiplication table. There was the old clock, for ever ticking in the kitchen-corner, with a picture on its face of the sun, for ever setting behind a perpendicular row of poplars. There was the never-failing supply of red peppers and onions hanging over the chimney. There were the yearly hollyhocks and morning-glories, blooming around the windows. There was the "best room" with its sanded floor, and ever-green asparagus bushes—its cupboard with a glass-door in one corner—and the stand with the great Bible and almanac on it, in the other.

8. There was Aunt Betsy, who never looked any older, because she always looked as old as she could—who always dried her catnip and wormwood the last of September, and began to clean house the first of May. In short, this was the land of continuance. Old time never seemed to take into his head to practice either addition, subtraction, or multiplication, on its sum total.

9. This Aunt Betsy aforementioned, was the neatest and most efficient piece of human machinery that ever operated in forty places at once. She was always everywhere, predominating over, and seeing to, everything, and though my uncle had been twice married, Aunt Betsey's rule and authority had never been broken. She reigned over his wives when living, and reigned after them when dead, and so seemed likely to reign to the end of the chapter.

10. But my uncle's latest wife left Aunt Betsy a much less tractable subject than had ever before fallen to her lot. Little Edward was the child of my uncle's old age, and a brighter, merrier little blossom never grew up on the verge of an avalanche. He had been committed to the nursing of his grandmama, until he had arrived at the years of *indiscretion*, and then my old uncle's heart yearned toward him, and he was sent for home.

11. His introduction into the family excited a terrible sensation. Never was there such a contemner of dignities—such a violater of all high places and sanctities, as this very Master Edward. It was all in vain to try to teach him decorum. He was the most outrageously merry little elf that ever shook a head of curls, and it was all the same to him whether it was "Sabba-day" or any other day.

12. He laughed and frolicked with everybody and everything that came in his way, not even excepting his solemn old father; and when you saw him with his arms around the old man's neck, and his bright blue eyes and blooming cheek pressing out by the bleak face of Uncle Abel, you almost fancied that you saw spring caressing winter. Uncle Abel's metaphysics were sorely puzzled to bring this sparkling, dancing compound of spirit and matter into any reasonable shape, for he did mischief with an energy and perseverance that was truly astonishing.

13. Once, he scoured the floor with Aunt Betsy's very Scotch snuff, and once he washed up the hearth with Uncle Abel's most immaculate clothes-brush, and once he spent half an

hour in trying to make Bose wear his father's spectacles. In short there was no use, but the right one, to which he did not put everything that came in his way.

14. But Uncle Abel was most of all puzzled to know what to do with him on the Sabbath, for on that day Master Edward seemed to exert himself particularly to be entertaining.

"Edward, Edward, must not play on Sunday," his father would say, and then Edward would shake his curls over his eyes, and walk out of the room as grave as a catechism, but the next moment you might see pussy scampering in all dismay through the "*best room*," with Edward at her heels, to the manifest discomposure of Aunt Betsy, and all others in authority.

15. At last my uncle came to the conclusion, that "it wasn't in natur to teach him any better," and that "he would no more keep Sunday than the brook down the lot." My poor uncle; he did not know what was the matter with his heart, but certain it was, that he lost all faculty of scolding, when little Edward was in the case, though he would stand rubbing his spectacles a quarter of an hour longer than common, when Aunt Betsy was detailing his witticisms and clever doings. But, in process of time, our hero compassed his third year, and arrived at the dignity of going to school.

16. He went illustriously through the spelling-book, and then attacked the Catechism; went from "Man's Chief End" to "the Commandments" in a fortnight, and at last came home inordinately merry, to tell his father he had got to "Amen."

17. After this, he made a regular business of saying over the whole every Sunday evening, standing with his hands folded in front, and his checked apron smoothed down, occasionally giving a glance over his shoulder, to see whether pussy was attending. Being of a very benevolent turn of mind, he made several very commendable efforts to teach Bose the catechism, in which he succeeded as well as could be expected. In short, without farther detail, Master Edward bade fair to be a literary wonder.

## UNCLE ABEL AND LITTLE EDWARD—CONTINUED.

1. BUT, alas, for poor little Edward! his merry dance was soon over. A day came when he sickened. Aunt Betsey tried her whole herbarium, but in vain; he grew rapidly worse and worse. His father sickened in heart, but said nothing; he only stayed by his bedside day and night, trying all means to save him with affecting pertinacity.

2. "Can't you think of anything more, Doctor?" said he to the physician when everything had been tried in vain.

"Nothing," answered the physician.

A slight convulsion passed over my uncle's face. "Then the Lord's will be done!" said he.

Just at that moment a ray of the setting sun pierced the checked curtains, and gleamed like an angel's smile across the face of the little sufferer. He awoke from disturbed sleep.

3. "Oh dear! oh, I am so sick!" he gasped feebly. His father raised him in his arms; he breathed easier, and looked up with a grateful smile.

Just then his old play-mate, the cat, crossed the floor.

"There goes pussy," said he, "Oh dear, I shall never play with pussy any more."

4. At that moment a deadly change passed over his face; he looked up to his father with an imploring expression, and put out his hands. There was one moment of agony, and then the sweet features all settled with a smile of peace, and "mortality was swallowed up of life."

5. My uncle laid him down and looked one moment at his beautiful face; it was too much for his principles, too much for his pride, and "he lifted up his voice and wept."

The next morning was the Sabbath,—the funeral day, and it rose "with breath all incense and with cheek all bloom." Uncle Abel was as calm and collected as ever, but in his face there was a sorrow-stricken expression that could not be mistaken.

6. I remember him at family prayers bending over the great



Bible, and beginning the psalm, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations." Apparently he was touched by the melancholy splendor of the poetry; for after reading a few verses he stopped. There was a dead silence, interrupted only by the ticking of the clock. He cleared his voice repeatedly and tried to go on, but in vain. He closed the book and knelt to prayer. The energy of sorrow broke through his usual formal reverence, and his language flowed forth with a deep and sorrowful pathos, which I have never forgotten. The God so much revered, so much feared, seemed to draw near to him as a friend and comforter, to be his refuge and strength, "a very present help in time of trouble."

7. My uncle arose, and I saw him walk toward the room of the departed one. I followed, and stood with him over the dead. He uncovered the face. It was set with the seal of death, but oh! how surpassingly lovely was the impression! The brilliancy of life was gone, but the face was touched with the mysterious triumphant brightness which seems like the dawning of heaven.

8. My uncle looked long and steadily. He felt the beauty of what he gazed on; his heart was softened, but he had no words for his feelings. He left the room unconsciously, and stood in the front door.

9. The bells were ringing for church, the morning was bright, the birds were singing merrily, and the little pet squirrel of little Edward was frolicking about the floor. My uncle watched him as he ran, first up one tree and then another, and then over the fence, whisking his brush and chattering just as if nothing was the matter. With a deep sigh, uncle Abel broke forth—

"How happy that *cretur* is! Well, the Lord's will be done."

10. That day the dust was committed to dust, amid the lamentations of all who had known little Edward. Years have passed since then, and my uncle has long been gathered to his

fathers, but his just and upright spirit has entered the liberty of the sons of God.

11. Yes, the good man may have opinions which the philosophical scorn, weaknesses at which the thoughtless smile, but death shall change him into all that is enlightened, wise, and refined. "He shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars forever and ever."

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ADDRESS TO A SPIDER.—DR. LITTLETON.

1. Artist, who underneath my table  
     Thy curious texture hast displayed,  
 Who, if we may believe the fable,  
     Wert once a lovely blooming maid !
2. Insidious, restless, watchful spider,  
     Fear no officious damsel's broom ;  
 Extend thy artful fabric wider,  
     And spread thy banners round my room.
3. Swept from the rich man's costly ceiling,  
     Thou'rt welcome to my homely roof ;  
 Here may'st thou find a peaceful dwelling,  
     And undisturb'd attend thy woof ;
4. Whilst I thy wond'rous fabric stare at,  
     And think on hapless poet's fate ;  
 Like thee confin'd to lonely garret,  
     And rudely banish'd rooms of state.
5. And as from out thy tortur'd body  
     Thou draw'st the slender strings with pain ;  
 So does he labor, like a noddy,  
     To spin materials from his brain.
6. He for some fluttering tawdry creature,  
     That spreads her charms before his eye ;

And that's a conquest little better  
Than thine o'er captive butterfly.

7. Thus far 'tis plain we both agree,  
Perhaps our deaths may better show it;  
'Tis ten to one but penury  
Ends both the spider and the poet.

PLAIN, IF NOT POLITE.—MRS. MOODIE.

1. ONCE I was driven by a young Irish friend, to call on the wife of a rich farmer in the country. We were shown by the master of the house into a very handsomely furnished room, in which there was no lack of substantial comfort, and even of some elegancies, in the shape of books, pictures, and piano. The good man left us to inform his wife of our arrival, and for some minutes we remained in solemn state, until the mistress of the house made her appearance. She had been called from the wash-tub, and, like a sensible woman, was not ashamed of her domestic occupation. She came in, wiping the suds from her hands on her apron, and gave us a very hearty and friendly welcome.

2. She was a short, stout, middle-aged woman, with a very pleasant countenance; and, though only in her colored flannel working-dress, with a night-cap on her head, and spectacled nose, there was something in her frank, good-natured face that greatly prepossessed us in her favor. After giving us the common compliments of the day, she drew her chair just in front of me, and resting her elbows on her knees, and dropping her chin between her hands, she sat regarding me with such a fixed gaze, that it became very embarrassing.

3. "So," says she, at last, "you are Mrs. M.—?"

"Yes."

"The woman that writes?"

"The same."

4. She drew back her chair for a few paces with a deep-drawn sigh, in which disappointment and surprise seemed strangely to mingle.

"Well, I have he'rd a great deal about you, and I wanted to see you bad, for a long time; but you are only a humly person like myself after all. Why, I do think, if I had on my best gown and cap, I should look a great deal better and younger than you."

5. I told her that I had no doubt of the fact.

"And pray," continued she, with the same provoking scrutiny, "how old do you call yourself?"

I told her my exact age.

6. "Humph!" quoth she, as if she rather doubted my word, "two years younger nor me! you look a great deal older nor that." After a long pause, and another searching gaze, "do you call those teeth your own?"

"Yes," said I, laughing; for I could retain my gravity no longer; "in the very truest sense of the word they are mine, as God gave them to me."

7. "You are luckier than your neighbors," said she. "But arn't you greatly troubled with headaches?"

"No," said I, rather startled at this fresh interrogatory.

8. "My!" exclaimed she, "I thought you must be, your eyes are so sunk in your head. Well, well, so you are Mrs. M——, of Belleville, the woman that writes. You are but a humly body, after all."

9. While this curious colloquy was going on, my poor Irish friend sat on thorns, and tried, by throwing in a little judicious blarney, to soften the thrusts of the home truths to which he had unwittingly exposed me. Between every pause in the conversation, he broke in with—

"I am sure. Mrs. M—— is a fine-looking woman—a very young-looking woman for her age. Any person might know at a glance that those teeth were her own. They look too natural to be false."

## ADVENTURE WITH AN AMERICAN BEAR.

1. Among the earliest settlers in the wilds of Salmon river was a Vermontese of the name of Dobson—a resolute and athletic man. Returning one evening from a fruitless hunt after his vagrant cows—which, according to custom in the new countries, had been turned into the woods to procure their own subsistence from the rank herbage of the early summer, just before emerging from the forest upon the clearing of his neighbor, the late worthy Mr. Joseph Sleeper, he saw a large bear descending from a lofty sycamore, where he had probably been in quest of honey. A bear ascends a tree much more expertly than he descends it, being obliged to come down stern foremost. My friend Dobson did not very well like to be joined in his evening walk by such a companion, and without reflecting what he should do with the ‘varmint’ afterwards, he ran up to the tree on the opposite side from the animal’s body, and just on his reaching the ground, seized him firmly by both his fore-paws.

2. Bruin growled and gnashed his tusks, but he soon ascertained that his paws were in the grasp of paws equally iron-strong with his own. Nor could he use his hinder-claws to disembowel his antagonist, as the manner of the bear is, inasmuch as the trunk of the tree was between them. But Dobson’s predicament, as he was endowed with rather the most reason, was worse yet. He could no more assail the bear than the bear could assail him. Nor could he venture to let go of him, since the presumption was that Bruin would not make him a very gracious return for thus unceremoniously taking him by the hand. The twilight was fast deepening into darkness, and his position was far less comfortable than it otherwise would have been at the same hour, surrounded by his wife and children at the supper table, to say nothing of the gloomy prospect for the night.

3. Still, as Joe Sleeper’s house was not far distant, he hoped

to be able to call him to his assistance. But his lungs, though none of the weakest, were unequal to the task ; and although he hallooed and bawled the live-long night, making the woods and the welkin ring again, he succeeded no better than did Glendower of old, in calling spirits from the vasty deep. It was a wearisome night for Dobson ; such a game of holdfast he had never been engaged in before. Bruin, too, was probably somewhat wearied ; although he could not describe his sensations in English, he took the regular John Bull method of making known his dissatisfaction—that is to say, he growled incessantly. But there was no let go in the case, and Dobson was therefore under the necessity of holding fast, until he felt as if his clenched and aching fingers and the bear's paws had grown together.

4. As daylight returned, and the smoke from Mr. Sleeper's chimney began to curl up gracefully, though rather dimly in the distance, Dobson again repeated his cries for succor, and his heart soon gladdened by the appearance of his worthy but inactive neighbor, who had at last been attracted by the voice of the impatient sufferer, bearing an ax upon his shoulder. Dobson had never been so much rejoiced at seeing Mr. Sleeper before, albeit he was a very kind and estimable neighbor.

5. "Why don't you make haste, Mr. Sleeper, and not be lounging about at that rate, when you see a fellow-christian in such a kettle of fish as this?"

"I vum! Is that you, Mr. Dobson, up agin a tree there? And was it you I hear'n hallooing so last night? I guess you ought to have your lodging for nothing, if you've stood up agin the tree all night."

6. "It's no joke, though I can tell you, Mr. Joe Sleeper ; and if you'd had hold of the paws of the black varmint all night, it strikes me you'd think you'd paid dear enough for it. But if you hear'n me calling for help in the night, why didn't you come and see what was the trouble?"

"Oh, I was just going tired to bed, after laying up log-fence

all day, and I thought I'd wait till morning, and come out bright and *airy*. But if I'd known 'twas you"—

7. "Known it was me"—replied Dobson, bitterly, "you knew 'twas somebody who had flesh and blood, too good for these plaguy black varminths though; and you knew there's been a smart sprinkle of bears about the settlement all the spring."

"Well, don't be in a huff, Tommy. It's never too late to do good. So hold tight now, and don't let the 'tarnal crittur get loose while I split his head open."

8. "No, no," said Dobson. "After holding the beast here all night, I think I ought to have the satisfaction of killing him. So you just take hold of his paws here, and I will take the ax, and let a streak of daylight into his skull about the quickest."

9. The proposition being a fair one, Mr. Sleeper was too reasonable a man to object. He was no coward either; and he thereupon stepped up to the tree, and cautiously taking the bear with both his hands, relieved honest Dobson from his predicament. The hands of the latter, though sadly stiffened by the tenacity with which they had been clenched for so many hours, were soon brandishing an axe, and he apparently made all preparations for giving the deadly blow—and deadly it would have been had he struck; but, to the surprise of Sleeper, he did not strike; and to his further consternation, Dobson swung the axe upon his shoulder, and marched away; whistling as he went, with as much apparent indifference as the other had shown when coming to his relief.

10. It was now Sleeper's turn to make the forest vocal with his cries. In vain he raved, and called, and threatened. Dobson walked on and disappeared, leaving his friend as sad a prospect for his breakfast as himself had had for his supper. Hour after hour passed away, and Sleeper still found himself at bo-peep with Sir Bruin. In the course of the afternoon, however when Dobson supposed that the lesson he was teaching had been thoroughly learned by his pupil, and when he thought the latter would willingly forget his resentment for the sake of

succor, the sturdy Yankee returned, and by a single blow relieved both bear and man from their troubles in the same instant. Sleeper thought rather hard of Dobson for some time, but no real breach of friendship ensued, and, indeed, the two borderers became afterwards better friends and neighbors than before.

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TIME,—WHAT IS IT LIKE!

Say, is there aught that can convey  
 An image of its transient stay!  
 'Tis a hand's breath; 'tis a tale;  
 'Tis a vessel under sail;  
 'Tis a courser's straining steed;  
 'Tis a shuttle in its speed;  
 'Tis an eagle in its way,  
 Darting down upon its prey;  
 'Tis an arrow in its flight;  
 Mocking the pursuing fight:  
 'Tis a vapor in the air;  
 'Tis a whirlwind rushing there;  
 'Tis a short-liy'd fading flow'r;  
 'Tis a rainbow, on a show'r;  
 'Tis a momentary ray,  
 Smiling in a winter's day;  
 'Tis a torrent's rapid stream;  
 'Tis a shadow; 'tis a dream;  
 'Tis the closing watch of night,  
 Dying at approaching light;  
 'Tis a landscape vainly gay,  
 Painted upon crumbling clay;  
 'Tis a lamp that wastes its fires;  
 'Tis a smoke that quick expires;  
 'Tis a bubble; 'tis a sigh;  
 Be prepar'd, O Man! to die.



## ABUSE OF THE NOSE.—HORACE SMITH.

1. As a friend to noses of all denominations, I must here enter my solemn protest against a barbarous abuse to which they are too often subjected, by converting them into dust-holes and soot-bags, under the fashionable pretext of taking snuff; an abomination for which Sir Walter Raleigh is responsible, and which ought to have been included in the articles of his impeachment. When some "Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain," after gently tapping its top with a look of diplomatic complacency, embraces a modicum of its contents with his finger and thumb, curves round his hand, so as to display the brilliant on his little finger, and commits the high-dried pulvilio to the air, so that nothing but its impalpable aroma ascends into his nose, we may smile at the custom as a harmless and not ungraceful foppery: but when a filthy compost is perpetually thrust up the nostrils with a voracious pig-like snort, it is a practice as disgusting to the beholders as I believe it to be injurious to the offender. The nose is the emunctory of the brain, and when its functions are impeded the whole system of the head becomes deranged.

2. A professed snuff-taker is generally recognizable by his total loss of the sense of smelling—by his snuffing and snorting—by his pale sodden complexion—and by that defective modulation of the voice, called talking through the nose, though it is in fact an inability so to talk, from the partial or total stoppage of the passage. Not being provided with an ounce of civet, I will not suffer my imagination to wallow in all the revolting concomitants of this dirty trick: but I cannot refrain from an extract, by which we may form some idea of the time consumed in its performance. "Every professed, inveterate, and incurable snuff-taker (says Lord Stanhope,) at a moderate computation takes one pinch in ten minutes. Every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances, consumes a minute and a half.

3. One minute and a half, out of ten, allowing sixteen hours to a snuff-taking day, amounts to two hours and twenty-four minutes out of every natural day, or one day out of every ten. One day out of every ten amounts to thirty-six days and a half in a year. Hence, if we suppose the practice to be persisted in forty years, two entire years of the snuff-taker's life will be dedicated to tickling his nose, and two more to blowing it. Taken medicinally, or as a simple sternutatory, it may be excused; but the moment your snuff is not to be sneezed at, you are the slave of a habit which literally makes you grovel in the dust.

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THE RICH MERCHANT.—MRS. JANE WEAVER.

1. It was late at night, and the streets were nearly deserted, the more especially as it was snowing fast. A single traveler, however, might have been seen, wrapped in a thick overcoat, urging his way against the tempest, by the light of some dim lamps. Suddenly, as he passed a ruinous tenement, the figure of a girl started up before him.

2. 'Please, sir,' said she, 'if it's only a penny—mother is sick, and we have eaten nothing to-day.'

The first impulse of the moment was to go on: his second to stop. He looked at the girl. Her face was thin and pale, and her garments scanty. He was a man of impulses, so he put his hand towards his pocket, intending to give her a shilling. She saw the act, and her lustreless eye brightened. But the traveler had forgot, that his overcoat was buttoned over his pocket.

3. 'It is too much trouble,' he said to himself, 'and this wind is very cutting. Besides, these beggars are usually cheats—I'll warrant this girl wants the money to spend in a gin-shop.' And speaking aloud, he said somewhat harshly: 'I have nothing for you; if you are really destitute, the guardians of the poor will take care of you.'

The girl shrank back without a word, and drew her tattered garments around her shivering form. But a tear glittered on her cheek in the light of the dim lamp.

4. The man passed, and turning the next corner, soon knocked at the door of a splendid mansion, through whose richly curtained windows a rosy light streamed out across the storm. A servant obsequiously gave him entrance. At the sound of his footstep the parlor door was hastily opened, and a beautiful girl, apparently about seventeen, sprang into his arms, and kissed him on each cheek, and then began to assist him in removing his overcoat.

5. 'What kept you so long, dear papa?' she said. 'If I had known where you were, I would have sent the carriage. You never stay so late at the office.'

'No, my love, I was at my lawyer's—busy, very busy, and all for you,' and he kindly patted her cheek. 'But, now, Margy, can't you give me some supper?'

The daughter rang the bell, and ordered the supper to be served. It was such a one as an epicure might delight in, just the supper for a traveler on a night like that.

6. 'Pa,' said the daughter, when it was just finished, 'I hope you are in a good humor, for I have a favor to ask of you,' and she threw her arms around his neck and looked up into his face with that winning smile and those beautiful dark eyes of hers. 'I wish to give a ball on my birthday—my eighteenth birthday. It will cost, oh! a sight of money; but you are a kind, good papa, and I know you have been successful, or you would not have been at your lawyer's

'Yes, my darling,' he said, fondly kissing her, 'the cotton speculation has turned out well. I sold all I had of the article this afternoon, received the money, and took it to my lawyer's telling him to invest it in real estate. I think I shall soon give up business.'

7. 'Oh! do, do, papa. But you will give me this Ball—won't you?'

'You little tease!' said the father, but he spoke smilingly;

and putting his hand in his pocket-book, he took out a note and placed it in his child's hand. 'Take this—if it is not enough you must have another, I suppose. But don't trouble me about it any more.'

8. The next morning broke clear, but the snow was a foot deep on the level, and here and there lay in huge drifts, blocking up the doorways. At ten o'clock the rich merchant was on his way to the counting-room. He turned down the same street, up which he had come the preceeding evening. A crowd had gathered around the open cellar-door of a ruined tenement. The merchant paused to inquire what was the matter.

'A woman, sir, has been found dead below there,' said one of the spectators. 'She starved to death, it is said, and they have sent for a coroner. Her daughter has just come back, after being out all night. I believe she was begging. That's her moaning.'

9. 'Ah!' said the merchant; and a pang went through his heart like an ice-bolt, for he remembered denying a petitioner the night before. He pushed through the crowd and ascended the cellar-steps. A girl cowered over an emaciated corpse that lay on a heap of straw, in one corner of the damp apartment. It was the same girl he had feared it would prove. The merchant was horror struck.

'My poor child!' he said, laying his hand on her shoulder, 'you must be cared for—God forgive me for denying you last night!' and he put a bill into her hand.

The girl looked up and gazed vacantly at him. Then she put back the proffered money.

10. 'It will do no good now,' she said; 'mother is dead, and she burst into hysteric tears; and the merchant, at that moment would have given half his fortune to have recalled her to life.

The lesson thus learned he never forgot. The merchant personally saw that a decent burial was provided for the mother, and afterwards took the daughter into his house,

educated her for a respectable station in life, and, on her marriage, presented her with a proper dowry. He lived to hear her children lisp their gratitude.

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SATAN OUTWITTED.—SOMERVILLE

1. A VICAR lived on this side Trent,  
 Religious, learn'd, benevolent ;  
 Pure was his life, in deed, word, thought,  
 A comment on the truths he taught ;  
 His parish large, his income small,  
 Yet seldom wanted wherewithal ;  
 For against every merry tide  
 Madam would carefully provide.  
 A painful pastor ; but his sheep,  
 Alas ! within no bounds would keep ;  
 A scabby flock, that every day  
 Ran riot, and would go astray.
  
2. He thump'd his cushion, fretted, vexed,  
 Thumb'd o'er again each useful text ;  
 Rebuk'd, exhorted, all in vain,  
 His parish was the more profane ;  
 The scrubs would have their wicked will,  
 And cunning Satan triumph'd still.  
 At last, when each expedient fail'd,  
 And serious measures nought avail'd,  
 It came into his head, to try  
 The force of wit and raillery.
  
3. The good man was by nature gay,  
 Could gibe and joke, as well as pray ;

Not like some hide-bound folk, who chase  
 Each merry smile from their dull face,  
 And think pride, zeal, ill-nature, grace.  
 At christenings and each jovial feast,  
 He singled out the sinful beast ;  
 Let all his pointed arrows fly,  
 Told this and that, look'd very shy,  
 And left my masters to apply.

4. His tales were humorous, often true,  
 And now and then set off to view  
 With lucky fictions and sheer wit,  
 That pierc'd, where truth could never hit.  
 The laugh was always on his side,  
 While passive fools by turns deride ;  
 And, giggling thus at one another,  
 Each jeering lout reform'd his brother ;  
 Till the whole parish was with ease  
 Sham'd into virtue by degrees.

FAMILIARITY BREEDS INDIFFERENCE.—LOND. QUAR. REV.

1. THERE lived in the west of England a few years since an enthusiastic geologist,—a Doctor of Divinity and Chairman of the Quarter Sessions. A farmer, who had seen him presiding on the bench, overtook him shortly afterwards, while seated by the road side on a heap of stones, which he was busily breaking in search of fossils. The farmer reined up his horse, gazed at him for a minute, shook his head in commiseration of the mutability of human things, and then exclaimed in mingled tones of pity and surprise : “ What, Doctor ! be *you* come to this a'ready ? ”

2. That there could be *philosophy* in stones had never crossed the mind of the farmer in his most contemplative mood. They

were constantly in his thoughts, but always under the aspect of hard materials admirably adapted to employ paupers and mend roads. He would sooner have expected briars and thistles to yield him corn than that quarries should supply instruction to a divine and magistrate. In the physical no less than in the moral world familiarity breeds contempt: from his infancy he had beheld the petrified animals of distant ages laid open to the light of this living world by the blow of a hammer, and years before he grew to man's estate the disclosure excited in him equal emotion with a flaw in the stone.

3. Such is the usual fate of natural appearances with uninquiring minds. An officer in Anson's squadron showed a mirror to the Patagonians. As often as they caught the reflection of their faces, they stole nimbly round to discover who was hid at the back of the glass. A lecturer on the laws of light, who had appeared among them while their wonder was at the highest, would have found a breathless audience. In England, multitudes, who could tell little more than the savages of Patagonia, would hear him, if they listened at all, with chilling composure. An immemorial acquaintance with the effect makes them heedless of the cause. A striking advance in science always affords an illustration of the principle.

4. The discoveries in electricity, about the middle of the eighteenth century, excited hardly less sensation than the American war. The intelligence spread as if the electric fluid had been concerned in its propagation—everybody was in haste to study the laws and witness the experiments. A thousand pages of the book of nature, long since deciphered, remained unvalued and unread; the new page alone could stimulate curiosity. Electricity had its reign, and the crowd, to whom science was not a regular pursuit, dropped at once from wonder to indifference. The influence of novelty is not at all less conspicuous in letters than in science. The last ephemeral production of the day is sought with impatience, and the time-honored Classics—the heir-looms of literature—are left to cumber the shelves.

## TACT VERSUS TALENT.—IMPERIAL MAGAZINE.

1. TALENT is something, but not everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable. Tact is all that and more too ; it is not a seventh sense, but it is the life of all the five ; it is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch ; it is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places and at all times ; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world ; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world. Talent is power ; tact is skill. Talent is weight ; tact is momentum. Talent knows what to do ; tact knows *how* to do it. Talent makes a man respectable ; tact will make him respected. Talent is wealth ; tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life, tact carries it against talent ten to one.

2. Talent will produce you a tragedy that will scarcely live long enough to be condemned, while tact keeps the house in a roar, night after night, with its successful farces. There is no want of dramatic talent, there is no want of dramatic tact, but they are seldom together ; hence we have successful pieces which are not respectable, and respectable pieces which are not successful. Take them to the *bar*, and let them shake their learned curls at each other, in legal rivalry. Talent sees its way clearly, but tact is first at its journey's end. Talent receives many a compliment from the bench, but tact receives fees from attorneys and clients. Talent speaks learnedly and logically ; tact triumphantly.

3. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on no faster ; tact excites astonishment that it gets on so fast—and the secret is that it has no weight to carry, it makes no false step, it hits the right nail on the head, it loses no time, it takes all hints, and, by keeping its eye on the weathercock, is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows. Take them into the *church*. Talent is always something worth hearing ; tact is sure of abundance of hearers. Talent conquers ; tact con-



vinces. Talent is an honor to the profession ; tact gains honor from the profession.

4. Take them to *court*. Talent feels its weight ; tact finds its way. Talent commands ; tact is obeyed. Talent is honored with approbation ; and tact is blessed by preferment. Place them in the *senate*. Talent has the ear of the house ; but tact wins its heart, and has its votes. Talent is fit for employment ; but tact is fitted for it. It seems to know everything, without learning anything ; it needs no drilling ; it never ranks in the awkward squad ; it has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. It puts on no looks of wondrous wisdom ; it has no air of profundity, but plays with the detail of place as dexterously as a well-taught hand flourishes over the keys of the pianoforte.

5. It has all the air of common-place, and all the force and power of genius. Talent calculates slowly, reasons logically, makes out a case as clear as daylight, and utters its oracles with all the weight of justice and reason ; tact refutes without contradiction, puzzles the profound without profundity, and without art outwits the wise. Set them together on a race for popularity, and tact will distance talent by half the course.

6. Talent brings to market that which is wanted ; tact produces that which is wished for. Talent instructs ; tact enlightens. Talent leads where no one follows ; tact follows where the humor leads. Talent is pleased that it *ought* to have succeeded ; tact is delighted that it *has* succeeded. Talent toils for a posterity which will never repay it ; tact throws away no pains, but catches the passions of the passing hour. Talent builds for eternity ; tact on a short lease, and gets good interest. In short, talent is certainly a very fine thing to talk about, a very good thing to be proud of, a very glorious eminence to look down from ; but tact is useful, portable, applicable—always alert, marketable : it is the talent of talents, the availableness of resources, the application of power, the eye of discrimination, and the right hand of intellect.

## THE GOOSE AND THE SWANS.—MOORE.

1. A GOOSE, affected, empty, vain,  
The shrillest of the cackling train,  
With proud and elevated crest,  
Precedence claim'd above the rest.  
Says she, I laugh at human race,  
Who say geese hobble in their pace ;  
Look here !—the sland'rous lie detect ;  
Not haughty man is so erect.
2. That peacock yonder! ah, how vain  
The creature's of his gaudy train !  
If both were stripped, I'd pawn my word  
A goose would be the finer bird.  
Nature, to hide her own defects,  
Her bungled work with finery decks ;  
Were geese set off with half that show,  
Would men admire the peacock ? No.
3. Thus vaunting, 'cross the mead she stalks,  
The cackling breed attend her walks ;  
The sun shot down his noontide beams,  
The Swans were sporting in the streams ;  
Their snowy plumes and stately pride  
Provok'd her spleen. Why there, she cry'd,  
Again what arrogance we see !——  
Those creatures ! how they mimic me !
4. Shall ev'ry fowl the waters skim,  
Because we geese are known to swim ?  
So saying, with extended wings,  
Lightly upon the wave she springs ;  
Her bosom swells, she spreads her plumes,  
And the swan's stately crest assumes.  
Contempt and mockery ensu'd,  
And bursts of laughter shook the flood.

6. A Swan, superior to the rest,  
 Sprung forth, and thus the fool address'd :  
 Conceited thing, elate with pride !  
 Thy affectation all deride ;  
 These airs thy awkwardness impart,  
 And shew thee plainly as thou art.
7. Among thy equals of the flock  
 Thou hadst escap'd the public mock,  
 And as thy parts to good conduce,  
 Been deem'd an honest hobbling goose.  
 Learn hence to study wisdom's rules ;  
 Know foppery's the pride of fools ;  
 And, striving nature to conceal,  
 You only her defects reveal.

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 AN EPITAPH ON A POOR, BUT HONEST MAN.

1. Stop, reader, here, and deign a look  
 On one without a name ;  
 Ne'er enter'd in the ample book,  
 Of fortune, or of fame ;  
 Studios of peace, he hated strife ;  
 Meek virtues fill'd his breast ;  
 His coat of arms, " a spotless life"  
 " An honest heart," his crest.
2. Quarter'd therewith was innocence ;  
 And thus his motto ran ;  
 " A conscience void of all offence  
 Before both God and man."  
 In the great day of wrath, tho' pride  
 Now scorns his pedigree ;  
 Thousands shall wish they'd been allied  
 To this great family.

## RESPECTABLE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING PEOPLE.

1. **THERE** are, and we are sure the reader must have come across some of them in the course of his life, a curious description of persons, who, possessing many of those qualities which one would think well adapted for securing success in the world, and presenting none obviously of an opposite description, yet never do succeed ; who never can, somehow or other, manage to succeed. Yet are the particular kind of people whom we mean neither dissipated, dishonest, nor deficient in ability.

2. On the contrary, they are decent, respectable persons—grave, sober, and intelligent ; their whole manner and bearing, character and dispositions, being eminently calculated to impress you with the most favorable opinion of them ; and, at the same time, to excite your utmost wonder at the fact above alluded to, namely, their being always unfortunate, and never able, seemingly, to rise above the most humble circumstances.

3. What is wrong in these cases ? for that there must be something wrong, after all, is evident ; some deficiency there must be somewhere ;—no doubt of it. The broad fact is, that the worthy persons of whom we speak—notwithstanding their gravity, their steadiness, their intelligence—are found, on trial, to be absolutely and literally good for nothing. They want ordinary tact,—they want worldly wisdom,—and are deficient in energy and decision of character ; and therein lies the secret of their utter uselessness.

4. All their good sense is theoretical, none of it practical ; and, therefore, of no value whatever to the owner as an instrument for working his advancement in life. It will not enable him to remove the smallest obstacle that comes in his way. He indeed tries to do so with it, but finds it totally incompetent to the task.

5. Others coming the same road, but provided with better

working-tools, cast the difficulty aside in an instant ; our worthy good-for-nothing looking on all the while, with a face of innocent amazement, and wondering how in the world they do it. The thing perplexes him sadly. Than the decent, sensible, respectable good-for-nothing, no man on earth is more willing to do well if he only knew how ; but this, some way or other, he never can find out ; and the consequence is that he is always to be found dozing along the lower paths that wind round the base of the hill of fortune.

6. He can by no means, although he has often tried it, find out that which leads to the summit ; and in his perplexity gazes, with a look of amazement and non-comprehension, on those who have gained higher elevations than himself, and who are gradually increasing their height with every circuit. He cannot conceive how in the world they got there ; and the greater is his wonder that he sees among them many who started on the journey of life from the same point with himself, nay, many from much lower positions.

7. The former, then must have, some time or other, given him the slip ; the latter the go-by. They must ; but how and when they did this, he cannot tell. It must have been when he was asleep, and no lack of such opportunity was there ; for our worthy, respectable good-for-nothing is always asleep. It is, in fact, the circumstance of his being never awake that keeps him in the humble position in which we always find him.

8. The respectable good-for-nothing is always a person of quiet and inoffensive disposition. He would not hurt a fly, poor soul—not he. He injures nobody, and does not know how to resent it when anybody injures him. Indeed, he resents nothing ;—never, at any rate, by any active proceeding. His countenance, too, is mild and intelligent, but always most pitiously lugubrious. It is as long as a fiddle-back, and has an expression of heart-rending sorrow about it that is most truly affecting.

9. He, in fact, seems always as if he had just recovered from a fit of crying ; and so touching is this expression

that we could never look on the grave, dismal, sensible face that exhibited it without being likely to cry too. No wonder, however, poor man, that he should look dismal; for, being, as has been already said, a remarkably intelligent person, his sense of his own unhappy state, of the strange fatality that prevents him getting on like other people, is very acute; and the more distressing that he cannot, for the life of him, see the why or the wherefore of his ill luck. He thus endures not only the misery of misfortune, but the perplexity of being unable to account for it.

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RESPECTABLE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING PEOPLE.—CONTINUED.

1. The good-for-nothing will frequently be found to be of that description of persons who have made a fair start in the world under favorable circumstances; who have yet, and without any apparent fault of their own, gone, as the saying is, to "pigs and whistles" before they have got half-way on their journey; and who, by some fatality, can never manage to get their heads up again—never regain their lost footing, but continue during the remainder of their natural lives, to be in reality, and to exhibit the appearance of, respectable unfortunates; that is, grave, melancholy-looking persons in shabbyish apparel, who wander about doing nothing, but always looking as if they would do something if they only knew what to do.

2. These persons, including, of course, our worthy good-for-nothing, blame the world, and the world in turn blames them. They say the world used them ill, took advantage of them, and did not give them fair play. The world stoutly denies the charge, and says it used them no worse than other people, and that they ought to have looked more sharply after their own interests. The good-for-nothing, in short, calls the world

a rogue, and the world calls him a fool ; and there the matter stands between them.

3. We have said more than once that the respectable good-for-nothing is a sensible sort of person. He is very sensible ; nay, often a bit of a philosopher. It is, in truth, astonishing how rationally he talks. Yet it must be confessed that there is a peculiar kind of ponderosity about his good sense. It yields a terribly dull, leaden sound, and, to a fastidious judge of the article, does not seem to be quite genuine. There is nothing about it, indeed, with which you can quarrel ; still it never, somehow or other, impresses you with a very high opinion of the owner. By the way, there is a great deal of this kind of sense to be met with in the world.

4. There are persons who will talk for hours in the most unexceptionable strain, nay, who never talk otherwise ; giving utterance to a world of the soundest doctrines, and most undeniable truths ; and who, yet, never impress you with the idea of their being clever people. On the contrary, you are very apt to be guilty of the irreverence of deeming them bores ; seeing that it is one of the qualities of the most formidable description of bores to speak fluently and sensibly on all things.

5. To return to our worthy friend. Keep him *speaking* only of the world and its ways, and you would be amazed at the shrewdness and soundness of his remarks—at the correctness of his views—and the justness of his appreciation of conduct and motive. But bring him in contact with that world—thrust him into the midst of its strife, and you at once discover his weakness. You at once perceive his total want of energy, and activity, and tact. He cannot see an inch beyond his nose, and is taken by surprise by everything that happens.

6. There seems, too, an unaccountable sort of powerlessness about him ; for, somehow or other, he never can begin anything nor get through anything like other people ; and when emergencies overtake him, he gets bewildered, confused, stupefied—looking very like a timid person who is threatened with being ridden over by a coach.

7. He does not know which way to run—he hesitates—and the consequence is, that he is immediately knocked down, laid prostrate, and left sprawling in the mud, with probably a couple of broken legs. We think it hardly necessary to add that our worthy good-for-nothing is generally a bit of a simpleton;—nay, a good deal of one, credulous and glib.

8. He swallows everything that is placed before him with unsuspecting avidity; and this weakness is betrayed in his countenance; for, notwithstanding it exhibits also a certain expression of intelligence, it would not take a Lavater to discover, in association and mingling with this expression, marked indications of that febleness of character, amounting to imbecility, which renders our worthy friend what he is, namely, GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

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PICTURE OF SLANDER.

WHAT mortal but slander, that serpent, hath stung,  
 Whose teeth are sharp arrows, a razor her tongue?  
 The poison of asps, her vivid lip loads,  
 The rattle of snakes with the spittle of toads;  
 Her throat is an open sepulchre, her legs  
 Set hatching of vipers, and cockatrice eggs;  
 Her sting is a scorpion's, like hyenas she'll cry,  
 With the ear of an adder, a basilisk's eye;  
 The mouth of a monkey, the hug of a bear,  
 The head of a parrot, the chat of a hare;  
 The wing of a magpie, the snout of a hog,  
 The feet of a mole, and the tail of a dog;  
 Her claw is a tiger's, her forehead is brass,  
 With the hiss of a goose, and the bray of an ass.



## THE DWARF AND THE GIANT.—GOLDSMITH.

1. A Dwarf and a Giant were friends, and kept together. They made a bargain that they would never forsake each other, but go to seek adventures. The first battle they fought was with two Saracens, and the Dwarf, who was very courageous, dealt one of the champions a most angry blow.

2. It did the Saracen but very little injury, who, lifting up his sword, fairly struck off the poor Dwarf's arm. He was now in woful plight; but the Giant coming to his assistance, in a short time left the two Saracens dead on the plain, and the Dwarf cut off the man's head out of spite. They then traveled on to another adventure.

3. This was against three bloody-minded Satyrs, who were carrying away a damsel in distress. The Dwarf was not quite so fierce now as before; but, for all that, struck the first blow; which was returned by another, that knocked out his eye; but the Giant was soon up with them, and, had they not fled, would certainly have killed them every one.

4. They were all very joyful for this victory, and the damsel who was relieved, fell in love with the Giant, and married him. They now travelled far, and farther than I can tell, till they met with a company of robbers. The Giant, for the first time, was foremost now; but the Dwarf was not far behind. The battle was stout and long. Wherever the Giant came, all fell before him; but the Dwarf had like to have been killed more than once. At last the victory declared for the two adventurers; but the Dwarf lost his leg.

5. The Dwarf had now lost an arm, a leg, and an eye, while the Giant was without a single wound. Upon which he cried out to his little companion:—"My little Hero, this is glorious sport! Let us get one victory more, and then we shall have honor forever." "No," cries the Dwarf, who was by this time grown wiser, "no; I declare off; I'll fight no more: for I find in every battle that you get all the honor and rewards, but all the blows fall upon me."

## MEMORABILIA.\*

## TIME.

1. Ever eating, never cloying,  
All-devouring, all-destroying ;  
Never finding full repast,  
Till I eat the world at last.

## THE VOWELS.

2. We are little airy creatures,  
All of different voice and features ;  
One of us in glass is set ;  
One of us you'll find in jet ;  
Another you may see in tin,  
And a fourth a box within ;  
If the fifth you should pursue,  
It can never fly from you.

## TRUE WIT.

3. True wit is like the brilliant stone,  
Dug from the Indian mine ;  
Which boasts two diff'rent powers in one,  
To *cut* as well as *shine*.  
Genius, like that, if polish'd right,  
With self-same gifts abounds ;  
Appears at once both keen and bright,  
And *sparkles* while it *wounds*.

## BENEVOLENCE.

4. The other day, said Ned to Joe,  
(Near Bedlam's confines groping,)  
" Whene'er I hear the cries of woe,  
My hand is always open."

\* MEMORABILIA, that is, things memorable, or worthy to be remembered.

"I own," says Joe, "that to the poor,  
 (You prove it every minute,)  
 Your hand is open, to be sure,  
 But then there's nothing in it!"

## A FAITHLESS GIRL.

5. Mistaken nature here has join'd  
 A beauteous face, and ugly mind;  
 In vain the faultless strike,  
 When soul and body are unlike:  
 Pity that snowy breast should hide  
 Deceit and avarice and pride.  
 So in rich jars from China brought,  
 With glowing colors gaily wrought,  
 Oft-times the subtle spider dwells,  
 With secret venom bloated swells,  
 Weaves all his fatal nets within,  
 As unsuspected, as unseen.

## MUTUAL PITY.

6. John, ever jovial, ever gay,  
 To appetite a slave,  
 Still games and drinks his life away,  
 And laughs to see me grave.  
 'Tis thus that we two disagree;  
 So different is our whim;  
 The fellow fondly *laughs at me*,  
 While I could *cry for him!*

## TWO SIMPLETONS.

7. John thought a wild profusion great,  
 And therefore spent his whole estate;  
 James thinks the wealthy are ador'd,  
 And saves what misers blush to hoard:  
 Their passions, merit, fate the same,—  
 They thirst and starve alike for fame!

## WHAT'S HONOR?

8. Not to be captious; not unjustly fight;  
 'Tis to confess what's *wrong*, and do what's *right*.

## TO A SLOVENLY POETESS.

9. To see a lady of such grace,  
 With so much sense and such a face  
 So slatternly, is shocking;  
 Oh! if you would with Venus vie,  
 Your pen and poetry lay by  
 Until you mend your stocking!

## THE ARTIST SURPRISED.—J. Hogg.

1. It may not be known to all the admirers of the genius of Albrecht Durez, that the famous engraver was endowed with a better half, so peevish in temper, that she was the torment not only of his own life, but also of his pupils and domestics. Some of the former were cunning enough to purchase peace for themselves by conciliating the common tyrant—but woe to those unwilling or unable to offer aught in propitiation. Even the wiser ones were spared only by having their offenses visited upon a scape-goat. This unfortunate individual was Samuel Duhobret, a disciple whom Durez had admitted into his school out of charity. He was employed in painting signs and the coarse tapestry then used in Germany. He was about forty years of age, little, ugly, and humpbacked; was the butt of every ill joke among his fellow-disciples, and was picked out as a special object of dislike by Madame Durez. But he bore all with patience, and ate, without complaint, the scanty crusts given him every day for dinner, while his companions often fared sumptuously.

2. Poor Samuel had not a spice of envy or malice in hi

heart. He would at any time have toiled half the night to assist or serve those who were wont, oftenest, to laugh at him, or abuse him loudest for his stupidity. True—he had not the qualities of social humor or wit; but he was an example of indefatigable industry. He came to his studies every morning at daybreak; and remained at work until sunset. Then he retired into his lonely chamber, and wrought for his own amusement.

3. Duhobret labored three years in this way: giving himself no time for exercise or recreation. He said nothing to a single human being of the paintings he produced in the solitude of his cell, by the light of his lamp. But his bodily energies wasted and declined under incessant toil. There were none sufficiently interested in the poor artist to mark the feverish hue of his wrinkled cheek, or the increasing attenuation of his mis-shapen frame. None observed that the uninviting pittance set aside for his mid-day repast, remained for several days untouched. Samuel made his appearance regularly as ever, and bore, with the same meekness, the gibes of his fellow-pupils, or the taunts of Madame Durez; and worked with the same untiring assiduity, though his hands would sometimes tremble, and his eyes become suffused—a weakness probably owing to the excessive use he had made of them.

4. One morning Duhobret was missing at the scene of his daily labors. His absence created much remark, and many were the jokes passed upon the occasion. One surmised this, another that, as the cause of the phenomenon; and it was finally agreed that the poor fellow must have worked himself into an absolute skeleton, and taken his final stand in the glass frame of some apothecary; or been blown away by a puff of wind, while his door happened to stand open. No one thought of going to his lodgings to look after him or his remains.

2. Meanwhile the object of their mirth was tossing on a bed of sickness. Disease, which had been slowly sapping the foundations of his strength, burned in every vein; his eyes

rolled and flashed in delirium ; his lips, usually so silent, muttered wild and incoherent words. In days of health, poor Duhobret had his dreams, as all artists, rich or poor, will sometimes have. He had thought that the fruit of many years' labor, disposed of to advantage, might procure him enough to live, in an economical way, for the rest of his life. He never anticipated fame or fortune ; the height of his ambition, or hope, was to possess a tenement large enough to shelter him from the inclemencies of the weather, with means to purchase one comfortable meal per day.

6. Now, alas ! however, even that one hope had deserted him. He thought himself dying, and thought it hard to die without one to look kindly upon him ; without the words of comfort that might soothe his passage to another world. He fancied his bed surrounded by fiendish faces, grinning at his sufferings, and taunting him with his inability to summon power to disperse them. At length the apparitions faded away, and the patient sunk into an exhausted slumber. He awoke unrefreshed ; it was the fifth day he had lain there neglected. His mouth was parched ; he turned over, and feebly stretched out his hand towards the earthen pitcher, from which, since the first day of his illness, he had quenched his thirst. Alas ! it was empty ! Samuel lay for a few moments thinking what he should do. He knew he must die of want, if he remained there alone ; but to whom could he apply for aid in procuring sustenance ?

7. An idea seemed at last to strike him. He arose slowly, and with difficulty, from the bed, went to the other side of the room, and took up the picture he had painted last. He resolved to carry it to the shop of a salesman, and hoped to obtain for it sufficient to furnish him with the necessaries of life for a week longer. Despair lent him strength to walk, and to carry his burden. On his way he passed a house, about which there was a crowd. He drew nigh—asked what was going on ; and received for an answer, that there was to be a sale of many specimens of art collected by an amateur in the

course of thirty years. It has often happened that collections made with infinite pains by the proprietor, were sold without mercy or discrimination after his death.

8. Something whispered the weary Duhobret, that here would be the market for his picture. It was a long way yet to the house of the picture-dealer, and he made up his mind at once. He worked his way through the crowd, dragged himself up the steps, and, after many inquiries, found the auctioneer. That personage was a busy, important little man, with a handful of papers; he was inclined to notice somewhat roughly the interruption of the lean, sallow hunchback, imploring as were his gestures and language.

9. "What do you call your picture?" at length said he, carefully looking at it.

"It is a view of the Abbey of Newbourg—with its village—and the surrounding landscape," replied the eager and trembling artist.

The auctioneer again scanned it contemptuously, and asked what it was worth.

"Oh, that is what you please—whatever it will bring," answered Duhobret.

"Hem! it is too *odd* to please, I should think—I can promise you no more than three thalers."

10. Poor Samuel sighed deeply. He had spent on that piece the nights of many months. But he was starving now; and the pitiful sum offered would give bread for a few days. He nodded his head to the auctioneer, and retiring, took his seat in a corner.

The sale began. After some paintings and engravings had been disposed of, Samuel's was exhibited.

11. "Who bids at three thalers? Who bids?" was the cry. Duhobret listened eagerly, but none answered. "Will it find a purchaser?" said he, despondingly, to himself. Still there was a dead silence. He dared not look up; for it seemed to him that all the people were laughing at the folly of the artist who could be insane enough to offer so worthless a piece at a

public sale. "What will become of me?" was his mental inquiry. "That work is certainly my best;" and he ventured to steal another glance. "Does it not seem that the wind actually stirs those boughs, and moves those leaves! How transparent is the water! what life breathes in the animals that quench their thirst at that spring! How that steeple shines! How beautiful are those clustering trees!" This was the last expiring throb of an artist's vanity. The ominous silence continued, and Samuel, sick at heart, buried his face in his hands.

12. "Twenty-one thalers!" murmured a faint voice, just as the auctioneer was about to knock down the picture. The stupefied painter gave a start of joy. He raised his head and looked to see from whose lips those blessed words had come. It was the picture-dealer to whom he had first thought of applying.

"Fifty thalers," cried a sonorous voice. This time a tall man in black was the speaker.

There was a silence of hushed expectation.

"One hundred thalers," at length thundered the picture-dealer.

"Three hundred."

"Five hundred."

"One thousand."

13. Another profound silence; and the crowd pressed around the two opponents, who stood opposite each other with eager and angry looks.

"Two thousand thalers!" cried the picture-dealer, and glanced around him triumphantly, when he saw his adversary hesitate.

"Ten thousand!" vociferated the tall man, his face crimson with rage, and his hands clenched convulsively.

The dealer grew paler; his frame shook with agitation; he made two or three efforts, and at last cried out—

"Twenty thousand!"

14. His tall opponent was not to be vanquished. He bid forty thousand. The dealer stopped; the other laughed a low



laugh of insolent triumph, and a murmur of admiration was heard in the crowd. It was too much for the dealer; he felt his peace at stake. "Fifty thousand!" exclaimed he in desperation.

It was the tall man's turn to hesitate. Again the whole crowd were breathless. At length, tossing his arms in defiance, he shouted "One hundred thousand!"

15. The crest-fallen picture-dealer withdrew; the tall man victoriously bore away the prize.

How was it, meanwhile, with Duhobret, while this exciting scene was going on? He was hardly master of his senses. He rubbed his eyes repeatedly, and murmured to himself, "After such a dream my misery will seem more cruel!"

When the contest ceased, he rose up bewildered, and went about asking first one, then another, the price of the picture just sold. It seemed that his apprehension could not at once be enlarged to so vast a conception.

16. The possessor was proceeding homeward, when a decrepid, lame, and humpbacked invalid, tottering along by the aid of a stick, presented himself before him. He threw him a piece of money, and waved his hand as dispensing with his thanks.

"May it please your honor," said the supposed beggar, "I am the painter of that picture!" and he again rubbed his eyes.

17. The tall man was Count Dunkelsback, one of the richest noblemen in Germany. He stopped, took out his pocket-book, tore out a leaf, and wrote on it a few lines. "Take it, friend," said he; "it is a check for your money. Adieu."

Duhobret finally persuaded himself that it was not a dream. He became the master of a castle, sold it, and resolved to live luxuriously for the rest of his life, and to cultivate painting as a pastime. But alas for the vanity of human expectation! He had borne privation and toil; prosperity was too much for him, as was proved soon after, when an indigestion carried him off. His picture remained long in the cabinet of Count Dunkelsback; and afterwards passed into the possession of the king of Bavaria.

## ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MISER.—DEAN SWIFT.

1. Know all men by these presents, Death the tamer  
 By mortgage hath secur'd the corpse of Demar ;  
 Nor can four hundred thousand sterling pound  
 Redeem him from his prison under ground.  
 His heirs might well, of all his wealth possess'd,  
 Bestow to bury him in an iron chest.  
 Plutus, the god of wealth, will joy to know  
 His faithful steward's in the shades below.  
 He walk'd the streets, and wore a threadbare cloak ;  
 He din'd and supp'd at charge of other folk ;  
 And by his looks, had he held out his palms,  
 He might be thought an object fit for alms.  
 So, to the poor, if he refus'd his pelf,  
 He us'd them full as kindly as himself.
2. Where'er he went, he never saw his betters ;  
 Lords, knights, and squires, were all his humble debtors ;  
 And under hand and seal the Irish nation  
 Were forc'd to own to him their obligation.
3. He that could once have half a kingdom bought,  
 In half a minute, is not worth a groat ;  
 His coffers from the coffin could not save,  
 Nor all his interest keep him from the grave.  
 A *golden* monument could not be right,  
 Because we wish the earth upon him *light*.
4. O London tavern !\* thou hast lost a friend,  
 Though in thy walls he ne'er did farthing spend ;  
 He touch'd the pence, when others touch'd the pot ;  
 The hand that sign'd the mortgage, paid the shot.  
 Old as he was, no vulgar known disease  
 On him could ever boast a power to seize ;  
 But, as he weigh'd his gold, grim Death in spite,  
 Cast in his dart, which made three moidores light ;

\* A tavern in Dublin, where Demar kept his office.

And, as he saw his darling money fail,  
 Blew his last breath, to sink the lighter scale.  
 He who so long was current, 'twould be strange,  
 If he should now be cried down since his change.

The sexton shall green sods on thee bestow ;  
 Alas, the sexton is thy banker now !  
 A dismal banker must that banker be,  
 Who gives no bills but of mortality.

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TYKE, THE FIREMAN'S DOG.—W. CHAMBERS.

1. A FEW years ago the public were amused with an account given in the newspapers of a dog which possessed the strange fancy of attending all the fires that occurred in the metropolis. The discovery of this predilection was made by a gentleman residing a few miles from London, who was called up in the middle of the night by the intelligence that the premises adjoining his house of business were on fire. "The removal of my books and papers," said he, in telling the story, "of course claimed my attention ; yet, notwithstanding this, and the bustle which prevailed, my eye every now and then rested on a dog, whom, during the hottest progress of the conflagration, I could not help noticing running about, and apparently taking a deep interest in what was going on, contriving to keep himself out of everybody's way, and yet always present amidst the thickest of the stir.

2. "When the fire was got under, and I had leisure to look about me, I again observed the dog, which, with the firemen, appeared to be resting from the fatigues of duty, and was led to make some inquiries respecting him. 'Is this your dog, my friend?' said I to a fireman. 'No, sir,' answered he ; 'he does not belong to me, or to any one in particular. We call him the firemen's dog.' 'The firemen's dog,' I replied. 'Why

so? Has he no master? 'No, sir,' rejoined the fireman; 'he calls none of us master, though we are all of us willing enough to give him a night's lodging and a pennyworth of meat. But he won't stay long with any of us; his delight is to be at all the fires in London; and, far or near, we generally find him on the road as we are going along, and sometimes, if it is out of town, we give him a lift. I don't think there has been a fire for these two or three years past which he has not been at.'

3. "The communication was so extraordinary, that I found it difficult to believe the story, until it was confirmed by the concurrent testimony of several other firemen. None of them, however, were able to give any account of the early habits of the dog, or to offer any explanation of the circumstances which led to this singular propensity.

4. "Some time afterwards, I was again called up in the night to a fire in the village in which I resided (Camberwell, in Surrey), and to my surprise here I again met with 'the firemen's dog,' still alive and well, pursuing, with the same apparent interest and satisfaction, the exhibition of that which seldom fails to bring with it disaster and misfortune, oftentimes loss of life and ruin. Still, he called no man master, disdained to receive bed or board from the same hand more than a night or two at a time, nor could the firemen trace out his resting-place."

5. Such was the account of this interesting animal as it appeared in the newspapers, to which were shortly afterwards appended several circumstances communicated by a fireman at one of the police-offices. A magistrate having asked him whether it was a fact that the dog was present at most of the fires that occurred in the metropolis, the fireman replied that he never knew "Tyke," as he was called, to be absent from a fire upon any occasion that he [the fireman] attended himself.

6. The magistrate said the dog must have an extraordinary predilection for fires. He then asked what length of time he

had been known to possess that propensity. The fireman replied that he knew Tyke for the last nine years; and although he was getting old, yet the moment the engines were about, Tyke was to be seen as active as ever, running off in the direction of the fire.

7. The magistrate inquired whether the dog lived with any particular fireman. The fireman replied that Tyke liked one fireman as well as another; he had no particular favorites, but passed his time amongst them, sometimes going to the house of one, and then to another, and off to a third when he was tired. Day or night, it was all the same to him; if a fire broke out, there he was in the midst of the bustle, running from one engine to another, anxiously looking after the firemen; and although pressed upon by crowds, yet, from his dexterity, he always escaped accidents, only now and then getting a ducking from the engines, which he rather liked than otherwise.

8. The magistrate said that Tyke was a most extraordinary animal, and having expressed a wish to see him, he was shortly after exhibited at the office, and some other peculiarities respecting him were related. There was nothing at all particular in the appearance of the dog; he was a rough-looking small animal, of the terrier breed, and seemed to be in excellent condition, no doubt from the care taken of him by the firemen belonging to the different companies.

9. There was some difficulty experienced in bringing him to the office, as he did not much relish going any distance from where the firemen are usually to be found, except in cases of attending with them at a conflagration, and then distance was of no consequence. It was found necessary to use stratagem for the purpose. A fireman commenced running; Tyke, accustomed to follow upon such occasions, set out after him; but this person having slackened his pace on the way, the sagacious animal, knowing there was no fire, turned back, and it was necessary to carry him to the office.

## THE INCONVENIENCE OF PRIDE.—THOMAS HOOD.

1. **THERE** are several objections to one-horse vehicles. With two wheels, they are dangerous; with four, generally cruel inventions, tasking one animal with the labor of two. And, in either case, should your horse think proper to die on the road, you have no survivor to drag your carriage through the rest of the stage; or to be sent off galloping with the coachman on his back for a coadjutor.

2. That was precisely Miss Norman's dilemma. If a horse could be supposed to harbor so deadly a spite against his proprietor, I should believe that the one in question chose to vent his animosity by breathing his last just at the spot, where it would cause most annoyance and inconvenience.

3. It was just at this moment that I came up with my gig; and knowing something of the lady's character, I halted, in expectation of a scene. Leaving my own bay, I proceeded to assist Humphrey, the coachman, in extricating his horse; but the nag of royal line was stone dead.

4. "If you please, Ma'am, said Humphrey, Planty-ginit be dead." The lady acquiesced with the smallest nod ever made.

"I've took off the collar, and the bitt out, and got un out o' harness entirely; but he be as unanimate as his own shoes;" and the informant looked earnestly at the lady to observe the effect of the communication. But she never moved a muscle; and honest Humphrey was just shutting the coach-door, to go and finish the laying out of the corpse, when he was recalled.

"Humphrey!"

"What's your pleasure, Ma'am?"

"Remember, another time——"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"When a horse of mine is deceased——"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Touch your hat."

The abashed coachman instantly paid up the salute in ar-

rear. Unblest by birthright with self-possession, he had not even the advantage of experience in the first families, where he might have learned a little from good example: he was a raw, uncouth country servant, with the great merit of being cheap, whom Miss Norman had undertaken to educate; but he was still so far from proficient, that in the importance of announcing the death to his mistress, he had omitted one of those minor tokens of respect which she always rigorously exacted.

6. It was now my own turn to come forward, and as deferentially as if she had been indeed the last of the Conqueror's Normandy pippins, I tendered a seat in my chaise, which she tacitly declined, with a gracious gesture of head and hand.

7. "If you please, Ma'am," said Humphrey, taking care to touch his hat, and shutting his head into the carriage so that I might not overhear him, "he's a respectable kind of gentleman enough, and connected with some of the first houses."

"The gentleman's name?"

8. "To be sure, Ma'am, the gentleman can't help his name," answered Humphrey, fully aware of the peculiar prejudices of his mistress; "but it be Huggins."

"Shut the door."

9. It appeared, on explanation with the coachman, that he had mistaken me for a person in the employ of the opulent firm of Naylor and Co., whose province it was to travel throughout Britain with samples of hardware in the box-seat of his gig. I did not take the trouble to undeceive him.

10. After a tolerably long pause on all sides, my expectation was excited by the appearance of the W—— coach coming through the Binn Gate, the only public vehicle that used the road. At sight of the dead horse, the driver (the noted Jem Wade) reined up—alighted—and standing at the carriage-door with his hat off, as if he knew his customer, made an offer of his services.

11. But Miss Norman, more dignified than ever, waved him off with her hand. Jem became more pressing, and the

lady more rigid. "She never rode," she condescended to say, "in *public* vehicles." Jem entreated again; but "she was accustomed to be driven by her *own* coachman."

12. It was in vain that in answer he praised the quietness of his team, the safety of his patent boxes, besides promising the utmost steadiness and sobriety on his own part. Miss Norman still looked perseveringly at the back of the coach-box; which, on an unlucky assurance that "he would take as much care of her as of his own mother," she exchanged for a steady gaze at the side window, opposite to the coachman, so long as he remained in the presence.

13. "By your leave, Ma'am," said Humphrey, putting his hand to his hat, and keeping it there, "Mr. Wade be a very civil-spoken careful whip, and his coach loads very respectable society. There's Sir Vincent Ball on the box."

14. "If Sir Vincent chooses to degrade himself, it is no rule for *me*," retorted the lady, without turning her head; when, lo! Sir Vincent appeared himself, and politely endeavored to persuade her out of her prejudices. It was useless. Miss Norman's ancestors had one and all expressed a very decided opinion against stage-coaches, by never getting into one; and "she did not feel disposed to disgrace a line longer than common, by riding in any carriage but her own."

15. Sir Vincent bowed and retreated. So did Jem Wade. The stage rattled away at an indignant gallop. By way of passing the time, I thrice repeated my offers to the obdurate old maiden, and endured as many rebuffs. I was contemplating a fourth trial, when a signal was made from the carriage-window, and Humphrey, hat in hand, opened the door.

"Procure me a post chaise."

16. "A po-shay!" echoed Humphrey, but, like an Irish eche with some variation from his original—"Bless ye! Ma'am there bean't such a thing to be had ten miles round—no, no for love nor money. Why, bless ye, it be election time, and there bean't coach, cart, nor dog-harrow, but what be gone to it!"



17. "No matter," said the mistress, drawing herself up with an air of lofty resignation. "I revoke my order; for it is far, very far, from the kind of riding that I prefer. And Humphrey——"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Another time——"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Remember once for all——"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"I do not choose to be *blest!*"

18. Another pause in our proceeding, during which a company of ragged boys, who had been blackberrying, came up, and planted themselves, with every symptom of vulgar curiosity, around the carriage.

#### THE INCONVENIENCE OF PRIDE.—CONTINUED.

1. Miss Norman had now no single glass through which she could look without encountering a group of low-life faces staring at her with all their might. Still the pride of the Normans sustained her. She sat more rigidly erect than ever, occasionally favoring the circle with a most awful threatening look, accompanied ever by the same five words:—

"I CHOOSE to be alone."

2. It is easy to say choose, but more difficult to have one's choice. The blackberry boys chose to remain. I confess I took pity on the pangs even of unwarrantable pride, and urged my proposal again with some warmth; but it was repelled with absolute scorn.

"Fellow, you are insolent."

3. After a tedious interval, in which her mind had doubtless looked abroad as well as, inward, fresh tapping at the window, she summoned the obsequious Humphrey to receive orders.

"Present my compliments at the Grove—and the loan of the chariot will be esteemed a favor."

"By your leave, Ma'am, if I may speak—"

"You may *not*."

4. Humphrey closed the door, but remained a minute gazing on the panel. If he meditated any expostulation, he gave it up, and proceeded to drive away the boys, one of whom was astride on the dead Plantagenet, a second grinning through his collar, and two more preparing to play at horses with the reins.

5. Then away Humphrey went, and I found the time grow tedious in his absence. I had almost made up my mind to follow his example, when hope revived at the sound of wheels; and up came a tax-cart, carrying four inside, namely, two well-grown porkers, Master Bardell the pig-butcher, and his foreman Samuel Slark, or, as he was more commonly called, Sam the Sticker. They inquired, and I explained in a few words the lady's dilemma, taking care to forewarn them, by relating the issue of my own attempts in her behalf.

6. "Mayhap you warn't half purlite enough," observed Sam, with a side wink at his master. "It an't a bit of a scrape, and a civil word, as will get a strange lady up into a strange gemman's gig. It wants a warmth-like, and making on her feel at home. Only let me alone with her, for a persuader, and I'll have her up in our cart—my master's that is to say—afore you can see whether she has feet or hoofs."

In a moment the speaker was at the carriage-door, smoothing down his sleek forelocks, bowing, and using his utmost eloquence, even to the repeating most of his arguments twice over.

7. It was quite unnecessary for Miss Norman to say she had never ridden in a cart with two pigs and two butchers; and she did not say it. She merely turned away her head from the man, to be addressed by the master, at the other window, the glass of which she had just let down for a little air. "A taxed cart, Madam," he said, "mayn't be exactly the vehicle, accustomed to, and so forth; but thereby, considering respective ranks of lifes, why, the more honor done to

your humbles, which, as I said afore, will take every care, and observe the respectful ; likewise in distancing the two pigs."

8. The sudden drawing up of the window, so violently as to shiver the glass, showed sufficiently in what light Miss Norman viewed Master Bardell's behavior. It was an unlucky smash, for it afforded what the tradesmen would have called "an advantageous opening" for pouring in a fresh stream of eloquence ; and the Sticker, who shrewdly estimated the convenience of the breach, came round the back of the carriage, and as junior counsel "followed on the same side." The lady was invincible.

9. The blackberry boys had departed, the evening began to close in, and no Humphrey made his appearance. The butcher's horse was on the fret, and his swine grumbled at the delay. The master and man fell into consultation, and favored me afterwards with the result, the Sticker being the orator. "It was man's duty," he said, "to look after women, pretty or ugly, young or old ; it was what we all came into the world to do, namely, to make ourselves comfortable and agreeable to the fair sex."

10. As for himself, "protecting females was his nature, and he should never be easy agin, if so be he left the lady on the road ; and providing a female wouldn't be protected with her own free will, she ought to be compelled to, like any other live beast unsensible to its own good. Them was his sentiments, and his master followed 'em up."

11. I attempted to reason with them, but my consent had clearly been only asked as a compliment. The lady herself hastened the catastrophe. Whether she had overheard the debate, or the amount of long pent-up emotion became too overwhelming for its barriers, I know not ; but Pride gave way to Nature, and a short hysteric scream proceeded from the carriage. Miss Norman was in fits !

12. We contrived to get her seated on the step of the vehicle, where the butchers supported her, fanning her with their hats, whilst I ran off to a little pool near at hand for

some cold water. It was the errand only of some four or five minutes, but when I returned, the lady, only half conscious, had been caught up, and there she sat, in the cart, between the two butchers. They were already on the move.

13. I jumped into my own gig, and put my horse to his speed ; but I had lost my start, and when I came up with them, they were already galloping into W——. Unfortunately her residence was at the further end of the town, and thither I saw her conveyed, screaming in concert with the two pigs, and answered by the shouts of the whole rabblement of the place, who knew Miss Norman quite as well, by sight, as “her own carriage !”

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#### AN EPITAPH.

Here lies, fast asleep, awake me who can ?  
 That medley of passions, and follies, a *Man* ;  
 Who sometimes loved license, and sometimes restraint,  
 Too much of the sinner, too little of saint ;  
 From quarter to quarter I shifted my track ;  
 'Gainst the evils of life a most notable quack ;  
 But, alas ! I soon found the defects of my skill,  
 And my nostrums in practice proved treacherous still ;  
 From life's certain ills, 'twas in vain to seek ease,  
 The remedy oft proved another disease ;  
 What in rapture began, often ended in sorrow,  
 And the pleasure to-day, brought reflection to-morrow ;  
 When each action was o'er, and its errors were seen,  
 Then I viewed with surprise, the strange thing I had been ;  
 My body and mind were so odly contrived,  
 That at each other's falling, both parties connived ;  
 Imprudence of mind brought on sickness and pain,  
 The body diseased, paid the debt back again ;  
 Thus coupled together life's journey they passed,  
 Till they wrangled and jangled, and parted at last.

## TRUE POLITENESS; OR, THE CAT O' NINE TAILS.

1. ONCE on a time, as I've heard say,  
(I neither know the year nor day,)  
The rain distill'd from many a cloud,  
The night was dark, the wind was loud :  
A country squire, without a guide,  
Where roads were bad, and heath was wide,  
Attended by his servant Jerry,  
Was trav'ling towards the town of Bury.  
The 'squire had ne'er been bred in courts ;  
But yet was held, as fame reports,  
Though he to wit made no pretense,  
A squire of more than common sense.  
Jerry, who courage could not boast,  
Thought every sheep he saw, a ghost ;  
And most devoutly prayed he might  
Escape the terrors of that night.
  
2. As they approached the common's side,  
A peasant's cottage they espied ;  
There riding up, our weary squire  
Held it most prudent to inquire,  
Being nothing less than wet to skin,  
Where he might find a wholesome inn.  
"No inns there are," replied the clown,  
"Twixt this and yonder market town,  
Seven miles north-west, across the heath ;  
And wind and rain are in your teeth.
  
3. "But if so be, sir, you will go  
To yon old hall upon the brow ;  
You'll find free entertainment there,  
Down beds and rare old English fare  
Of beef and mutton, fowl and fish,  
As good as any man need wish ;

Warm stabling, too, and corn and hay ;  
 Yet not a penny will you pay :  
 'Tis true, sir, I have heard it said,"  
 And here he grinn'd and scratch'd his head,  
 "The gentleman that keeps the house,  
 Though every freedom he allows,  
 And uses folks so very civil,  
 You'd think he never dream'd of evil,  
 Orders next morn his servant John,  
 With cat o' nine tails to lay on  
 Full twenty strokes, most duly counted,  
 On man and master ere they're mounted."

4. "With cat o' nine tails! oh," cried Jerry,  
 "That I were safe at Edmund's Bury!"  
 Our squire spurr'd on, as clown directed ;  
 This offer might not be rejected :  
 Poor Jerry's prayers could not dissuade.  
 The squire, more curious than afraid,  
 Arrives, and rings ; the footman runs ;  
 The master and his wife and sons  
 Descend the hall, and bid him enter ;  
 Give him dry clothes, and beg he'll venture  
 To take a glass of brandy old,  
 That he might thus escape a cold.
5. The liquor drank, the garments chang'd,  
 The family round the fire arrang'd,  
 The mistress begg'd to know, if he  
 Chose coffee, chocolate, or tea ?  
 "A dish of coffee and a toast!"  
 The mistress smil'd : th' enraptur'd host  
 Cried, "Sir, I like your frankness much ;  
 This house is yours ; pray think it such,  
 While here you stay ; 'tis my request,  
 And you shall be a welcome guest !

Sans ceremony I would live,  
 And what I have I freely give."  
 Tea ended ; once again our host  
 Demanded—" Sir, of boil'd or roast,  
 Fish, flesh, or fowl, do you prefer  
 For supper ?"—" Why, indeed, good sir,  
 Roast duck I love"—" With good green peas ?"  
 " Yes, dearest madam, if you please."

6. But now to close my lengthen'd tale,  
 Whether the 'squire drank wine or ale,  
 Or how he slept, or what he said,  
 Or how much gave to man and maid ;  
 Or what the while became of Jerry,  
 'Mong footmen blithe, and maidens merry ;  
 Description here we can't admit,  
 For brevity's the soul of wit.  
 Suffice to say, the morn arrived,  
 Jerry, of senses half deprived,  
 Horses from stable saw led out,  
 Trembled and skulked and peer'd about,  
 And felt already every thwack  
 Of cat o' nine tails on his back.
7. When now they're on the point of starting,  
 To bid them kind adieu in parting  
 Out came the host and hostess, too,  
 With every mark of friendship true.
8. Mutual civilities repaid,  
 The squire had turn'd his horse's head,  
 To gallop off ; yet his desire  
 Grew every moment higher and higher ;  
 While bidding thus his last adieu,  
 To ask if what he heard was true :

So drawing to his host quite near,  
He said, half doubting, half in fear :—

“ Last night a peasant told me, here,  
As I have found, was noble cheer ;  
But added, ere this morn I went,  
You'd drub me to my heart's content ;  
Yet this you have not put in act ;  
Is it a fiction, or a fact,  
After the kindness you've expressed,  
You take your leave thus of each guest ?  
And how, if still a rule you've kept it,  
Have I deserv'd to be excepted ?”

9. “ Sir,” answer'd he, “ 'tis very true ;  
No stranger e'er went hence, but you,  
Who bore not, on his well-marked back,  
Of cat o' nine tails full many a crack.  
None yet deserv'd, or I'm mistaken,  
That I should pity, and spare their bacon :  
A set of tiresome, troublesome knaves ;  
Of bowing, fawning, lying slaves !  
If a man ask'd what they prefer,  
' Oh, I love anything, good sir !'  
Would you choose coffee, sir, or tea ?  
' Dear ma'am, it's all the same to me !'  
For beef or mutton, give your voice :  
' Upon my honor, I've no choice !'  
There's Cheshire, sir, and Gloster cheese ;  
Which shall I send you ? ' Which you please.' ”

10. “ Plague on their cringing complaisance !  
I've tutor'd some of them to dance  
Such steps as they ne'er learn'd in France.  
But you, good sir, or I misdeem,  
Deserve an honest man's esteem.



Your frankness, sir, I call polite;  
 I never spent a happier night;  
 And whensoe'er this road you come,  
 I hope you'll make my house your home:  
 Nay, more; I likewise hope, henceforth  
 To rank a man of so much worth  
 Among my friends."—"Sir," said the squire,  
 "'Tis what I ardently desire:  
 Not twenty miles from hence my house,  
 At which your sons, yourself, and spouse,  
 Shall find such hospitality,  
 As kindly here you've shown to me."

11. This being done, the squire and Jerry,  
 Again proceed for town of Bury.  
 And now the reader may, with ease,  
 Extract this moral, if he please:  
 Politeness can not e'er become  
 Impertinent and troublesome:  
 His breeding good he soonest proves,  
 Who soonest tells you what he loves;  
 And who, in rapid eloquence,  
 Their wordy compliments dispense,  
 Have more civility than sense.

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CONVERSATION OF THE VULTURES.—DR. SAM. JOHNSON.

1. "MY children," said the vulture, "you have seen me snatch from the farm the household fowl, seize the leveret in the bush, and the kid in the pasture. But you remember the taste of more delicious food—I have often regaled you with the flesh of MAN." "Tell us," said the young vultures, "where *man* may be found, and how he may be known; his flesh is surely the natural food of a vulture. Why have you

not brought a man in your talons to the nest?" "He is too bulky," said the mother; "when we find a man, we can only tear away his flesh, and leave his bones on the ground."

2. "Since man is so big," said the young ones, "how do you kill him? You are afraid of the wolf and the bear; by what power are vultures superior to man? Is man more defenseless than a sheep?" "We have not the strength of man," returned the mother, "and I am sometimes in doubt whether we have his subtlety; and the vultures would seldom feed upon his flesh had not nature, that devoted him to our uses, infused into him a strange ferocity which I have never observed in any other being that feeds upon the earth. Two herds of men will often meet, and shake the ground with noise, and fill the air with fire. When you hear noise, and see fire which flashes along the ground, hasten to the place with your swiftest wing; for men are surely destroying one another: you will find the ground smoking with blood and covered with carcasses, of which many are mangled for the use of the vulture."

3. "But when men have killed their prey," said the pupil, "why do they not eat it? When the wolf has killed a sheep, he suffers not the vulture to touch it, till he has satisfied himself—*Is not man another kind of wolf?*" "Man," said the mother, "is the only beast who kills what he does not devour, and this quality makes him so much a benefactor to our species." "If men kill our prey, and lay it in our way," said the young one, "what need shall we have of laboring for ourselves?"

4. "Because man will sometimes," replied the mother, "remain for a long time quiet in his den. The old vultures will tell you, when you are to watch his motions. When you see men in great numbers, moving closely together like a flock of storks, you may conclude that they are hunting, and that you will soon revel in human blood." "But still," said the young one, "I would gladly know the reason of this mutual slaughter. I could never kill what I would not eat."

5. "My child," said the mother, "when I was young I used to visit an old vulture on the Carpathian Rocks; he had fed, year after year, on the entrails of men. He said that, as the boughs of an oak are dashed together by the storm that swine may fatten on the falling acorns, so men are, by some unaccountable power, driven one against another, till they lose their motion, that vultures may be fed. And those that hover round them pretend that there is, in every herd, one that gives directions to the rest, and seems to be more eminently delighted with a wild carnage. What it is that entitles him to such pre-eminence we know not; he is seldom the biggest or the fleetest, but he shows, by his eagerness and diligence, that he is, more than any of the others, A FRIEND TO THE VULTURES."

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#### THE OLD BROWN DOG.

1. THERE is an old brown dog,  
That roams about our streets,  
But no one knows from whence he came,  
Or where he sleeps or eats.  
His name—his race—his business here,  
Are hidden in a fog;  
There seems to be a mystery  
About that old brown dog.
2. He often haunts the post-office,  
His letter never comes—  
He sometimes visits Louderback's,  
But buys no sugar plums—  
He curls himself beside the door  
Which leads to the Gazette,  
But never asks the latest news,  
Nor seems disposed to bet.

3. He dogs no master round,  
Like most of his degree,  
But, through the longest winter day,  
In one lone spot he'll be ;  
And there with head between his paws,  
He lies mid snow and rain,  
As if some *dogma* wild and vague  
Perplexed his troubled brain.
  
4. And oftentimes I stop,  
And gaze, and try to trace  
The mournful thoughts that seemed to flit  
Across his wrinkled face ;  
Perhaps he dreams of days,  
When filled was pleasure's cup—  
Of days of sunshine, mirth and joy,  
When he was but a pup.
  
5. The voice he once obeyed,  
May long have died away,  
But still he waits to hear its call  
From weary day to day.  
He dreams of ancient times,  
Nor can he quite suppress  
A sigh—when visions real rise  
Of bones—now marrowless.
  
6. Enough—I do not wish  
To pry into his affairs,  
But on his breast he seems to bear  
A weight of heavy cares.  
His name—his race—his business here  
Are hidden in a fog,  
There seems to be a mystery  
About that old brown dog.

joyments dimin-  
 pleasure almost  
 WORTH OF MONEY.—W. Cox. shadow of  
 com.

1. To want money is to want "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends;" it is to want respect and sympathy, and the ordinary courtesies of society; besides, occasionally, victuals. The possession, or non-possession of it, makes the difference whether life has to be an enjoyment or a task; whether it has to be a walk over a smooth verdant lawn, amid fragrant flowers and aromatic shrubs, and all things that minister pleasure to the senses; or a wearisome up-hill journey, through thorns and briars, and other ungracious impediments. It makes the difference whether you have to go bounding exultingly along like the free, full-blooded courser, or wend your way wearily and slowly like the laden and despised pack-horse.

2. To want money, in a high state of civilization, is to be a kind of slave; it is, at least, to be dependent on the whims and caprices of others, instead of indulging in all the pleasant eccentricities or originalities to which your temperament may prompt you; it is to have to rise soon when you wish to lie late, and to go to bed early in order to be enabled so to do; it is to have to live in unwholesome and anti-respectable neighborhoods, and mix in daily communion with people whose ways are not your ways; it is to be a drudge, a hack, a machine, worked for the profit and advantage of others until the springs are broken.

3. It is to be omitted in family celebrations, and roam about invitationless at Christmas; it is to have to put up with equivocal nods and recognitions in the streets—to have your friends look into print-shop windows as you approach, and suddenly bring their admiration of the engraver's skill to a period as soon as you have passed by; it is to feel all delicate sensibilities, all free generous feelings, all aspiring thoughts, checked and crushed within you by a petty but overbearing necessity; it is to have to suffer the greatest misfortunes and the

le vexations; to have family affections and

3. He do~~s~~ uprooted and destroyed, and to be uncom-  
careful of coats, hats, and other habiliments.

4. It is to live "a man forbid;" or it is to become an exile from your native land—a wanderer in foreign and unhealthy climes, hunting for the yellow indispensable, until you are of the color of the metal you are in quest of; until the temper becomes soured and feelings deadened, the heart indurated, and the liver in an improper state. How beautifully has Leyden portrayed his own fate and feelings, and those of thousands of others, in that pure gem of poetry, the "Address to an Indian Gold Coin:"—

"For thee—for thee, vile yellow slave!  
I left a heart that loved me true:  
I crossed the tedious ocean wave,  
To roam in climes unkind and new;  
The cold wind of the stranger blew  
Chill on my withered heart—the grave,  
Dark and untimely, met my view,  
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!"

5. To lack money, is to lack a passport or admission-ticket into the pleasant places of God's earth—to much that is glorious and wonderful in nature, and nearly all that is rare, and curious, and enchanting, in art; or if you do travel about in a small way, it is to have that most miserable, intrusive, and disagreeable of all companions, economy, yoked to you; to be under a continual restraint from his presence; to feel unable to give your mind cheerfully and freely up to the scene before you; and, in the contemplation of a magnificent view, or a piece of hoar antiquity, to have the wretch whisper in your ear the probable cost of your pleasurable sensations.

6. It is to submit to small inconveniences and petty insults at inns for the accommodation of travelers, where, above all places on earth, the men of money shine out with the most resplendent glory, and the unmonied become the most truly

insignificant ; it is, in fact, to have all your enjoyments diminished and annoyances aggravated ; to have pleasure almost transmuted into pain, or, at least, to have "such shadow of vexation" thrown over it as materially to change its complexion ; and when all is over—journey done and expenses paid—it is to feel a sort of mean remorse as you reckon up your past expenditure, and ponder over the most probable remedial ways and means for the future.

7. The two things most difficult of discovery, next to the passage round the North Pole, are the talents of a poor man, and dullness in a rich one ; therefore, to want money is to want wit, humor, eloquence—in fact, capacity of every kind ; or, at the best, if they be not altogether denied, to have such a duty levied upon them—such an oppressive drawback—that the rich man with inferior wares, is able to beat the poor one whenever they come into competition. For instance, the most casual observer of men and manners must have noticed that in company a joke from a man of £5,000 per annum elicits more admiration, and produces infinitely more hilarity and good-humor, than ten equally as good from a man worth £500.

8. Oh ! it is perfectly wonderful, the raciness and point that an abundance of temporalities impart to rather a dull saying. Besides, a jest from a man in the receipt of a contemptible income, by some strange fatality changes its nature, and becomes little better than sheer impertinence. It is that sort of thing which grave gentlemen and matrons designate by the word "unbecoming." Now, all this, though visible to the meanest capacity, might puzzle a philosopher. He would be as unable to comprehend it as he would the curious sympathy which exists between sterling wit and superfine cloth, that mutually assist and set off each other. Many a quaint conceit and rare piece of pleasantry has altogether lost its effect and fallen pointless, in consequence of the speaker's garments not being of that texture, or possessed of that freshness which is altogether desirable.

9. The *moral*, good reader, to be deduced from all this is, that you be not petulant and acrimonious because these things are so, but that, if the opportunity of honestly accumulating wealth be yours, you should by all means improve it; but if not, that you should cultivate most assiduously that best of all substitutes for wealth—the spirit of Contentment.

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JACK AND JOAN, AN EPITAPH.—PRIOR.

1. INTERRED beneath this marble stone,  
Lie sauntering Jack and idle Joan.  
While rolling threescore years and one  
Did round this globe their courses run,  
If human beings went ill or well,  
If changing empires rose or fell,  
The morning passed, the evening came,  
And found this couple still the same.
2. They walked, and ate, good folks; what then?  
Why, then they walk'd and ate again.  
They soundly slept the night away;  
They did just nothing all the day:  
"They nothing planned, they nothing sought,  
They nothing did, that Christians ought;"  
Nor sister either had, nor brother;  
They seem'd just tallied for each other.
3. Their moral and economy  
Most perfectly they made agree;  
Each virtue kept its proper bound,  
Nor trespass'd on the other's ground.  
Nor fame nor censure they regarded;  
They neither punish'd nor rewarded.  
He cared not what the footmen did;  
Her maids she neither prais'd nor chid;



So every servant took his course,  
And, bad at first, they all grew worse.  
Sloth and disorder marked his stable,  
And sluttish plenty decked her table.

4. Their beer was strong ; their wine was port ;  
Their meal was large ; their grace was short.  
They gave the poor the remnant meat,  
Just when it grew not fit to eat.  
They paid the church and parish rate,  
And took, but read not, the receipt ;  
For which they claim'd their Sunday's due,  
Of slumbering in an upper pew.
5. No man's defects sought they to know,  
So never made themselves a foe ;  
No man's good deeds did they commend,  
So never rais'd themselves a friend.  
Nor cherished they relations poor ;  
That might decrease their present store :  
Nor barn nor house did they repair ; \*  
That might oblige their future heir.
6. They neither added nor compounded ;  
They neither wanted nor abounded.  
Each Christmas day, it would appear,  
They paid their debts and closed the year ;  
Nor tear nor smile did they employ  
At news of public grief or joy.  
When bells were rung and bonfires made  
If ask'd, they ne'er denied their aid :  
Their jug was to the ringers carried,  
Whoever either died or married :  
Their billet at the fire was found,  
Whoever was deposed or crowned.

7. Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise,  
 They would not learn, nor could advise :  
 Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,  
 They led—a kind of—as it were :  
 Nor wished, nor cared, nor laughed, nor cried ;  
 And so they lived, and so they died.
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VANITY AND INSOLENCE OF WEALTH.—FIELDING.

1. PETER POUNCE, being desirous of having some one to whom he might communicate his grandeur, told the parson he would convey him home in his chariot. This favor was, by Mr. Adams, with many bows and acknowledgments, accepted, though he afterwards said he ascended the chariot rather that he might not offend, than from any desire of riding in it; for that in his heart he preferred the pedestrian even to the vehicular expedition.

2. The chariot had not proceeded far before Parson Adams observed it was a very fine day. "Ay, and a very fine country, too," answered Pounce. "I should think so more," returned Adams, "if I had not lately traveled over the Downs, which I take to exceed this, and all other prospects in the universe." "A fig for prospects," answered Pounce; "one acre here is worth ten there; for my part, I have no delight in the prospect of any land but my own."

3. "Sir," said Adams, "you can indulge yourself in many fine prospects of that kind." "I thank God I have a little," replied the other, "with which I am content, and envy no man. I have a little, Mr. Adams, with which I do as much good as I can." Adams answered: "That riches, without charity, were nothing worth; for that they were a blessing only to him who made them a blessing to others."

4. "You and I," said Peter, "have different notions of charity. I own, as it is generally used, I do not like the word,

nor do I think it becomes one of us gentlemen ; it is a mean, parson-like quality ; though I would not infer that many parsons have it neither." "Sir," said Adams, "my definition of charity is a generous disposition to relieve the distressed."

5. "There is something in that definition," answered Peter, "which I like well enough ; it is, as you say, a *disposition*—and does not so much consist in the act as in the disposition to do it ; but, alas ! Mr. Adams, who are meant by the distressed ? believe me, the distresses of mankind are mostly imaginary, and it would be rather folly than goodness to relieve them."

6. "Sure, sir," replied Adams, "hunger and thirst, cold and nakedness, and other distresses which attend the poor, can never be said to be imaginary evils." "How can any man complain of hunger," said Pounce, "in a country where such excellent salads are to be gathered almost in every field ?—or of thirst, where every stream and river produce such delicious potations ?—and as for cold and nakedness, they are evils introduced by luxury and custom."

7. "A man naturally wants clothes no more than a horse or any other animal ; and there are whole nations who go without them. But these are things, perhaps, which you, who do not know the world—" "You will pardon me, sir," returned Adams ; "I have read of the *Gymnosophists*."

8. "A plague of your Jehosaphats," cried Peter : "the greatest fault in our constitution is the provision made for the poor, except that perhaps made for some others. Sir, I have not an estate which doth not contribute almost as much again to the poor as to the land-tax ; and I do assure you I expect myself to come to the parish in the end."

9. To which Adams giving a dissenting smile, Peter thus proceeded :—"I fancy, Mr. Adams, you are one of those who imagine I am a lump of money ; for there are many who, I fancy, believe that not only my pockets, but my whole clothes, are lined with bank bills ; but, I assure you, you are all mistaken ; I am not the man the world esteems me. If I can

hold my head above water, it is all I can. I have injured myself by purchasing; I have been too liberal of my money.

10. "Indeed, I fear my heir will find my affairs in a worse situation than they are reputed to be. Ah! he will have reason to wish I had loved money more and land less. Pray, my good neighbor, where should I have that quantity of money the world is so liberal to bestow on me? Where could I possibly, without I had stolen it, acquire such a treasure?"

11. "Why, truly," said Adams, "I have been always of your opinion; I have wondered, as well as yourself, with what confidence they could report such things of you, which have to me appeared as mere impossibilities; for you know, sir, and I have often heard you say it, that your wealth is of your own acquisition; and can it be credible that, in your short time, you should have amassed such a heap of treasure as these people will have it you are worth? Indeed, had you inherited an estate like Sir Thomas Booby, which had descended in your family through many generations, they might have had a color for their assertions."

12. "Why, what do they say I am worth?" cries Peter, with a malicious sneer. "Sir," answered Adams, "I have heard some aver you are not worth less than twenty thousand pounds." At which Peter frowned. "Nay, sir," said Adams, "you ask me only the opinion of others; for my own part, I have always denied it, nor did I ever believe you could possibly be worth half that sum."

13. "However, Mr. Adams," said he, squeezing him by the hand, "I would not sell them all I am worth for double that sum; and as to what you believe, or they believe, I care not a fig. I am not poor, because you think me so, nor because you attempt to undervalue me in the country, I know the envy of mankind very well; but I thank Heaven I am above them. It is true, my wealth is of my own acquisition I have not an estate like Sir Thomas Booby, that hath descended in my family through many generations; but I know heirs of such estates, who are forced to travel about the coun-

try, like some people in torn cassocks, and might be glad to accept of a pitiful curacy, for what I know ; yes, sir, as shabby fellows as yourself, whom no man of my figure, without that vice of good nature about him, would suffer to ride in a chariot with him."

14. "Sir," said Adams, "I value not your chariot a rush ; and if I had known you had intended to affront me, I would have walked to the world's end on foot, ere I would have accepted a place in it. However, sir, I will soon rid you of that inconvenience!" And so saying, he opened the chariot door, without calling to the coachman, and leaped out into the highway, forgetting to take his hat along with him ; which, however, Mr. Pounce threw after him with great violence.

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THE BRAMBLE.—BISHOP.

1. WHILE wits through fiction's regions ramble,  
While bards for fame or profit scramble :  
While Pegasus can trot, or amble :  
Come what may come,—I'll sing the bramble.
2. "How now!" methinks I hear you say :  
"Why, sir, is rhyme run mad to-day?"  
—No, sirs, mine's but a sudden gambol ;  
My Muse hung hamper'd in a bramble.
3. But, soft! no more of this wild stuff!  
Once for a frolic is enough ;  
So help us, Rhyme, at future need,  
As we in soberer style proceed.
4. All subjects of nice disquisition,  
Admit two modes of definition ;  
For everything two sides has got,—  
What is it?—and what is it not?

5. Both methods, for exactness' sake,  
We with our bramble mean to take :  
And, by your leave, will first discuss  
Its negative good parts,—as thus ;—
6. A bramble will not, like a rose,  
To prick your fingers, tempt your nose ;  
Whene'er it wounds, the fault's your own,  
Let that, and that let's *you*, alone.
7. You shut your myrtles for a time up ;  
Your jasmine wants a wall to climb up ;  
But bramble, in its humbler station,  
Nor weather heeds, nor situation ;  
No season is too wet, or dry,  
No ditch too low, no hedge too high.
8. Some praise, and with reason too,  
The honeysuckle's scent and hue ;  
But sudden storms, or sure decay,  
Sweep, with its bloom, its charms away ;  
The sturdy bramble's coarser flower  
Maintains its post, come blast, come shower ;  
And when time crops it, time subdues  
No charms ;—for it has none to lose.
9. Spite of your skill, and care, and cost,  
Your nobler shrubs are often lost ;  
For brambles, where they once get footing,  
From age to age continue shooting ;  
Ask no attention, nor forecasting ;  
Not ever-green ; but ever-lasting.
10. Some shrubs intestine hatred cherish,  
And, plac'd too near each other, perish ;  
Bramble indulges no such whim ;  
All neighbors are alike to him ;

No stump so scrubby but he'll grace it ;  
 No crab so sour but he'll embrace it.  
 Such, and so various negative merits,  
 The bramble from its birth inherits :  
 Take we its positive virtues next !  
 For so at first we split our text.

11. The more resentment tugs and kicks,  
 The closer still the bramble sticks ;  
 Yet gently handled, quits its hold ;  
 Like heroes of true British mold :  
 Nothing so touchy, when they're teas'd ;  
 No touchiness so soon appeas'd.
  
12. Full in your view, and next your hand,  
 The bramble's homely berries stand :  
 Eat as you list,—none calls you glutton ;  
 Forbear, it matters not a button.  
 And is not, pray, this very quality  
 The essence of true hospitality ?  
 When frank simplicity and sense  
 Make no parade, take no offense ;  
 Such as it is, set forth their best,  
 And let the welcome—add the rest.
  
13. The bramble's shoot, though fortune lay  
 Point-blank obstructions in its way,  
 For no obstructions will give out ;  
 Climbs up, creeps under, winds about ;  
 Like valor, that can suffer, die,  
 Do anything,—but yield or fly  
 While brambles hints like these can start,  
 Am I to blame to take their part ?  
 No, let who will affect to scorn 'em,  
 My Muse shall glory to adorn 'em ;  
 For as rhyme did, in my preamble,  
 So reason now cries, " Bravo ! bramble ! "

## THE OTHER FIG.—J. HOSE.

1. SOME years since, when I knew too little of the world, and thought too sensitively of its slightest opinion, I supped with an author of eminence as a wit and a poet, in the company of men of wit and genius; and much mad mirth and high-exciting talk we had,—too mad and too high for me, who could only laugh, or wonder in silence, at so many brilliant imaginations, and watch the striking out of their fiery sparks of wit,

“So nimble and so full of subtle flame,  
As if that every one from whom they came,  
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,  
And had resolved to live a fool the rest  
Of his dull life.”

2. It was after supper that a small basket of most mouth-melting figs was put on the friendly board, out of which, among other fingers, I was then moderate enough to deduct only one of its compressed lumps of deliciousness; but in a short time after this, music was proposed, and all the company left the supper-room for the music-parlor, with the exception, for two loitering moments, of the hospitable host and myself: it was in that short time that I fell from the heaven of my high exaltation, and proved myself “of the earth, earthy.”

3. The basket of figs still stood before me: they were sweet as the lips of beauty, and tempting as the apples of Eden; and I was born of Eve, and inherited her “pugging tooth.” It is no matter where temptation comes from, whether from Turkey or Paradise. Every man has his moment of weakness: I had two, and in those I fell. “I really must take *the other fig*,” said I, taking it before the words were out. I had no sooner possessed myself of it than I blushed with the consciousness that I had committed some-



thing like a sin against self-restraint; and this confusion was increased by observing that the eyes of mine host had followed the act, as if they would inquire into it, and ascertain its true meaning, and, perhaps, set it down over against the credit side of my character.

4. I was ever afraid that I had the weakness of too much covetousness of the creature comforts in my disposition, and that I had now betrayed it to a man who, though lenient and charitable, and inclined to think well of slight faults, would nevertheless weigh it in the balance of estimation, and think of it and me accordingly. I deserved to blush for it, and I did, to the bottom of the stairs, as I descended with him, chewing the sweet fruit of my offense, and the bitter consequence of it—an uneasy sense of shame.

5. But out of the greatest evils we may deduce good; and from the knowledge of our weakness derive strength. I have never forgotten this little incident of my incidental life; it has served as a moral check when I have coveted things which I did not want. And now, when I learn that some one, always famous for his covetousness, has at last been detected in a flagrant dereliction from honesty, I do not wonder at it; for I attribute it to an unrestrained habit of taking *the other fig*.

6. When I am told that a great gourmand of my acquaintance has died over his dessert-table, I am not surprised; for I have myself noticed that he always would eat *the other fig*. When I hear that a man, once celebrated for the luxuriousness of his living, now wants a plain dinner, I say, "It is a pity; but he always would have *the other fig* on the table." When I see a sensible man staggering through the streets in a drunken forgetfulness of himself and of "the divine property of his being," or behold him wallowing in "a sensual sty," and degrading the godlike uprightness of man to the groveling attitude of the brute, I sigh, and say: "This fellow, too, can not refrain from *the other fig*."

7. When I look on the miser, who, though possessed of gold

and land, lives without money or house, using not the one as it should be used, and enjoying not the other as it should be enjoyed; and when I see that, though having more than he uses, he covets more, that he may have still more than he can use, I scorn him as a robber of the poor, not to make himself richer than they, but poorer, more thankless and comfortless; and I pity the rich poor wretch, still grasping at *the other fig*.

8. When I hear of some wealthy trader with the four quarters of the world venturing forth again from the ark of safety and the home of his old age, on his promised last voyage, and perishing through the peril of way, I cannot but pity the man who could not lie quietly in the safe harbor of home, because he still craved after *the other fig*.

9. When I behold some heavy-pursed gamester enter one of those temples where fortune snatches the golden offerings from the altars of her blind fools, to fling them at the feet of her knaves who have eyes; and behold him issuing thence without a "beggarly denier," to bless him with a dinner or a rope, I cannot help pitying him, that he should risk the fortune he had for *the other fig* which he has lost.

10. When I see a mighty conqueror, having many thrones under his dominion, and many sceptres in his hand, struggling for new thrones and sceptres, and one after the other losing those he held, in his rapacious eagerness to snatch at those he would have, I cannot pity him, if he loses so many fine figs in the hand to possess *the other fig* on the tree. When I behold a rich merchant made poor by the extravagance and boldness of his trading speculations, when, if he could have been content with the wealth he had, he might have lived sumptuously and died rich, I cannot help thinking it a pity that he could not be content without *the other fig*.

11. When I hear that a rich man has done a paltry action for the sake of some petty, penny-getting gain, I scorn him that should so much covet *the other fig*. When I see a man already high in rank, and ennobled by descent more than

desert, cringing and stooping to a title-dispenser's heels for some new honor, (which is but a new disgrace where it is undeserved,) it is difficult not to despise *him*, though ever so honored, who will so degrade himself for the sake of *the other fig*. And, to conclude, when I see the detected thief dragged in fetters to a dungeon, I think to myself: "Ay, this is one of the probable consequences of a wilful indulgence in *the other fig*!"

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THE TANKARD.

1. No plate had John and Joan to hoard,  
Plain folk in humble plight;  
One only tankard crowned their board,  
And that was fill'd each night :
2. Along whose inner bottom sketched,  
In pride of chubby grace,  
Some rude engraver's hand had etched  
A baby's angel-face.
3. John swallowed first a moderate sup ;  
But Joan was not like John ;  
For when *her* lips once touched the cup,  
She drank till all was gone.
4. John often urged her to drink fair,  
But she ne'er changed a jot ;  
She loved to see the *angel* there,  
And therefore drained the pot.
5. When John found all remonstrance vain,  
Another card he played ;  
And where the angel stood so plain,  
Had *Satan's* form portrayed.

6. Joan saw the horns, Joan saw the tail,  
 Yet Joan as stoutly quaffed ;  
 And ever as she seiz'd her ale,  
 She clear'd it at a draught.
7. John stared, with wonder petrified,  
 His hair stood on his pate ;  
 And " Why dost guzzle *now*," he cried,  
 " At this enormous rate ?"
8. " Oh ! John," she said, " am I to blame ?  
 I can't, in conscience, stop :  
 For sure 'twould be a burning shame  
 To leave the devil a drop !"

## MORAL.

Thus Pleasure, in *angelic* form,  
 Oft lures to drink and revel :  
 Well knowing, when the taste you form,  
 You'll drink despite the *devil*.

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 THE POETS' REWARD.

1. A whimsical story is told of a king, who denied to poets those rewards, to which usage had almost given them a claim. This king, whose name is not recorded, had the faculty of retaining in his memory an ode after having only once heard it ; and he had a very talented male servant, who could repeat an ode which he had twice heard, and a female slave who could repeat one that she had heard thrice. Whenever a poet came to compliment him with a panegyric ode, the king used to promise him, that if he found his verses to be his original composition, he would give him a sum of money equal in weight to what they were written upon.

2. The poet, consenting, would recite his ode; and the king would say: "It is not new; for I have known it some years;" and he would repeat it as he had heard it; after which he would add: "And this servant also retains it in his memory;" and would order the servant: to repeat it; which, having heard it twice, from the poet and king, he would do. The king would then say to the poet: "I have also a female slave who can repeat it;" and ordering her to do so, stationed behind the curtains, she would repeat what she had thus thrice heard: so the poet would go away empty-handed. The famous poet, El-Asmaee, having heard of this proceeding, and guessing the trick, determined upon outwitting the king; and accordingly composed an ode made up of very difficult words.

3. Being disguised, he went to the palace, and, having asked permission, entered and saluted the king, who said to him: "Whence art thou, O brother of the Arabs, and what dost thou desire?" The poet answered: "May God increase the power of the king! I am a poet of such a tribe, and have composed an ode in praise of our lord the Sultan."—"O brother of the Arabs," said the king, "hast thou heard of our condition?" "No," answered the poet; "and what is it, O king of the age?" "It is," replied the king, "that if the ode be not thine, we give thee no reward; and if it be thine, we give thee the weight in money of what it is written upon." "How," said El-Asmaee, "should I assume to myself that which belongs to another, and knowing, too, that lying before kings is one of the basest of actions?"

4. "But I agree to this condition, O our lord the Sultan." So he repeated his ode. The king, perplexed, and unable to remember any of it, made a sign to the servant—but he had retained nothing; and called to the female slave, but she also was unable to repeat a word. "O brother of the Arabs," said he, "thou hast spoken truth, and the ode is thine without doubt: I have never heard it before: produce, therefore, what it is written upon, and we will give thee its weight in money, as we have promised."

5. "Wilt thou," said the poet, "send one of the attendants to carry it?" "To carry what?" asked the king; "is it not upon a paper here in thy possession?" "No, O our lord the Sultan," replied the poet; "at the time I composed it I could not procure a piece of paper upon which to write it, and could find nothing but a fragment of a marble column left me by my father; so I engraved it upon this; and it lies in the court of the palace." He had brought it, wrapped up, on the back of a camel. The king, to fulfil his promise, was obliged to exhaust his treasury; and to prevent a repetition of this trick, in future rewarded the poets according to the usual custom of kings.

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OLD BARNARD.—Mrs. ROBINSON.

1. Old Barnard was still a lustly hind,  
 Though his age was full fourscore;  
 And he used to go  
 Through hail and snow,  
 To a neighb'ring town,  
 With his old coat brown,  
 To beg at his grandson's door.
2. Old Barnard briskly jogged along,  
 When the hail and snow did fall;  
 And, whatever the day,  
 He was always gay,  
 Did the broad sun glow,  
 Or the keen wind blow,  
 While he begged in his grandson's hall.
3. His grandson was a squire, and he  
 Had houses, and lands, and gold;  
 And a coach beside,  
 And horses to ride,

And a downy bed  
 To repose his head,  
 While he felt not the winter's cold.

4. Old Barnard had neither house nor lands,  
 Nor gold to buy warm array ;  
 Nor a coach to carry  
 His old bones weary,  
 Nor beds of feather  
 In freezing weather,  
 To sleep the long nights away.
5. But Barnard a quiet conscience had,  
 No guile did his bosom know ;  
 And when ev'ning closed,  
 His old bones reposed,  
 Though the wintry blast  
 O'er his hovel passed,  
 And he slept, while the winds did blow !
6. But his grandson, he could never sleep,  
 Till the sun began to rise ;  
 For a fev'rish pain  
 Oppressed his brain,  
 And in dread he seemed,  
 And of Satan he dreamed,  
 Whenever he closed his eyes !
7. And whenever he feasted the rich and gay,  
 Old Satan still had his joke ;  
 For however rare  
 The sumptuous fare,  
 When the sparkling glass  
 Was seen to pass,—  
 He was fearful the draught would choke !
8. And whenever, in fine and costly gear,  
 The squire went forth to ride,

The owl would cry,  
And the raven fly  
Across his road,  
While the sluggish toad  
Would crawl by his palfrey's side.

9. And he could not command the sunny day,  
For the rain would wet him through;  
And the wind would blow,  
Where his nag did go,  
And the thunder roar,  
And the torrents pour,  
And he felt the chill evening dew.
10. And the cramp would wring his youthful bones,  
And would make him groan aloud;  
And the Doctor's art  
Could not cure the heart,  
While the conscience still  
Was o'ercharged with ill;  
And he dreamed of the pick-axe and shroud.
11. And why could old Barnard sweetly sleep,  
Since so poor and so old was he?  
Because he could say  
At the close of day:  
"I have done no wrong  
To the weak or strong,  
And so, Heaven look kind on me!"
12. One night, the grandson hied him forth,  
To a monk, that lived hard by;  
"O! father!" said he,  
"I am come to thee,  
For I'm sick of sin,  
And would fain begin  
To repent me, before I die!"



13. "I must pray for your soul," the monk replied :  
"But will see you to-morrow, ere noon :"  
Then the monk flew straight  
To old Barnard's gate,  
And he bade him haste  
O'er the dewy waste,  
By the light of the waning moon.
14. In the monkish cell did old Barnard wait,  
And his grandson went thither soon ;  
In a habit of gray,  
Ere the dawn of day,  
With a cowl and cross,  
On the sill of moss,  
He knelt by the light of the moon.
15. "O ! shrieve me, father !" the grandson cried,  
"For the Devil is waiting for me !  
I have robbed the poor,  
I have shut my door,  
And kept out the good  
When they wanted food,—  
And I come for my pardon to thee."
16. "Get home, young sinner," old Barnard said,  
"And your grandsire quickly see ;  
*Give him half your store,*  
For he's old, and poor,  
And avert each evil,  
And cheat the devil,—  
By making him *rich as thee.*"
17. The squire obeyed ; and old Barnard now  
Is rescued from every evil :  
For he fears no wrong,  
From the weak or strong,  
And the squire can snore,  
When the loud winds roar,  
For he dreams no more of the Devil.

## NO QUACKERY.—OLD HUMPHREY'S ADDRESSES.

1. You may smile, if you will, at my prescription, but fresh air is one of the most precious gifts of the Almighty, the merciful giver of unnumbered blessings; it costs nothing, and it is by far the best medicine in the world. Listen to me, neighbors and I will tell you what it will do you no harm to hear. In a little garret, in a small house, in a narrow street, worked a tailor. His shop-board and his bed almost filled the room, and yet there were four or five flower-pots close to the window, a canary in a cage hanging from the ceiling, and a rabbit in a pen against the wall.

2. The tailor rose early and took late rest, eating the bread of carefulness, but could hardly make both ends meet; for he was sickly, weakly, and qualmy, as well he might be, and could not get on at his work; he seemed to have no spirit. When I called upon him, I did not wonder at his being sickly, and weakly, and qualmy. I should have wondered very much had it been otherwise; for what with the room being so small and what with the bed, the shop-board, the flower-pots, the bird-cage, the rabbit-pen, and the clothes and remnants, and shreds and patches, it seemed wonderful to me how he was able to work at all; for he seldom left his garret, rarely opened his window, and breathed the same tainted air day and night.

3. To make short of a long story, I undertook to cure him, or rather, I undertook to give him advice, for none but the Creator and Preserver of men can establish our health, or add to the number of our days. Sickly, and pale, and panting for breath, as the tailor was, I made him change his lodging to an airy situation. No flower-pot, bird-cage, or rabbit-pen, did I allow in his chamber; his window was almost always kept open, and an hour every day he breathed the fresh air of heaven in walking abroad.

4. He is now as hearty a man as ever used a needle; enjoys more health, works fewer hours, and gets more money, than

ever he did before in his life ; and what is better than all, finds time to read his Bible, thanking God heartily for his manifold mercies, and among them for the benefit and blessing of fresh air.

Neighbors, be advised ; open your doors and your windows, get out of your houses, walk about, and take fresh air.

A hard-working cobbler, who was heard thumping away at his lapstone before his neighbors were up in the morning, and seen stitching away with his awl and wax-ends after they were gone to bed at night, found himself just in the same plight as the poor tailor—low and languishing, just dragging along as though he had no heart and soul in him.

5. His room was small enough of all conscience, if he had had it all to himself ; but this was not the case ; for, besides the space taken up by his working bench and bed, he had with him a wife and four children, a black terrier, and a jackdaw in a wicker cage. Neighbors, I cannot tell you one half of the wretchedness of that wretched room, when I stepped into it. Scraps of leather, old rags, bones, and filth were seen in all directions ; the dog barked, the jackdaw chattered, the children cried, the wife scolded, and the poor, patient, half-worn-out cobbler could hardly pull his wax-end through the holes his awl had made.

6. To finish the picture, a gin bottle stood in a corner, a dozen pawn tickets were wrapped up in a piece of dirty flannel, in a little cupboard ; the window was close shut, and the stench of the room was intolerable. Neighbors, you may think this was a hopeless case, but I thought otherwise, and went to work at once. No peace did I let the old cobbler have till I had fairly ransacked and routed everything out of his miserable dwelling, where for many a weary day and night he had gasped for breath, parboiled and smoke-dried by turns, till his flesh looked just the color of dirty dough. I took him to the tailor, who told him a story that made him lift up his eyes with surprise. The cobbler's bed was removed into an airy garret, his working room thoroughly swept and whitewashed,

the window set open, the black terrier and jackdaw sent away, the children put to day-school, the wife employed up stairs, the gin bottle used to contain vinegar, and the pawn-tickets exchanged for the articles written upon them.

6. Nor was this all; the cobbler was not allowed to sit down to his bench for a single morning, till he had walked to the finger-post on the common, a distance of a mile and a half across the fields. Neighbors, the cobbler is another man: he drinks no gin, he pawns no clothes, he keeps no terrier dog nor jackdaw, but breathes freely, works blithely, while he sings a hymn or a psalm, pays his rent like a man, reads his Bible every day of his life, and looks as fresh as a daisy.

7. Now, what has done all this for him? Nothing in the world but fresh air. This, with God's blessing, has been the making of him; and why should it not be the making of you? Rout out your cupboards and closets, sweep out your floors, whitewash your walls, and open your windows; but, above all, get into the fields and breathe the fresh air. Are you so fond of weakly frames and pale faces? Do you like to see pill-boxes, and phials, and gallipots? Is it pleasant to swallow salts, and rhubarb, and ipecacuanha, and to pay doctors' bills? If it is, heed not what I say; but if it is not, take my prescription—take fresh air.

8. Neighbors, I am no quack, but a plain-dealing man, gratefully enjoying the blessing of health, and anxious that all of you may enjoy it too. Fresh air will not only improve the health, but the temper also; so that a man will laugh at the little troubles that before made him fume and fret like a madman. The good that is done, and the evil that is prevented by fresh air, are beyond calculation. Doctors usually recommend fresh air, even when all their skill and all their medicines have failed, and this is a proof how highly they think of it.

9. Let this open your eyes, neighbors; doctors know what they are about, and you ought to know what you are about too. If you prefer to call in a doctor, and to pay him for ad-

vising you to take fresh air, I can have no possible objection, neither will the doctor blame you for this course ; but whether it will be wise in you to buy that which I give you for nothing, is a point worth a moment's consideration. Take my word for it, or rather do not take my word for it, but prove it—fresh air is the best medicine in the world. If I were called upon to write a prescription to cure three-fourths of this world's ails, it should be this—*Plain food, temperance in eating and drinking, exercise, fresh air, a clean skin, a contented mind, and a clear conscience.*

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THE NIMMERS.—BYRON.

1. Two foot companions once in deep discourse,  
 "Tom," says the one—"let's go and steal a horse."  
 "Steal!" says the other, in a huge surprise,  
 "He that says I'm a thief—I say he lies."  
 "Well, well," replies his friend,—“no such affront,  
 I did not ask ye—if you won't—you won't.”
  
2. So they jogged on—till, in another strain,  
 The querist moved to honest Tom again,  
 "Suppose," says he—"for supposition sake—  
 'Tis but a supposition that I make,—  
 Suppose—that we should *filch* a horse, I say?"  
 "Filch! filch!" quoth Tom,—demurring by the way ;  
 "That's not so bad as downright theft—I own—  
 But—yet—methinks—'twere better let alone :  
 It soundeth something pitiful and low ;  
 Shall we go *filch* a horse, you say—why, no—  
 I'll filch no filching ;—and I'll tell no lie :  
 Honesty's the best policy—say I.”
  
3. Struck with such vast integrity quite dumb,  
 His comrade paused—at last, says he,—“Come, come ;

Thou art an *honest* fellow—I agree—  
 Honest and poor;—alas! that should not be:  
 And dry into the bargain—and no drink!  
 Shall we go *nim* a horse, Tom,—what dost think?"

4. How clear things are when liquor's in the case!  
 How oily words give wickedness a grace!  
 "Nim? yes, yes, yes, let's nim with all my heart;  
 I see no harm in *nimming*, for my part;  
 Hard is the case, if I am any judge,  
 That honesty on foot should always trudge;  
 So many idle horses round about,  
 That honesty should wear its vitals out;  
 Besides—shall honesty be choked with thirst?  
 Were it my lord mayor's horse—I'd nim it first.
5. Not far from thence a noble charger stood,  
 Snug, in his master's stable, taking food;  
 Which beast they stole, or, as *they* called it, *nimmed*,  
 Just as the twilight all the landscape dimmed.  
 And now, good people, we should next relate  
 Of these adventurers the luckless fate:  
 What is most likely, is that both these elves  
 Were, in like manner, halter-nimmed themselves.
6. It matters not—the moral is the thing,  
 For which our purpose, neighbors, was to sing:  
 'Tis but a short one, it is true, but yet,  
 Has a long reach with it—*videlicet*,\*  
 'Twixt right and wrong, how many gentle trimmers  
 Will neither steal, nor filch, but will be plaguy *nimmers*!

\* *Videlicet*, to wit; namely.

## RICHES AND HAPPINESS.—DR. SAM. JOHNSON.

1. As Ortugrul of Bassa was one day wandering along the streets of Bagdad, musing on the varieties of merchandise which the shops offered to his view, and observing the different occupations of the multitudes on every side, he was awakened from his meditation by a crowd that obstructed his passage. He raised his eyes, and saw the chief Vizier returning from the divan to his palace.

2. Ortugrul mingled with the attendants, and being supposed to have some petition for the Vizier, was permitted to enter. He surveyed the spaciousness of the apartments, admired the walls hung with golden tapestry, and the floors covered with silken carpets, and despised the simple neatness of his own little habitation.

3. "Surely," said he to himself, "this palace is the seat of happiness, where pleasure succeeds to pleasure, and discontent and sorrow have no admission. Whatever Nature has provided for the delight of sense, is here spread forth to be enjoyed. What can mortals hope or imagine which the master of this palace has not obtained? The dishes of Luxury cover his table, the voice of Harmony lulls him in his bowers; he breathes the fragrance of the groves of Java, and sleeps upon the down of the cygnets of Ganges. He speaks, and his mandate is obeyed; he wishes, and his wish is gratified; all whom he sees obey him, and all whom he hears flatter him.

4. "How different, Ortugrul, is thy condition, who art doomed to the perpetual torments of unsatisfied desire, and who hast no amusement in thy power, that can withhold thee from thy own reflections! They tell thee that thou art wise; but what does wisdom avail with poverty? None will flatter the poor, and the wise have very little power of flattering themselves. That man is surely the most wretched of the sons of wretchedness, who lives with his own faults and follies always before him, and who has none to reconcile him to

himself by praise and veneration. I have long sought content, and have not found it: I will from this moment endeavor to be rich."

5. Full of this new resolution, he shut himself in his chamber for six months, to deliberate how he should grow rich: he sometimes proposed to offer himself as a counselor to one of the kings of India, and sometimes resolved to dig for diamonds in the mines of Golconda. One day, after some hours passed in violent fluctuation of opinion, sleep insensibly seized him in his chair. He dreamed that he was ranging a desert country in search of some one that might teach him to grow rich; and as he stood on the top of a hill shaded with cypress, in doubt whither to direct his steps; his father appeared on a sudden standing before him. "Ortugrul," said the old man, "I know thy perplexity: listen to thy father; turn thy eye on the opposite mountain."

6. Ortugrul looked, and saw a torrent tumbling down the rocks, roaring with the voice of thunder, and scattering its foam on the impending woods. "Now," said his father, "behold the valley that lies between the hills." Ortugrul looked, and espied a little well, out of which issued a small rivulet. "Tell me now," said his father, "dost thou wish for sudden affluence, that may pour upon thee like the mountain torrent, or for a slow and gradual increase, resembling the rill gliding from the well." "Let me be quickly rich," said Ortugrul; "let the golden stream be quick and violent." "Look round thee," said his father, "once again." Ortugrul looked, and perceived the channel of the torrent dry and dusty; but, following the rivulet from the well, he traced it to a wide lake, which the supply, slow and constant, kept always full. He waked, and determined to grow rich by persevering industry.

7. Having sold his patrimony, he engaged in merchandise, and in twenty years purchased lands, on which he raised a house, equal in sumptuousness to that of the Vizier, to which he invited all the ministers of pleasure, expecting to enjoy all



the felicity which he had imagined riches able to afford. Leisure soon made him weary of himself, and he longed to be persuaded that he was great and happy. He was courteous and liberal; he gave all that approached him hopes of pleasing him, and all who should please him hopes of being rewarded.

8. Every art of praise was tried, and every source of adulatory fiction was exhausted. Ortugrul heard his flatterers without delight, because he found himself unable to believe them. His own heart told him his frailties; his own understanding reproached him with his faults. "How long," said he, with a deep sigh, "have I been laboring in vain to amass wealth which at last is useless! Let no man hereafter wish to be rich, who is already too wise to be flattered."

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THE OLD FARM-GATE.—NEW YORK MIRROR.

1. Where, where is the gate that once served to divide  
The elm-shaded lane from the dusty roadside?  
I like not this barrier gaily bedight,  
With its glittering latch and its trellis of white.  
It is seemly, I own—yet, oh! dearer by far  
Was the red-rusted hinge and the weather-warp'd bar.  
Here are fashion and form of a modernized date,  
But I'd rather have looked on the old farm-gate.
2. 'Twas here where the urchins would gather to play  
In the shadows of twilight or sunny mid-day;  
For the stream running nigh, and the hillocks of sand,  
Were temptations no dirt-loving rogue could withstand.  
But to swing on the gate-rails, to clamber and ride,  
Was the utmost of pleasure, of glory, and pride;  
And the car of the victor or carriage of state  
Never carried such hearts as the old farm-gate.

3. 'Twas here where the gray-headed gossips would meet;  
And the falling of markets, or goodness of wheat—  
This field lying fallow—that heifer just bought—  
Were favorite themes for discussion and thought.  
The merits and faults of a neighbor just dead—  
The hopes of a couple about to be wed—  
The Parliament doings—the bill and debate—  
Were all canvassed and weighed at the old farm-gate.
4. 'Twas over that gate I taught Pincher to bound,  
With the strength of a steed and the grace of a hound.  
The beagle might hunt, and the spaniel might swim,  
But none could leap over that postern like him.  
When Dobbin was saddled for mirth-making trip,  
And the quickly-pull'd willow-branch served for a whip,  
Spite of lugging and tugging he'd stand for his freight,  
While I climbed on his back from the old farm-gate.
5. 'Tis well to pass portals where pleasure and fame  
May come winging our moments and gilding our name;  
But give me the joy and the freshness of mind,  
When, away on some sport—the old gate slam'd behind—  
I've listen'd to music, but none that could speak  
In such tones to my heart as the teeth-setting creak,  
That broke on my ear when the night had worn late,  
And the dear ones came home through the old farm-gate.
6. Oh! fair is the barrier taking its place,  
But it darkens a picture my soul longed to trace.  
I sigh to behold the rough staple and hasp,  
And the rails that my growing hand scarcely could clasp.  
Oh! how strangely the warm spirit grudges to part  
With the commonest relic once linked to the heart;  
And the brightest of fortune—the kindest fate—  
Would not banish my love for the old farm-gate.

## EASIER SAID THAN DONE.—BEN JONSON.

*Enter MATTHEW, ED. KNO'WELL, BOBADIL, and STEPHEN.*

*Mat.* Sir, did your eyes ever see the like of Mr. Wellbred's halfbrother? I think the whole earth cannot show his parallel.

*E. Kno.* We are now speaking of him. Captain Bobadil tells me he has fallen foul o' you too.

*Mat.* O, ay, Sir! he threatened me with the bastinado.

*Bob.* Ay, but I think I taught you prevention this morning for that——You shall kill him beyond question, if you be so generously minded.

*Mat.* Indeed, it is a most excellent trick!

*Bob.* O, you do not give spirit enough to your motion; you are too tardy, too heavy! O, it must be done like lightning; hey!

*[He practices at a post.*

*Mat.* Rare, captain!

*Bob.* Tut, 'tis nothing, if't be not done in a—punto!

*E. Kno.* Captain, did you ever prove yourself upon any of our masters of defense here?

*Mat.* O, good Sir! yes, I hope he has.

*Bob.* I will tell you, Sir. They have assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walked alone in divers skirts of the town, where I have driven them before me the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this lenity will not overcome their spleen. By myself I could have slain them all, but I delight not in murder. I am loath to bear any other than this bastinado for 'em; yet, I hold it good policy not to go disarmed, for though I be skillful, I may be oppressed with multitudes.

*E. Kno.* Ay, believe me, may you, Sir; and, in my conceit, our whole nation should sustain the loss by it, if it were so.

*Bob.* Alas, no! What's a peculiar man to a nation? Not seen.

*E. Kno.* O, but your skill, Sir!

*Bob.* Indeed, that might be some loss; but who respects it? I will tell you, Sir, by the way of private, and under seal, I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but were I known to his majesty, and the Lords, observe me, I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of his subjects in general, but to save the one half, nay, three parts of his yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

*E. Kno.* Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

*Bob.* Why, thus, Sir. I would select nineteen more to myself, throughout the land; gentlemen they should be, of good spirit, strong and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have; and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your Punto, your Reverso, your Stoccata, your Imbroccata, your Passada, your Montanto; till they could all play very near, or altogether, as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honor refuse us! Well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days, kill them all up by computation. And this I will venture my poor gentleman-like carcass to perform, provided there be no treason practiced upon us, by fair and discreet manhood, that is, civilly by the sword.

*E. Kno.* Why are you so sure of your hand, captain, at all times?

*Bob.* Tut, never miss thrust, upon my reputation!

*E. Kno.* I would not stand in Downright's state, then, if you meet him, for the wealth of any one street in London.

*Bob.* Why, Sir, you mistake! If he were here now, by this welkin I would not draw my weapon on him! Let this gentleman do his mind; but I will bastinado him, by the bright sun, wherever I meet him.

*Mat.* Faith, and I'll have a fling at him, at my distance.

*Enter DOWNRIGHT, walking along.*

*E. Kno.* Dear me! look ye where he is; yonder he goes.

*Dow.* What peevish luck have I, I cannot meet with these bragging scamps.

*Bob.* It's not he, is it?

*E. Kno.* Yes, faith, it is he!

*Mat.* I'll be hanged then, if that were he.

*E. Kno.* I assure you, that was he.

*Steph.* Upon my reputation, it was he.

*Bob.* Had I thought it had been he, he must not have gone so; but I can hardly be induced to believe it was he yet.

*E. Kno.* That I think, Sir. But see, he is come again!

*Dow.* O, Pharaoh's foot! Have I found you? Come, draw; to your tools. Draw, or I'll thresh you.

*Bob.* Gentlemen of valor, I do believe in thee, hear me—

*Dow.* Draw your weapon, then.

*Bob.* Tall man, I never thought on't till now; body of me! I had a warrant of the peace served on me even now, as I came along, by a water-bearer; this gentleman saw it, Mr. Matthew.

*Dow.* What? You will not draw, then?

[*He beats him and disarms him. MATTHEW runs away.*]

*Bob.* Hold, hold, under thy favor, forbear.

*Dow.* Prate again, as you like this. You'll control the point! Your consort is gone; had he staid, he had shared with you, Sir.

[*Exit DOWNRIGHT.*]

*E. Kno.* *Twenty, and kill 'em: twenty more, kill them too!*  
Ha, ha!

## THE OYSTER.—SOMERVILLE.

1. Two comrades, as grave authors say,  
    (But in what chapter, page, or line,  
    Ye critics, if ye please define,)  
Had found an oyster in their way.
2. Contest and foul debate arose :  
    Both view'd at once with greedy eyes,  
    Both challeng'd the delicious prize,  
And high words soon improved to blows.
3. Actions on actions hence succeed,  
    Each hero's obstinately stout ;  
    Green bags and parchments fly about,  
Pleadings are drawn, and counsel feed.
4. The parson of the place, good man !  
    Whose kind and charitable heart  
    In human ills still bore a part,  
Thrice shook his head and then began :
5. " Neighbors and friends, refer to me  
    This doughty matter in dispute,  
    I'll soon decide th' important suit,  
And finish all without a fee."
6. " Give me the oyster then—'tis well,"—  
    He opens it, and at one sup  
    Gulps the contested trifle up,  
And smiling, gives to each a shell.
7. " Henceforth let foolish discord cease,  
    Your oyster's good as e'er was eat ;  
    I thank you for my dainty treat ;  
God bless you both, and live in peace."

## MORAL.

8. Ye men of Norfolk and of Wales,  
 From this learn common sense ;  
 Nor thrust your neighbors into jails  
 For ev'ry slight offense.
9. Banish those vermin of debate,  
 That on your substance feed ;  
 The knaves who now are serv'd in plate,  
 Would starve, if fools agreed.
- 

## GOOD MATERIAL FOR A BAD LAWYER.

1. Little Eddy, on his way to school, frequently loitered by a small stream which he was obliged to pass, to witness the gambols of his playmates while bathing—the water being of sufficient depth in some places for that purpose. Fearing some accident might befall him, his mother told him never to venture near, and in strong terms, not to go into the water.

2. One day, however, being overcome by temptation, and the urgent solicitations of boys older than himself, he yielded to their importunities and his own wishes, and for an hour entered into their aquatic sports right heartily.

3. But as ill luck would have it, while dressing himself, by some mismanagement he put on his shirt wrong side out, entirely unnoticed by him at the time ; but the quick eye of his mother detected it, and divined the reason at once. Before retiring, she called the little boy to her side to repeat his little prayer. While on his knees she took the opportunity to reprove him for disobeying her commands :

4. "Edmund," said she, "how is it that the buttons are on the inside of your shirt-collar?"

"I don't know. Isn't that the way, mother?"

"No, my son. You have disobeyed me I am sorry to see.

You have been in swimming, else how could you have turned your shirt?"

The little boy felt that his mother had spoken the truth, and was for a moment silent. However, a satisfactory explanation, as he thought, soon occurred. With a triumphant look, and a bold voice, he replied :

"Mother, I—guess I turned it gettin' over the fence."

AN APOLOGY FOR THE RICH.—MARY BARBER.

1. "ALL-bounteous Heaven," Castalio cries,  
 With bended knees, and lifted eyes,  
 "When shall I have the power to bless,  
 And raise up merit in distress?"  
 How do our hearts deceive us here!  
 He gets ten thousand pounds a year.  
 With this the pious youth is able  
 To build, and plant, and keep a table.  
 But then, the poor he must not treat;  
 Who asks the wretch, that wants to eat?
2. Alas! to ease their woes he wishes,  
 But cannot live without ten dishes.  
 Though six would serve as well, 'tis true;  
 But, one must live as others do.  
 He now feels wants unknown before,  
 Wants still increasing with his store.  
 The good Castalio must provide  
 Brocade, and jewels, for his bride;  
 Her toilet shines with plate embossed,  
 What sums her lace and linen cost!
3. The clothes, that must his person grace,  
 Shine with embroidery and lace.  
 The costly pride of Persian looms,  
 And Guido's paintings, grace his rooms.



- His wealth Castalio will not waste,  
 But must have everything in taste.  
 He's an economist confessed,  
 But what he buys must be the best.
4. For common use, a set of plate ;  
 Old china, when he dines in state.  
 A coach and six, to take the air,  
 Besides a chariot, and chair.  
 All these important calls supplied,  
 Calls of necessity, not pride,  
 His income's regularly spent ;  
 He scarcely saves to pay his rent.  
 No man alive *would* do more good,  
 Or give more freely, if he *could* !  
 He grieves, whene'er the wretched sue,  
 But what can poor Castalio do ?  
 Would Heaven but send ten thousand more,  
 He'd give—*just as he did before* !
- 

THE BIBLIOMANIA, OR BOOK-MADNESS.—D'ISRAELI.

1. The "Bibliomania," or the collecting an enormous heap of books without intelligent curiosity, has, since libraries have existed, infected weak minds, who imagine that they themselves acquire knowledge, when they keep it on their shelves. Their motley libraries have been called the *mad houses of the human mind* ; and again the *tomb of books*, when the possessor will not communicate them, and coffins them up in the cases of his library—and as it was facetiously observed, these collections are not without a "*Lock on the human Understanding.*"\*

\* John Locke, to whom reference is made in this witty remark, was born in 1632. His principal work is entitled "An Essay on the Human Understanding."

2. Bruyere has touched on this mania with humor: "Of such a collector," says he, "as soon as I enter his house, I am ready to faint on the staircase, from a strong smell of Morocco leather: in vain he shows me fine editions, gold leaves, Etruscan bindings, &c., naming them one after another, as if he were showing a gallery of pictures! a gallery, by-the-by, which he seldom traverses when *alone*, for he rarely reads, but me he offers to conduct through it! I thank him for his politeness, and as little as himself care to visit the tan-house which he calls his library."

3. Lucian has composed a biting invective against the ignorant possessor of a vast library. Like him, who in the present day, after turning over the pages of an old book, chiefly admires the *data*. Lucian compares him to a pilot, who was never taught the science of navigation; to a rider who cannot keep his seat on a spirited horse; to a man who not having the use of his feet wishes to conceal the defect by wearing embroidered shoes; but, alas! he cannot stand in them!

4. He ludicrously compares him to Thersites wearing the armor of Achilles, tottering at every step; leering with his little eyes under his enormous helmet, and his hunch-back raising the cuirass above his shoulders. Why do you buy so many books? he says:—you have no hair, and you purchase a comb; you are blind, and you will have a grand mirror; you are deaf, and you will have fine musical instruments! Your costly bindings are only a source of vexation, and you are continually discharging your librarians for not preserving them from the silent invasion of the worms, and the nibbling triumphs of the rats!

5. Such collectors will contemptuously smile at the collection of the amiable Melancthon. He possessed in his library only four authors, Plato, Pliny, Plutarch, and Ptolemy, the geographer. Fortunate are those who only consider a book for the utility and pleasure they may derive from its possession.

## I GATHER THEM IN.—PARK BENJAMIN.

1. Nigh to a grave, that was newly made,  
Leaned a sexton old on his earth-worn spade :  
His work was done, and he paused to wait  
The funeral train through the open gate :  
A relic of by-gone days was he,  
And his locks were white as the foamy sea—  
And these words came from his lips so thin,  
“I gather them in! I gather them in!”
2. “I gather them in! for, man and boy,  
Year after year of grief and joy,  
I’ve builded the houses that lie around  
In every nook of this burial ground.  
Mother and daughter, father and son,  
Come to my solitude, one by one—  
But come they strangers or come they kin,  
I gather them in! I gather them in!”
3. “Many are with me, but still I’m alone!  
I am king of the dead—and I make my throne  
On a monument slab of marble cold,  
And my sceptre of rule is the spade I hold.  
Come they from cottage or come they from hall—  
Mankind are my subjects—all, all, all!  
Let them loiter in pleasure or toilfully spin—  
I gather them in! I gather them in!”
4. “I gather them in—and their final rest,  
Is here, down here in the Earth’s dark breast”—  
And the sexton ceased—for the funeral train  
Wound mutely over that solemn plain :  
And I said to my heart—when time is told,  
A mightier voice than that sexton’s old  
Will sound o’er the last trump’s dreadful din—  
“I gather them in! I gather them in!”

## THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE.—LIEB. SMITH.

1. A PIN and a needle, being neighbors in a work-basket, and both being idle, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do:—"I should like to know," said the pin, "what you are good for, and how you expect to get through the world without a head?" "What is the use of your head," replied the needle, rather sharply, "if you have no eye?"

2. "What is the use of an eye," said the pin, "if there is always something in it?" "I am more active, and can go through more work than you can," said the needle. "Yes, but you will not live long." "Why not?" "Because you have always a stitch in your side," said the pin.

3. "You are a poor, crooked creature," said the needle. "And you are so proud that you can't bend without breaking your back." "I'll pull your head off, if you insult me again." "I'll put your eye out, if you touch me; remember your life hangs by a single thread," said the pin.

4. While they were thus conversing, a little girl entered, and undertaking to sew, she soon broke off the needle at the eye. Then she tied the thread around the head of the pin, and, attempting to sew with it, she soon pulled its head off, and threw it into the dirt by the side of the broken needle.

5. "Well, here we are," said the needle. "We have nothing to fight about now," said the pin. "It seems misfortune has brought us to our senses." "A pity we had not come to them sooner," said the needle. "How much we resemble human beings, who quarrel about their blessings till they lose them, and never find out they are brothers till they lie down in the dust together as we do."

## SMATTERERS.—BUTLER.

All smatterers are more brisk and pert;  
 Than those that *understand* an art;  
 As little sparkles shine more bright  
 Than glowing coals that give them light.

## THE PICTURE.—CUNNINGHAM.

1. A PORTRAIT, at my lord's command,  
 Completed by a curious hand :  
 For dabblers in the nice vertú  
 His lordship set the piece to view,  
 Bidding the connoisseurships tell,  
 Whether the work was finished well.  
 " Why," says the loudest, " on my word,  
 'Tis not a likeness, good my lord ;  
 Nor, to be plain, for speak I must,  
 Can I pronounce one feature just."
2. Another effort straight was made,  
 Another portraiture essayed ;  
 The judges were again besought,  
 Each to deliver what he thought.  
 " Worse than the first"—the critics bawl ;  
 " O what a mouth ! how monstrous small !  
 Look at the cheeks, how lank and thin !  
 See, what a most preposterous chin !"
3. After remonstrance made in vain,  
 " I'll," says the painter, " once again,  
 If my good lord vouchsafes to sit,  
 Try for a more successful hit !  
 And, if you'll to-morrow deign to call,  
 We'll have a piece to please you all."  
 To-morrow comes—a picture's placed  
 Before these spurious sons of taste ;  
 In their opinions all agree,  
 This is the vilest of the three.
4. " Know—to confute your envious pride,"  
 His lordship from the canvas cried,  
 " Know—that is my real face,  
 Where you could no resemblance trace :

I've tried you by a lucky trick,  
 And prov'd your genius to the quick ;  
 Void of all judgment, justice, sense,  
 Out—ye pretending varlets—hence.”  
 The connoisseurs depart in haste,  
 Despised—detected—and disgraced.

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FEMALE BEAUTY AND ORNAMENTS.—D'ISRAEL.

1. The ladies in Japan gild their teeth, and those of the Indies paint them red. The pearl of teeth must be dyed black to be beautiful in Guzurat. In Greenland the women color their faces with blue and yellow. However fresh the complexion of a Muscovite may be, she would think herself very ugly, if she were not plastered over with paint. The Chinese must have their feet as diminutive as those of the she goats; and to render them thus, their youth is passed in tortures.

2. In ancient Persia, an aqualine nose was often thought worthy of the crown; and if there was any contest between two princes, the people generally went by this criterion of majesty. In some countries, the mothers break the noses of their children; and in others press the head between two boards, that it may become square. The modern Persians have a strong aversion to red hair; the Turks, on the contrary, are warm admirers of it. The female Hottentot receives from the hand of her lover, not silk or wreaths of flowers, but warm entrails and reeking tripe, to dress herself with enviable ornaments.

3. In China small round eyes are liked; and the girls are continually plucking their eye-brows, that they may be thin and long. The Turkish women dip a gold brush in the tincture of a black drug, which they pass over their eyebrows. It is too visible by day, but looks shining by night. They tinge their nails with a rose-color. An African beauty must have small eyes, thick lips, a large flat nose, and a skin beauti-

fully black. The Emperor of Monomotapa would not change his amiable negress for the most brilliant European beauty.

4. An ornament for the nose appears to us perfectly unnecessary. The Peruvians, however, think otherwise; and they hang on it a weighty ring, the thickness of which is proportioned to the rank of their husbands. The custom of boring it, as our ladies do their ears, is very common in several nations. Through the perforation are hung various materials; such as green crystals, gold stones, a single and sometimes a great number of gold rings. This is rather troublesome to them in blowing their noses; and the fact is, some have informed us, that the Indian ladies never perform this very useful operation.

5. The female head-dress is carried in some countries to singular extravagance. The Chinese fair carries on her head the figure of a certain bird. This bird is composed of copper, or of gold, according to the quality of the person: the wings spread out, fall over the front of the head-dress, and conceal the temples: the tail, long and open, forms a beautiful tuft of feathers: the beak covers the top of the nose; the neck is fastened to the body of the artificial animal by a spring, that it may the more freely play, and tremble at the slightest motion.

6. The extravagance of the Myantses is far more ridiculous than the above. They carry on their heads a slight board, rather longer than a foot, and about six inches broad: with this they cover their hair, and seal it with wax. They cannot lie down, nor lean, without keeping the neck straight; and the country being very woody, it is not uncommon to find them with their head-dress entangled in the trees; whenever they comb their hair, they pass an hour by the fire in melting the wax; but this combing is only performed once or twice a year.

7. The inhabitants of the land of Natal wear caps or bonnets from six to ten inches high, composed of the fat of oxen. They then gradually annoint the head with a purer grease, which mixing with the hair, fastens the bonnets for their lives.

## MEMORABILIA\*

## A DOUBLE CHARGE.

A TALKATIVE youth being brought to Socrates to be instructed in oratory, the sage asked him double price. "Why," said the young man, "do you charge me double?" "Because," said Socrates, "I shall have to teach you two arts: the one to hold your tongue; the other how to speak."

## ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

When a king asked Euclid, the mathematician, whether he could not explain his art to him in a more compendious manner? He was answered that there was no royal way to geometry. Other things may be seized by might, or purchased with money, but knowledge is to be gained only by study, and study to be prosecuted only in retirement.

## CHARACTER OF ENVY.

Bion, observing an envious person apparently very sad, said:—"Either some evil has happened to this fellow, or some good to his neighbor."

## WHY WE HAVE TWO EARS AND ONE MOUTH.

To a talkative young man, Zeno once said:—"For this reason we have *two* ears and *one* mouth, that we may hear more and speak less."

## A BENEVOLENT DISTINCTION.

Aristotle being reproved because he had, on a certain occasion, given alms to a bad person, said:—"I had compassion on the *man*, not on his *manners*."

## SAFE CONCLUSION.

Antisthenes, being once applauded by a bad man, said:—"I am afraid I have been doing something wrong."

\* See note, page 58.



## A GREAT DIFFERENCE.

Anacharsis, the Scythian sage, being asked in what respect learned men differed from unlearned, answered: "As the living from the dead."

MAN *versus* MONEY.

Two citizens courting the daughter of Themistocles, he preferred the worthy man to the rich one, and assigned this reason: "I had rather she should have a man without money, than money without a man."

## STRIKE, BUT HEAR!

Eurybiades, the Spartan, while commander of the combined Grecian fleet, being firmly opposed by Themistocles, the Athenian, in his desire to weigh anchor and sail to the Isthmus, where the land forces of the Peloponnesians had been assembled, raised his staff in a threatening manner, as if to strike him; whereupon Themistocles, with entire composure, exclaimed: "*Strike, but hear!*"

## A POINTED QUESTION.

Themistocles, being asked by some one whether he would rather be Achilles or Homer, replied:—"Which would you rather be, the *victor* in the Olympic games or the mere *herald* that proclaims the victory?"

## PRIDE HUMBLED.

Croesus, king of Lydia, who felt presumptuously proud on account of his power and his riches, had dressed himself one day in his utmost splendor of apparel and royal ornament, and, seating himself on his throne, exhibited his person to Solon, as comprehending within itself the substance and sum of all worldly glory. "Have you ever beheld," said he to the Grecian sage, "a spectacle more august?" "I have," was the answer: "there is neither a pheasant in our fields, nor a peacock in our court-yard, that does not surpass you in glory."

## A DEVOTED STUDENT.

Anaxagoras, the Clazomenian philosopher, and preceptor of Socrates, being asked for what purpose he conceived he had come into the world, answered : "To see sun, moon, and stars !" The same philosopher being utterly negligent regarding the politics of his town of Clazomene, was twitted for his indifference on that subject by some of his most zealous fellow-citizens, who asked him whether he entertained no concern for his native country ? "For my country," replied the sage, "I have always a great concern. My native city," pointing to the heavens, "is perpetually the subject of my thoughts."

## A SUGGESTIVE REGRET.

When Ptolemy, the Second, king of Egypt, looked forth one day from his palace window, afflicted as he was at the time with the gout, the consequence of his luxurious indulgences, and distracted with kingly anxieties, he observed a multitude of his poorer subjects reclining in festal ease on the sandy banks of the Nile—"Miserable fate," said the monarch, "that my fate hath not allowed me to be one of them."

## FRUITS OF THE VINE.

Anacharsis, though a Scythian, uttered sentiments as beautiful as those of Plato himself. Among his fine sayings is the one—"The vine bears three grapes:—the first is that of pleasure; the second is that of drunkenness; the third is that of sorrow."

## DRINKING AND RUNNING.

When Mark Antony was fast fleeing from his conqueror after the battle of Mutina, one of his acquaintances gave as a reply to some person that inquired of him what his master was about : "He is doing what dogs do in Egypt when pursued by the crocodile—drinking and running."

•  
JUPITER'S EMPLOYMENT.

Chilon, the sage of Sparta, inquired of Æsop what was Jupiter's employment—what his regular daily business in the skies? "To humble those that are elevated, and elevate those that are humble," said the fabulist.

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THE SEA! THE SEA!—INCOLDSEY LEGENDS.

1. The Sea! the Sea! the open sea!—  
That is the place where we all wish to be,  
Rolling about on it merrily!"—  
    So all sing and say  
    By night and by day,  
In the *boudoir*, the street, at the concert, and play,  
In a sort of coxcombical roundelay.
  
2. You may roam through the city, transversely or straight,  
From Whitechapel turnpike to Cumberland gate,  
And every young lady who thrums a guitar,  
Ev'ry mustachio'd Shopman who smokes a cigar,  
    With affected devotion,  
    Promulgates his notion,  
Of being a "Rover" and "child of the Ocean"—  
Whate'er their age, sex, or condition may be,  
They all of them long for the "Wide, Wide Sea!"
  
3. But however they dote,  
    Only set them afloat  
In any craft bigger at all than a boat,  
    Take them down to the Nore,  
    And you'll see that, before  
The "Wessel" they "Woyage" in has made half her way  
Between Shell-Ness Point and the pier at Herne Bay,  
Let the wind meet the tide in the smallest degree,  
They'll be all of them heartily sick of "the Sea!"

## A DINNER WITH TWO FAULTS.—MISS EDGEWORTH.

1. THE dinner had two great faults—profusion and pretension. There was, in fact, ten times more on the table than was necessary; and the entertainment was far above the circumstances of the person by whom it was given: for instance, the dish of fish at the head of the table had been brought across the island from Sligo, and had cost five guineas; as the lady of the house failed not to make known.

2. But, after all, things were not of a piece: there was a disparity between the entertainment and the attendants; there was no proportion or fitness of things. A painful endeavor at what could not be attained, and a toiling in vain to conceal and repair deficiencies and blunders. Had the mistress of the house been quiet; had she, as Mrs. Broadhurst would say, but let things alone, let things take their course; all would have passed off with well-bred people.

3. But she was incessantly apologizing, and fussing and fretting inwardly and outwardly, and directing and calling to her servants—striving to make a butler who was deaf, and a boy who was hair-brained, do the business of five accomplished footmen of *parts and figure*. Mrs. Raffarty called “Larry! Larry! My Lord’s plate there!—James! bread to Captain Bowles!—James! port wine to the Major.—James! James Kenny! James!” And panting James toiled after her in vain.

4. At length one course was fairly got through; and after a torturing half hour, the second course appeared, and James Kenny was intent upon one thing, and Larry upon another, so that the wine sauce for the hare was spilt by their collision; but what was worse, there seemed little chance that the whole of this second course should ever be placed altogether rightly upon the table.

5. Mrs. Raffarty cleared her throat and nodded, and pointed, and sighed, and set Larry after Kenny, and Kenny after Larry: for what one did the other undid; but at last, the lady’s anger kindled, and she spoke!—“Kenny! James Ken-

ny, set the sea-cale at this corner, and put down the grass, cross-corners; and match your maccaroni yonder with *them* puddens, set—Ogh! James! the pyramid in the middle can't ye."

6. The pyramid in changing places was overturned. Then it was, that the mistress of the feast, falling back in her seat, and lifting up her hands and eyes in despair, ejaculated: "Oh, James! James!"—The pyramid was raised by the assistance of the military engineers, and stood trembling again on its base; but the lady's temper could not be so easily restored to its equilibrium.

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THE DESPAIRING LOVER.—WALSH.

1. DISTRACTED with care  
 For Phyllis the fair,  
 Since nothing could move her,  
 Poor Damon, her lover,  
 Resolves in despair  
 No longer to languish,  
 Nor hear so much anguish;  
 But mad with his love,  
 To a precipice goes,  
 Where a leap from above  
 Would soon finish his woes.
  
2. When in rage he came there.  
 Beholding how steep  
 The sides did appear,  
 And the bottom how deep;  
 His torments projecting,  
 And sadly reflecting,  
 That a lover forsaken  
 A new love may get,

But a neck when once broken  
Can never be set,—

3. And, that he could die  
Whenever he would,  
But, that he could live  
But as long as he could :  
How grievous soever  
The torment might grow,  
He scorned to endeavor  
To finish it so.  
But bold, unconcerned  
At thoughts of the pain,  
He calmly returned  
To his cottage again.

THE WORD NO.—MERCHANT'S LEDGER.

1. A VERY little word is *No*. It is composed of but two letters and only forms a syllable. In meaning it is so definite as to defy misunderstanding. Young lips find its articulation easy. Any child can spell it. Unlike some words of learned length, spoken only on rare occasions, its use is common and familiar. Not an hour passes in company but we hear it repeated. It would be a task to carry on conversation for a few minutes without its aid.

2. Diminutive in size, evident in import, easy of utterance, frequent in use, and necessary in ordinary speech, it seems one of the simplest and most harmless of all words. Yet there are those to whom it is almost a terror. Its sound makes them afraid. Upon their lips, when forced to pronounce it, it hangs heavily as lead. They would expurgate it from their vocabulary, if they could. An easy and good-natured class of people they are. They like always to agree with their

friends. To them the language of contradiction is un congenial. The ranks of disputants obtain from them few recruits. They cannot differ from others without a painful effort, which they seldom make.

3. It is in their nature to drift down the stream rather than resist the current. When urged to anything by companions, they find it all but impossible to say—*No*. The little monosyllable sticks in their throat. Their pliable and easy temper inclines them to conformity, and frequently works their bane. Assailed by the solicitations of pleasure, they are sure to yield, for at once and resolutely they will not repeat—*No*.

4. Plied with the intoxicating cup, they seldom overcome, for their facile nature refuses to express itself in—*No*. Encountering temptation in the hard and duteous path they are likely to falter and fall, for they have not boldness to speak out the decided negative—*No*.

5. Amid the mists of time, and involved in the labyrinthine mazes of error, they are liable to forget eternal verities and join the ribald jest, for they have not been accustomed to utter an emphatic—*No*. Their talents may be of a high order, their disposition amiable and generous, and their prospects flattering; but this one weakness may at any time prove fatal to their hopes.

6. All the noble souls and heroes of history have held themselves ready, whenever it was demanded, to say—*No*. The warrior said—*No* to the obstacles which threatened the success of his arms, and rose against them in his might, and made them as the dust of his feet. The statesman said—*No* to the imperious and insulting demands of an excited populace or a foreign foe, and devised the plans by which the language of demand was exchanged for the language of entreaty and supplication.

7. The poet said—*No* to the sloth and indolence which consumed his precious hours, and wove for himself in heavenly song a garland of immortality. The martyred hosts said—*No*, to the Pagan powers that demanded a recantation of their

faith, and swift from the fire and the torture their souls up-rose to the rewards and beatitude of heaven. The greatest and best of all that ever tread our earth, the holy One himself, was incessant in his labors of self-denial, and even thereby he won the honors of his cross. Great men have grown great by repeating *No* at every step of their progress. To ease, to inglorious joyance, to pleasure, to hardship, they said—*No*.

8. In the slow advancement of mankind—*No* has ever proved a word of power. Before it error consecrated by antiquity has fallen, and truth has risen in her splendor. Every falsehood refuted and denied is a step to truth; every impediment vanquished an advance to greatness. It is but fair to observe, however, that even in the use of this word there may be an abuse.

9. As there are minds too pliable and gentle, so there are others too dogmatic and contradictory. On little occasions, and for trifling reasons, one may acquire a vile and disagreeable habit of dispute and denial. In things of no moral or practical account it is wise to be conciliatory and compliant. The most decided of men need not be impolite, or displeasing in society. But when duty or propriety demands it, no one should be ashamed to speak—*No*.

10. " Few have learned to speak this word  
When it *should* be spoken;  
Resolution is deferred,  
Vows to virtue broken.
11. More courage is required,  
This one word to say,  
Than to stand where shots are fired  
In the battle fray.
12. Use it fitly, and ye'll see  
Many a lot below  
May be schooled, and nobly ruled  
By power to utter—' *No*.' "



## THE MILKMAID.—LLOYD.

1. WHOE'ER for pleasure plans a scheme,  
Will find it vanish like a dream,  
Affording nothing sound or real,  
Where happiness is all ideal,  
In grief, in joy, or either state,  
Fancy will always antedate,  
And when the thoughts on evil pore,  
Anticipation makes it more.  
Thus while the mind the *future* sees,  
It cancels all its *present* ease.
2. Is pleasure's scheme the point in view ?  
How eagerly we all pursue ;  
Well—Tuesday is th' appointed day ;  
How slowly wears the time away !  
How dull the interval between,  
How darkened o'er with clouds of spleen,  
Did not the mind unlock her treasure,  
And fancy feed on promis'd pleasure.
3. Delia surveys, with curious eyes,  
The clouds collected in the skies ;  
Wishes no storm may rend the air,  
And Tuesday may be dry and fair ;  
And I look round, my boys, and pray,  
That Tuesday may be holiday !  
Things duly settled—what remains ?  
Lo ! Tuesday comes—alas ! it rains ;  
And all our visionary schemes  
Have died away, like golden dreams.
4. Once on a time, a rustic dame,  
(No matter for the lady's name,)  
Wrapped up in deep imagination,  
Indulged her pleasing contemplation ;

While on a bench she took her seat,  
 And placed the milk-pail at her feet,  
 Oft in her hand she chinked the pence,  
 The profits which arose from thence.

5. While fond ideas filled her brain,  
 Of layings up, and *monstrous* gain,  
 Till every penny which she told,  
 Creative fancy turned to gold;  
 And reasoning thus from computation,  
 She spoke aloud her meditation.
  
6. "Please Heaven but to preserve my health,  
 No doubt I shall have store of wealth;  
 It must of consequence ensue,  
 I shall have store of lovers too.  
 Oh! how I'll break their stubborn hearts,  
 With all the pride of female arts.  
 What, suitors then will kneel before me!  
*Lords, earls, and viscounts* shall adore me.  
 When in my gilded coach I ride,  
*My lady* at his *lordship's* side,  
 How will I laugh at all I meet  
 Clatt'ring in pattens down the street!
  
7. "And Lobbin then I'll mind no more,  
 Howe'er I loved him heretofore;  
 Or, if he talks of plighted truth,  
 I will not hear the simple youth,  
 But rise indignant from my seat,  
 And spurn the lubber from my feet."
  
8. Action, alas! the speaker's grace,  
 Ne'er came in more improper place,  
 For in the tossing forth her shoe,  
 What fancied bliss the maid o'erthrew!

While down at once, with hideous fall,  
 Came lovers, wealth, and milk, and all.  
 Thus fancy ever loves to roam,  
 To bring the gay materials home;  
 Imagination forms the dream,  
 And accident destroys the scheme.

## WANT OF CONFIDENCE.—G. P. MORRIS.

1. A LITTLE Frenchman loaned a merchant five thousand dollars when the times were good. He called at the counting-house a few days since, in a state of agitation not easily described.

“How do you do?” inquired the merchant.

“Sick—ver sick,” replied monsieur.

“What’s the matter?”

“De times is de matter.”

“*Detimes?*—what disease is that?”

“De maladie vat break all de marchants, ver much.”

2. “Ah—the times, eh?—well, they are bad, very bad, sure enough; but how do they affect you?”

“Vy, monsieur, I lose de confidence”

“In whom?”

“In everybody.”

“Not in me, I hope?”

“Pardonnez moi, monsieur;\* but I do not know who to trust à present, when all de marchants break several times, all to pieces.”

3. “Then I presume you want your money?”

“Oui, monsieur, I starve for want of *l’argent*.”†

“Can’t you do without it?”

“No, monsieur, I must have him.”

“You must?”

“Oui, monsieur,” said little dimity breeches, turning pale with apprehension for the safety of his money.

\* Pardon me, Sir.

† Money.

"And you can't do without it?"

"No, monsieur, not von leetle moment longare."

4. The merchant reached his bank book—drew a check on the good old Chemical for the amount, and handed it to his visiter.

"Vat is dis, monsieur?"

"A check for five thousand dollars, with the interest."

"Is it bon?" said the Frenchman, with amazement.

"Certainly."

"Have you *de l'argent* in de bank?"

"Yes."

"And it is parfaitement\* convenient to pay de sum?"

"Undoubtedly. What astonishes you?"

"Vy, dat you have got him in dees times."

5. "Oh, yes, and I have plenty more. I owe nothing that I cannot pay at a moment's notice."

The Frenchman was perplexed.

"Monsieur, you shall do me one little favor, eh?"

"With all my heart."

"Vell, monsieur, you shall keep *de l'argent* for me some leetle year longer."

"Why, I thought you wanted it."

"*Tout au contraire*.† I no vant *de l'argent*—I vant de grand confidence. Suppose you no got de money, den I vant him ver much—suppose you got him, den I no vant him at all. *Vous comprenez*,‡ eh?"

6. After some further conference, the little Frenchman prevailed upon the merchant to retain the money, and left the counting-house with a light heart and a countenance very different from the one he wore when he entered.

This little sketch has a *moral*, if the reader has sagacity enough to find it out.

\* Perfectly.

† Quite the contrary.

‡ Do you understand?

## THE MONKIES.—MERRICK.

1. WHOE'ER, with curious eye, has rang'd  
Through Ovid's tales, has seen,  
How Jove, incens'd to monkies chang'd  
A tribe of worthless men.
2. Repentant soon th' offending race  
Entreat the injur'd power,  
To give them back the human face,  
And reason's aid restore.
3. Jove, sooth'd at length, his ear inclin'd,  
And granted half their prayer,  
But t'other half he bade the wind  
Disperse in empty air.
4. Scarce had the thund'rer given the nod,  
That shook the vaulted skies,  
With haughty air the creatures strode,  
And stretch'd their dwindl'd size.
5. The hair in curls luxuriant now  
Around their temples spread ;  
The tail, that whilom hung below,  
Now dangl'd from the head.
6. The head remains unchang'd within.  
Nor alter'd much the face ;  
It still retains its native grin,  
And all its old grimace.
7. Thus half transform'd and half the same,  
Jove bade them take their place,  
(Restoring them their ancient claim,)  
Among the human race.

8. Some with contempt the brute survey'd,  
 Nor would a name bestow ;  
 But others lik'd the motley breed,  
 And call'd the thing a BEAU !
- 

MENTAL DISSIPATION.—REV. JOHN EDWARDS.

1. **MANY** dwarf the intellect, and dissipate the power of thought, by flitting from subject to subject. This week they are down in the bowels of the earth with the geologist; the next they are soaring through the stellar spaces with the astronomer. Now history is all the rage with them; and the next time you meet with them, they are arm in arm with Milton and Shakspeare. Now they are encircled with glasses, and jars, and blowpipes; again the analysis of matter has been given up for the analysis of mind, and the chemical gases supplanted by the mists of metaphysics.

2. To-day they are skipping through the Elysian fields of poetry and romance; to-morrow they are attempting to square the circle or discover the perpetal motion. They begin Greek to-day, and exchange it for German to-morrow. This month is spent in magazine and review reading; the next they are mastering grammar and composition. To-night they are off to a popular lecture; the next they are spouting at a debating club.

3. Thus the mind is never permitted to settle itself to continuous and concentrated action; its capacities are frittered away; it loses the tone of health and soundness; it becomes sickly and capricious like the bodily appetites of the man who is continually passing from dish to dish, asking a slice of this and a spoonful of that, now something hot and then something cold, now something sweet and then something bitter, crowding and enfeebling his stomach with the strangest and most incongruous mixtures.

## THE SONG OF THE CIGAR.—M. Y. Y.

1. I'll smoke no more,  
As heretofore,  
But cast the weed away ;  
Though sweet enough,  
Cigars to puff,  
The forfeit who would pay ?
2. Though thousands waste,  
In pamp'ring taste,  
A greater sum by far,  
Than we who use,  
But not abuse,  
The solacing cigar ;
3. Still who can brook  
The potent look  
Of half the human race,—  
I mean the FAIR !  
Whose troubled air,  
Amid our smoke we trace ?
4. And yet, to burn,  
And chew in turn,  
This FAIR-offending stuff,  
Is more than I  
Could ever try,  
Or well endure in snuff !
5. To mitigate  
My lapsed estate,  
Full oft has it been said,  
My love of smoke,  
Without a joke,  
Was all the fault I had.
6. But e'en this boon,  
I found too soon,

Did aggravate my lot ;  
 For, once begin  
 To wink at sin,  
 And " death is in the pot."\*

7. As said before,  
 I'll smoke no more,  
 But cast the weed away ;  
 Though sweet enough,  
 Cigars to puff,  
 The forfeit who would pay ?

LEARNING NO BAR TO DOMESTIC DUTIES.—SYDNEY SMITH.

1. Now, there is a very general notion, that the moment you put the education of women upon a better footing than it is at present, at that moment there will be an end of all domestic economy ; and that, if you once suffer women to eat of the tree of knowledge, the rest of the family will very soon be reduced to the same kind of aerial and unsatisfactory diet.

2. These, and all such opinions, are referable to one great and common cause of error ; that man does everything, and that nature does nothing ; and that everything we see is referable to positive institution rather than to original feeling. Can anything, for example, be more perfectly absurd than to suppose that the care and perpetual solicitude which a mother feels for her children, depends upon her ignorance of Greek and mathematics ; and that she would desert an infant for a quadratic equation ?

3. We seem to imagine that we can break in pieces the solemn institution of nature, by the little laws of a boarding-school ; and that the existence of the human race depends upon teaching women a little more or a little less ;—that Cimmerian ignorance can aid paternal affection, or the circle of

\* See 2 Kings, Chap. iv., v. 40.



arts and sciences produce its destruction. In the same manner, we forget the principles upon which the love of order, arrangement, and all the arts of economy depend.

4. They depend not upon ignorance nor idleness; but upon the poverty, confusion, and ruin which would ensue for neglecting them. Add to these principles, the love of what is beautiful and magnificent, and the vanity of display;—and there can surely be no reasonable doubt but that the order and economy of private life is amply secured from the perilous inroads of knowledge.

5. We would fain know, too, if knowledge is to produce such baneful effects upon the material and the household virtues, why this influence has not already been felt? Women are much better educated now than they were a century ago; but they are by no means less remarkable for attention to the arrangements of their household, or less inclined to discharge the offices of parental affection. It would be very easy to show, that the same objection has been made at all times to every improvement in the education of both sexes, and all ranks—and been as uniformly and completely refuted by experience.

6 A great part of the objections made to the education of women, are rather objections made to human nature than to the female sex: for it is surely true, that knowledge, where it produces any bad effects at all, does as much mischief to one sex as to the other,—and gives birth to fully as much arrogance, inattention to common affairs, and eccentricity among men, as it does among women. But it by no means follows, that you get rid of vanity and self-conceit because you get rid of learning.

7. Self-complacency can never want an excuse; and the best way to make it more tolerable, and more useful, is to give to it as high and as dignified an object as possible. But at all events it is unfair to bring forward against a part of the world an objection which is equally powerful against the whole. When foolish women think they have any distinction, they are apt to be proud of it; so are foolish men. But we appeal to

any one who has lived with cultivated persons of either sex, whether he has not witnessed as much pedantry, as much wrong-headedness, as much arrogance, and certainly a great deal more rudeness, produced by learning in men, than in women.

8. Some persons are apt to contrast the acquisition of important knowledge with what they call simple pleasures; and deem it more becoming that a woman should educate flowers, make friendships with birds, and pick up plants, than enter into more difficult and fatiguing studies. If a woman has no taste and genius for higher occupation, let her engage in these to be sure rather than remain destitute of any pursuit. But why are we necessarily to doom a girl, whatever be her taste or her capacity, to one unvaried line of petty and frivolous occupation?

9. If she is full of strong sense and elevated curiosity, can there be any reason why she should be diluted and enfeebled down to a mere culler of simples, and fancier of birds?—why books of history and reasoning are to be torn out of her hand, and why she is to be sent, like a butterfly, to hover over the idle flowers of the field? Such amusements are innocent to those whom they can occupy; but they are not innocent to those who have too powerful understandings to be occupied by them.

10. Light broths and fruits are innocent food only to weak or to infant stomachs; but they are poison to that organ in its perfect and mature state. But the great charm appears to be in the word *simplicity*—simple pleasure! If by a simple pleasure is meant an innocent pleasure, the observation is best answered by showing, that the pleasure which results from the acquisition of important knowledge is quite as innocent as any pleasure whatever; but if by a simple pleasure is meant one, the cause of which can be easily analyzed, or which does not last long, or which in itself is very faint, then simple pleasures seem to be very nearly synonymous with small pleasures; and if the simplicity were to be a little increased, the pleasure would vanish altogether.

## THE PROUD MISS MAC BRIDE.—J. G. Saxe

1. O, TERRIBLY proud was Miss Mac Bride,  
The very personification of Pride,  
As she minced along in Fashion's tide,  
Adown Broadway,—on the proper side,—  
    When the golden sun was setting ;  
There was pride in the head she carried so high,  
Pride in her lip, and pride in her eye,  
And a world of pride in the very sigh  
    That her stately bosom was fretting ;
2. O, terribly proud was Miss Mac Bride,  
Proud of her beauty, and proud of her pride,  
And proud of fifty matters beside  
    That wouldn't have borne dissection ;  
Proud of her wit, and proud of her walk,  
Proud of her teeth, and proud of her talk,  
Proud of "knowing cheese from chalk,"  
    On a very slight inspection !
3. Proud abroad, and proud at home,  
Proud wherever she chanced to come,  
When she was glad, and when she was glum ;  
    Proud as the head of a Saracen  
Over the door of a tippling shop !—  
Proud as a duchess, proud as a fop,  
"Proud as a boy with a bran-new top,"  
    Proud beyond comparison !
4. Her birth, indeed, was uncommonly high,—  
For Miss Mac Bride first opened her eye  
Thro' a sky-light dim, on the light of the sky ;  
    But pride is a curious passion,—  
And in talking about her wealth and worth,  
She always forgot to mention her birth,  
    To people of rank and fashion !

5. But Miss Mac Bride had something beside  
Her lofty birth to nourish her pride,—  
For rich was the old paternal Mac Bride,  
    According to public rumor ;  
And he lived "Up Town," in a splendid Square,  
And kept his daughter on dainty fare,  
And gave her gems that were rich and rare,  
And the finest rings and things to wear,  
    And feathers enough to plume her !
6. An honest mechanic was John Mac Bride,  
As ever an honest calling plied,  
    Or graced an honest ditty ;  
For John had worked in his early day,  
In "Pots and Pearls," the legends say,  
And kept a shop with a rich array  
Of things in the soap and candle way,  
    In the lower part of the city.
7. A young attorney of winning grace,  
Was scarce allowed to "open his face,"  
Ere Miss Mac Bride had closed his case  
    With true judicial celerity ;  
For the lawyer was poor and "seedy" to boot,  
And to say the lady discarded his *suit*,  
    Is merely a double verity.
8. The last of those who came to court  
Was a lively beau of the dapper sort,  
"Without any visible means of support,"  
    A crime by no means flagrant  
In one who wears an elegant coat,  
But the very point on which they vote  
    A ragged fellow "a vagrant."
9. A courtly fellow was Dapper Jim,  
Sleek and supple, tall and trim,  
And smooth of tongue as neat of limb ;

And maugre his meagre pocket,  
 You'd say, from the glittering tales he told,  
 That Jim had slept in a cradle of gold,  
 With Fortunatus to rock it!

10. Now Dapper Jim his courtship plied,  
 (I wish the fact could be denied,)  
 With an eye to the purse of the old Mac Bride,  
 And really "nothing shorter!"  
 For he said to himself, in his greedy lust,  
 "Whenever he dies,—as die he must,—  
 And yields to Heaven his vital trust,  
 He's very sure to 'come down with his dust,'  
 In behalf of his only daughter."
11. And the very magnificent Miss Mac Bride,  
 Half in love and half in pride,  
 Quite graciously consented;  
 And tossing her head, and turning her back,  
 No token of proper pride to lack,—  
 To be a Bride without the "Mac,"  
 With much disdain, consented!
12. Alas! that people who've got their box  
 Of cash beneath the best of locks,  
 Secure from all financial shocks,  
 Should stock their fancy with fancy stocks,  
 And madly rush upon Wall-street rocks,  
 Without the least apology!  
 Alas! that people whose money affairs  
 Are sound beyond all need of repairs,  
 Should ever tempt the bulls and bears  
 Of Mammon's fierce Zoology.
13. Old John Mac Bride, one fatal day,  
 Became the unresisting prey

Of Fortune's undertakers ;  
 And staking his all on a single die,  
 His foundered bark went high and dry  
 Among the brokers and breakers !

- 14 But, alas ! for the haughty Miss Mac Bride,  
 'Twas such a shock to her precious pride !  
 She couldn't recover, although she tried  
 Her jaded spirits to rally ;  
 'Twas a dreadful change in human affairs,  
 From a Place "Up Town," to a nook "Up Stairs,"  
 From an Avenue down to an Alley !
15. And to make her cup of woe run over,  
 Her elegant ardent plighted lover,  
 Was the very first to forsake her ;  
 "He quite regretted the step, 'twas true,—  
 The lady had pride enough 'for two,'  
 But that alone would never do  
 To quiet the butcher and baker !"
16. And now the unhappy Miss Mac Bride,  
 The merest ghost of her early pride,  
 Bewails her lonely position ;  
 Cramped in the very narrowest niche,  
 Above the poor, and below the rich,  
 Was ever a worse condition ?

## MORAL.

17. Because you flourish in worldly affairs,  
 Don't be haughty and put on airs,  
 With insolent pride of station !  
 Don't be proud, and turn up your nose  
 At poorer people in plainer clo'es,  
 But learn, for the sake of your soul's repose,  
 That wealth's a bubble that comes and goes !  
 And that all Proud Flesh wherever it grows,  
 Is subject to irritation !

## A DISOBLIGER DISOBLIGED.—MARTIN DOYLE.

1. Two gentlemen, brothers, called at the office to take seats for the following morning, in the Kilkenny coach; there were *fortunately* two inside places vacant, as the elder brother was, from his appearance, obviously suffering under some oppressive ailment, and the other in rather a delicate state of health. Between the two there happened not to be more cash than was sufficient to pay for one passenger; the second brother said he would bring the fare with him in the morning, and went away. In a short time after, another person came into the office, asked for a seat in the same coach, tendered his money, insisted on the strict rule being observed, and was booked accordingly.

2. The next morning an hour before day, the brothers arrived; the invalid got in, and the other putting down his fare was told that the place was filled by one who had paid his money, and who threatened that, if refused his place, he would hire a chaise for the whole journey to Dublin, at the expense of the coach proprietors. The young man looked into the coach, and finding all seats occupied, begged, and was strenuously supported by his brother, to be admitted, even for a stage or two, as he was not in good health, and the rain poured down in a tremendous deluge.

3. The rest of the coach company seemed to yield, but the stiff gentleman was contrary, as will sometimes happen, and with his former menace silenced the agent (who was leaning to the side of mercy), and insisted with increased vehemence, that the rules of the office should be observed.

4. This *strict* person was owner of a great flour mill; he was anything but a *jolly* miller, but adhering literally and morosely to the principle of "caring for nobody," not because "nobody cared for him," but because it was the habit of his life to make every liberal thought or kind intention, which accidentally arose in his mind, like worldly charity, to begin at home, and centre in himself.

5. He was wrapped up in his milling operations, and eyed his bags of flour with the same avidity as a miser would those of his gold; he was that sort of selfish and self-sufficient person, that would not take any moderate boot between the prime minister and himself, and thought the machinery of the state of little importance compared with that of his own mill. He ordered the coachman to get forward, with some further menace, if he did not.

6. The young man after a little altercation, took his seat beside the guard, and the coachman drove off. It was still dark; the rain was intense, the voices ceased, and the invalid, if a gentle snore was any indication, had fallen asleep.

7. As the coach was passing through Fox and Geese Common, a barking cur assailed the horses, and was apparently responded to by a low growl from the interior of the vehicle. "Is there a dog in the coach," asked the miller, for it was yet pitch dark. Those who were awake said they could not tell: the invalid breathed hard and snored—in a few minutes the growl was heard again, advancing to a sharper snarl. "Have you got a dog in the coach?" asked the miller—"it is contrary to all rule—the agent is at fault, and shall be fined—it shall be looked to when the coach stops."

8. A renewed snarl and a few chopping barks from the opposite seat where the invalid was placed, made the miller certain that the dog belonged to him, and lay behind his legs; not wishing, however, to put out his hand, or even his foot, to make the trial, he waited for daylight impatiently, and one or two succeeding growls from the same quarter, confirmed him in this surmise. At length a tedious dawn gave way to the slowly-increasing light of a gloomy morning; the miller had his eye fixed upon the spot, and as objects became less enveloped in shade, he chuckled at having ocular proof of the nuisance which he determined to complain and get rid of at the next stage.

9. There lay the dog, as he conceived, behind his master's legs; but what was his disappointment and chagrin, when through



the breaking clouds, a strong gleam of light fell not upon—the dog of his imagination—but on a small portmanteau belonging to the invalid, who at the sudden burst of light which had surprised and disappointed the miller, opened his eyes, keen, sharp, and penetrating, but sunk deep in a pale and emaciated countenance.

10. "You have been asleep," said the miller "Have I?" was the reply. "Have you a dog in the coach?" "No." "Did you not hear any growling or snarling in the coach?" "I did at *setting off*." "From what quarter did you hear it?" "From yourself, growling about strict rules." "You are satirical, but we have heard a dog in the coach, and it shall not remain—you were asleep." "So you say." "You snored in your sleep." "May be so." "Do you ever growl, or snarl, or bark in your sleep?" "It is not improbable—I have not been very well; but Doctor Middleton tells me I am cured."

11. "Do you say Middleton—that's the mad doctor." "He's a very good doctor, and I'll thank him the longest day I live." The miller in some little alarm, asked in a milder tone, "were you in the house?" "I was, for three months, and he performed a great cure for me." "May I ask," said the now subdued miller, "what was the nature of your malady?" "Why, if you must know," replied the invalid, "it was neither more nor less than the bite of a mad dog."

12. "Save us," said the miller, "and did the doctor effect a perfect cure?" "He did, and sent me out yesterday to return to my native air, saying that the trifling symptom of snarling like a dog, which, perhaps, may have annoyed you in my sleep, will gradually wear away, and does not signify, as I have done no mischief for the last month, and he was sure that going back to my family would quiet my mind and set all right."

The miller's countenance now exhibited a strong expression of terror; he looked wistfully out of the window, and lamented the teeming rain which prevented him from enjoying a seat outside. At this moment the invalid was affected by a

tremendous fit of snarling and barking, resembling so perfectly the canine expression of the most furious irritation, that the miller under the strongest expression of alarm was about to get out of the coach, when the invalid seizing him by his coat, grinned at him, and exhibited a set of deformed teeth, barking vehemently for some minutes, and then subsiding into a perfect calm, entreated the terrified miller not to be in the least alarmed, that it was all over, and that he might depend on there being no danger whatever.

14. By this time the coach had arrived at Black Church; the rain was rather heavier and more perpendicular in its descent: during the change of horses the feverish miller called for a glass of spring water, which when presented to him at the carriage window, was instantly dashed to pieces by the sufferer under hydrophobia, who recommenced the most terrific barkings and snarlings, accompanied by grinnings and gestures the most frightful, through all of which he roared to the miller to be under no alarm, that it would not signify, that Doctor Middleton had told him so, that he had bitten no one for six weeks, and that he would be quiet again in a few minutes.

15. But the trembling miller determined not to trust him, Dr. Middleton, or the nature of his disorder, jumped out of the coach, called for a chaise, and posted on alone. As he drove off, the invalid putting his head out of the window, invited his brother into the vacant seat, which (leaving his wet cloak with the guard) he enjoyed for the remainder of a drenching day, to the infinite mirth of the passengers, (previously made acquainted with the trick,) and to the still further annoyance of the miller, whom they passed on the road, and who was saluted by both brothers with a familiar nod of humorous sarcasm, and an exclamation from both: "you should observe strict rules."

#### MORAL.

16. In every rank of life let a disobliging temper be avoided. Be accommodating in every way that religion and duty will

sanction—"Do as you would be done by:" recollecting that it is a divine maxim, and that, so blended are the wants and dependencies of the human race in all its gradations, you cannot tell the moment that a kind action done, may not be recompensed tenfold, or that a sulky, surly, unaccommodating temper may not meet, as in the miller's case, if not a more galling return, at least that of ridicule, contempt, and disappointment.

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## BOB FLETCHER.—TOWNSEND HAINES.

1. I once knew a plowman, Bob Fletcher his name,  
Who was old, and was ugly, and so was his dame ;  
Yet they lived quite contented, and free from all strife,—  
Bob Fletcher, the plowman, and Judy, his wife.
2. As the morn streaked the east, and the night fled away,  
They would rise up for labor, refreshed for the day ;  
And the song of the lark, as it rose on the gale,  
Found Bob at the plow, and his wife at the pail.
3. A neat little cottage in front of a grove,  
Where in youth they first gave their young hearts up to love,  
Was the solace of age, and to them doubly dear,  
As it called up the past with a smile or a tear.
4. Each tree had its thought, and the vow could impart,  
That mingled in youth the warm wish of the heart ;  
The thorn was still there, and the blossoms it bore,  
And the song from its top seemed the same as before.
5. When the curtain of night over nature was spread,  
And Bob had returned from the plow to his shed,  
Like the dove on her nest, he reposed from all care,  
If his wife and his youngsters contented were there.

6. I have passed by his door, when the evening was gray,  
 And the hill and the landscape were fading away,  
 And have heard from the cottage, with grateful surprise,  
 The voice of thanksgiving, like incense, arise.
7. And I thought on the proud, who would look down with scorn,  
 On the neat little cottage, the grove and the thorn,  
 And felt that the riches and tinsels of life  
 Were dross, to contentment, with Bob and his wife.

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IMAGINARY EVIL.—OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

CROAKER, MRS. CROAKER, and HONEYWOOD.

*Enter* CROAKER.

*Cro.* Death and destruction! Are all the horrors of air, fire, and water, to be leveled only at me? Am I only to be singled out for gunpowder-plots, combustibles, and conflagration? Here it is—an incendiary letter dropped at my door. "To Muster Croaker, these with speed." Ay, ay, plain enough the direction: all in the genuine incendiary spelling. "With speed." O, confound your speed. But let me read it once more. (*Reads*) "*Muster Croaker, as sone as yow see this, leve twenty gunnes at the bar of the Talboot tell called for, or yowe and yower experation will be all blown up.*" Ah, but too plain. Blood and gunpowder in every line of it. Blown up! murderous dog! all blown up! Heavens! what have I and my poor family done, to be all blown up? (*Reads*) "Our pockets are low, and money we must have." Ay, there's the reason; they'll blow us up, because they have got low pockets. (*Reads*) "It is but a short time you have to consider; for if this takes wind, the house will quickly be all of a flame." Inhuman monsters! blow us up, and then burn us! The earthquake at Lisbon was but a bonfire to it

(*Reads*) "Make quick despatch, and so no more at present. But may Cupid, the little god of love, go with you wherever you go." The little god of love! Cupid, the little god of love, go with me! Go you to destruction, you and your little Cupid together. I'm so frightened, I scarce know whether I sit, stand, or go. Perhaps this moment I'm treading on lighted matches, blazing brimstone, and barrels of gunpowder. They are preparing to blow me up into the clouds. Murder! we shall be all burned in our beds; we shall be all burned in our beds.

*Enter* MRS. CROAKER and HONEYWOOD.

*Mrs. Cro.* Ha! ha! ha! And so, my dear, it's your supreme wish, that I should be quite wretched upon this occasion? ha! ha!

*Cro.* (*Mimicking.*) Ha! ha! ha! And so, my dear, it's your supreme pleasure to give me no better consolation?

*Mrs. Cro.* Positively, my dear; what is this incendiary stuff and trumpery to me? Our house may travel through the air like the house of Loretto, for aught I care, if I am to be miserable in it.

*Cro.* Would to Heaven it were converted into a house of correction for your benefit. Have we not everything to alarm us? Perhaps this very moment the tragedy is beginning.

*Mrs. Cro.* Then let us reserve our distress till the rising of the curtain, or give them the money they want, and have done with them.

*Cro.* Give them my money!—And pray, what right have they to my money?

*Mrs. Cro.* And pray, what right then have you to my good-humor?

*Cro.* And so your good-humor advises me to part with my money? Why, then, to tell your good-humor a piece of my mind, I'd sooner part with my wife. Here's Mr. Honeywood; see what he'll say to it. My dear Honeywood, look at this incendiary letter dropped at my door. It will freeze

you with terror; and yet lovey here can read it—can read it and laugh!

*Mrs. Cro.* Yes, and so will Mr. Honeywood.

*Cro.* If he does, I'll suffer to be hanged the next minute in the rogue's place, that's all.

*Mrs. Cro.* Speak, Mr. Honeywood; is there anything more foolish than my husband's fright upon this occasion?

*Honey.* It would not become me to decide, Madam; but, doubtless, the greatness of his terrors now will but invite them to renew their villany another time.

*Mrs. Cro.* I told you he'd be of my opinion.

*Cro.* How, Sir! do you maintain that I should lie down under such an injury, and show, neither by my tears nor complaints, that I have something of the spirit of a man in me?

*Honey.* Pardon me, Sir. You ought to make the loudest complaints, if you desire redress. The surest way to have redress, is to be earnest in the pursuit of it.

*Cro.* Ay, whose opinion is he of now?

*Mrs. Cro.* But don't you think that laughing off our fears is the best way?

*Honey.* What is the best, Madam, few can say; but I'll maintain it to be a very wise way.

*Cro.* But we're talking of the best. Surely the best way is to face the enemy in the field, and not wait till he plunders us in our very bed-chamber.

*Honey.* Why, Sir, as to the best, that—that's a very wise way too.

*Mrs. Cro.* But can anything be more absurd than to double our distresses by our apprehensions, and put it in the power of every low fellow, that can scrawl ten words of wretched spelling, to torment us?

*Honey.* Without doubt, nothing more absurd.

*Cro.* How! would it not be more absurd to despise the rattle till we are bit by the snake?

*Honey.* Without doubt, perfectly absurd.

*Cro.* Then you are of my opinion?

*Honey.* Entirely.

*Mrs. Cro.* And you reject mine ?

*Honey.* Heav'n's forbid, Madam ! No, sure, no reasoning can be more just than yours. We ought certainly to despise malice, if we cannot oppose it, and not make the incendiary's pen as fatal to our repose as the highwayman's pistol.

*Mrs. Cro.* O ! then you think I'm quite right ?

*Honey.* Perfectly right.

*Cro.* A plague of plagues, we can't be both right. I ought to be sorry or I ought to be glad. My hat must be on my head, or my hat must be off.

*Mrs. Cro.* Certainly, in two opposite opinions, if one be perfectly reasonable, the other can't be perfectly right.

*Honey.* And why may not both be right, Madam ? Mr. Croaker in earnestly seeking redress, and you in waiting the event with good-humor ? Pray, let me see the letter again. I have it. This letter requires twenty guineas to be left at the bar of the Talbot inn. If it be indeed an incendiary letter, what if you and I, Sir, go there ; and, when the writer comes to be paid his expected booty, seize him ?

*Cro.* My dear friend, it's the very thing ; the very thing. While I walk by the door, you shall plant yourself in ambush near the bar ; burst out upon the miscreant like a masked battery ; extort a confession at once, and so hang him up by surprise.

*Honey.* Yes, but I would not choose to exercise too much severity. It is my maxim, Sir, that crimes generally punish themselves.

*Cro.* Well, we may upbraid him a little, I suppose ?  
(*Ironically.*)

*Honey.* Ay, but not punish him too rigidly.

*Cro.* Well, well, leave that to my own benevolence.

*Honey.* Well, I do ; but remember, that universal benevolence is the first law of nature.

*Cro.* Yes ; and my universal benevolence will hang the dog, if he had as many necks as a hydra. ●

## THE CROCODILE.—MRS. J. L. GRAY.

1. On the banks of the fertile and many-mouthed Nile,  
A long time ago lived a fierce crocodile,  
Who round him was spreading a vast desolation,  
For bloodshed and death seemed his chief occupation ;  
     'Twas easy to see  
     No pity had he :  
 His tears were but water—there all could agree.
  
2. The sheep he devoured, and the shepherd I ween ;  
The herd feared to graze in the pastures so green,  
And the farmer himself, should he happen to meet him,  
The monster ne'er scrupled a moment to eat him.  
     There never before  
     Was panic so sore,  
 On the banks of the Nile as this creature spread o'er.
  
3. Wherever he went, all were flying before him,  
Tho' some in their blindness thought fit to adore him ;  
But as they came near, each his suit to prefer,  
This god made a meal of his base worshiper.  
     By day and by night  
     It was his delight,  
 His votaries to eat—it was serving them right.
  
4. Grown proud of his prowess, puffed up with success,  
The reptile must travel—how could he do less ?  
So one fine summer morning, he set out by water,  
On a pleasure excursion—his pleasure was slaughter !  
     To Tentyra's isle,  
     To visit awhile,  
 The careless inhabitants there to beguile.
  
5. Tho' the Tentyrites thought themselves able before  
 • To conquer each monster that came to their shore,



Yet now they, with horror, were fain to confess,  
 That this crocodile gave them no little distress.  
     So in great consternation,  
     A grand consultation  
 Was called to convene, of the heads of the nation.

6. It met; but, alas! such the terror and fright,  
 They failed to distinguish the wrong from the right;  
 When, just at this crisis, an Ichneumon small  
 Stept forth on the platform, in front of them all,  
     With modesty winning,  
     To give his opinion  
 Of measures and means to secure the dominion.

7. "Grave sirs," said he, bowing, "I see your distress,  
 And your griefs are, I fear me, past present redress;  
 Yet still, if to listen should be your good pleasure,  
 I think I can help you, at least in a measure:  
     For 'tis my impression,  
     A little discretion  
 Than valor itself is a far greater blessing.

8. "No doubt, 'tis a noble and great undertaking,  
 Great war on a mighty great foe to be making;  
 But still, I assure you, 'tis better by far  
 Not to let this great foe become mighty for war.  
     While the crocodile lies  
     In an egg of small size,  
 To crush him at once you should never despise.

9. "You see me before you a poor feeble creature;  
 Yet I cope with this monster—for such is my nature,  
 And while you have met here in grand consultation,  
 This one crocodile to expel from the nation,  
     I thought it a treat  
     For breakfast to eat  
 A dozen or more, which I happened to meet."

## MORAL.

10. And now that my fable is pretty near ended,  
 I think there should be a brief *moral* appended ;  
 Beware how you let evil habits grow up ;  
 While feeble and young, you to crush them may hope ;  
     But let them remain  
     Till strength they attain,  
 You may find your best efforts to conquer them vain.
- 

## JOHN ALCOHOL, MY JOE.\*

1. John Alcohol, my Joe, John,  
     When we were first acquaint,  
 I'd money in my pockets, John,  
     Which now I know there ain't.  
 I spent it all in treating, John,  
     Because I loved you so—  
 But mark me how you've treated me,  
     John Alcohol, my Joe.
2. John Alcohol, my Joe, John,  
     We've been too long together,  
 So you must take one road, John,  
     And I will take the other ;  
 For we must tumble down, John,  
     If hand in hand we go,  
 And I will have the bill to foot,  
     John Alcohol, my Joe.

\* The above is a parody on the celebrated song—"John Anderson, my Joe," and, unlike most parodies, conveys a most useful piece of instruction.

## MEMORABILIA.\*

"It is very wonderful," says Addison, "to see persons of the best sense, passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made up of a few game phrases, and no other ideas but those of black or red spots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of his species complaining that life is short?"

## GREAT WITS AND SMALL WITS.

"As it is characteristic of great wits," says Rochefoucault, "to say much in a few words, so it is of small wits, to talk much, and say nothing."

## WHAT BRINGS RUIN.

"We are ruined," says Colton, "not by what we really want, but by what we *think* we do; therefore, never go abroad in search of your wants; for if they be real wants, they will come home in search of you. He that buys what he does not want, will soon want what he cannot buy."

## SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

"It is a shame," says Fuller, "when the church itself is made a cemetery, where the living sleep above ground, as the dead do beneath."

## WAY TO GAIN REPUTATION.

"The way to gain a reputation," says Socrates, "is to endeavor to *be* what you desire to *appear*."

## WHAT MAKES ONE RICH.

"He is rich," says Bruyère, "whose income is more than his expenses; and he is poor whose expenses exceed his income."

\* See note, page 58.

## WAY TO CRUSH CALUMNY.

"Boerhaave," says Johnson, "was never soured by calumny and detraction, nor ever thought it necessary to confute them; for, said he, they are sparks, which, if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves." And, says Cato, "We cannot control the evil tongues of others, but a good life enables us to despise them."

## GREAT AND SMALL.

"The superiority," says the same writer, "of some men is merely local. They are great, because their associates are little."

## THE HAPPY MAN.

"He is happy," says Hume, "whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent, who can suit his temper to any circumstances."

## EXCESSIVE SORROW.

Bion seeing a person who was tearing the hair off his head for sorrow, said: "Does this man think that baldness is a remedy for grief?"

## WHAT MAN IS TO MAN.

"Man is," says Cowley, "to man all kinds of beasts: a fawning dog, a roaring lion, a thieving fox, a robbing wolf, a dissembling crocodile, a treacherous decoy, and a rapacious vulture."

## GO AND COME.

A gentleman in Surry had a farm worth £200 per annum, which he kept in his own hands, but running out every year, he was necessitated to sell half of it to pay his debts, and let the rest to a farmer for one-and-twenty years. Before the term was expired, the farmer one day bringing his rent, asked him if would sell his land. "Why," said the gentleman,

"will you buy it?" "Yes, if you please," said the farmer. "How!" returned he; "that's strange! Tell me how this comes to pass, that I could not live upon twice as much, being my own; and you upon the half, though you have paid rent for it, are able to buy it?" "Oh, sir!" said the farmer, "but two words made the difference: you said, *go*; and I said, *come*." "What's the meaning of that?" says the gentleman. "Why, sir," replied the other, "you lay in bed, or took your pleasure, and sent others about your business; and I rose betimes, and saw my business done myself."

## SET YOUR MARK HIGH.

"I recollect," says Sir John Barrington, "in the Queen's County, to have seen a Mr. Clerk, who had been a working carpenter, and when making a bench for the session justices at the court-house, was laughed at for taking peculiar pains in planing and smoothing the seat of it. He smilingly observed, 'that he did so *to make it easy for himself*, as he was resolved he would never die till he had a right to sit thereupon,' and he kept his word. He was an industrious man—honest, respectable, and kind-hearted. He succeeded in all his efforts to accumulate an independence—he did accumulate it, and uprightly. His character kept pace with the increase of his property, and he lived to sit as a magistrate on that very bench that he sawed and planed."

## SILENCE SOMETIMES THE PART OF WISDOM.

"Wise men," says Selden, "say nothing in dangerous times. The lion, you know, called the sheep to ask her 'if his breath smelt?' She said, 'Ay.' He bit off her head for a fool. He called the wolf, and asked him. He said, 'No.' He tore him in pieces for a flatterer. At last he called the fox, and asked him. 'Truly, he had got a cold, and could not smell!'"

## GOLD.

Gold! gold! gold!  
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,

By some conveyance, or another, still  
 Devis'd recruits from each declining hill :  
 He left, in short, for this beloved plunder,  
 No stone unturn'd—that could have water under.

9. Sometimes—when forc'd to quit his awkward toil,  
 And—sore against his will—to rest awhile ;  
 Then straight he took his book, and down he sat  
 To calculate th' expenses he was at ;  
 How much he suffer'd, at a mod'rate guess,  
 From all those ways by which the pond grew less ;  
 For as to those by which it still grew bigger,  
 For them he reckon'd—not a single figure :  
 He knew a wise old saying, which maintain'd,  
 "That 'twas bad luck to count what one had gain'd."

10. "First for myself—my daily charges here  
 Cost a prodigious quantity a year :  
 Although, thank Heav'n, I never boil my meat,  
 Nor am I such a sinner as to sweat :  
 But things are come to such a pass indeed,  
 We spend ten times the water that we need ;  
 People are grown, with washing, cleansing, rincing,  
 So finical and nice, past all convincing ;  
 So many proud, fantastic modes, in short,  
 Are introduc'd, that my poor pond pays for't.

11. "Not but I could be well enough content  
 With what, upon my own account, is spent ;  
 But those large articles, from whence I reap  
 No kind of profit, strike me on a heap :  
 What a vast deal, each moment, at a sup,  
 This ever-thirsty earth itself drinks up !  
 Such holes ! and gaps ! alas ! my pond provides,  
 Scarce for its own unconscionable sides.

12. Nay, how can one imagine it should thrive,  
 So many creatures as it keeps alive!  
 That creep from every nook and corner, marry!  
 Filching as much as ever they can carry.  
 Then, all the birds that fly along the air,  
 Light at my pond, and come in for a share:  
 Also, at every puff of wind that blows,  
 Away at once—the surface of it goes:  
 The rest, in exhalations to the sun—  
 One month's fair weather—and I am undone!"
13. This life he led for many a year together:  
 Grew old, and gray, in watching of his weather;  
 Meagre as Death itself, till this same Death  
 Stopp'd, as the saying is, his vital breath;  
 For as th' old fool was carrying to his field  
 A heavier burden than he well could wield,  
 He miss'd his footing, or some how he fumbled  
 In tumbling of it in,—but in he tumbled:  
 Mighty desirous to get out again,  
 He scream'd, and scrambl'd, but 'twas all in vain:  
 The place was grown so very deep and wide,  
 No bottom of it could he feel, nor side,  
 And so—in the middle of his pond—he died!
14. What think ye now from this imperfect sketch,  
 My friends, of such a miserable wretch?—  
 "Why, 'tis a wretch, we think, of your own making;  
 No fool could be suppos'd in such a taking:  
 Your own warm fancy"—Nay, but warm or cool,  
 The world abounds with many such a fool:  
 The choicest ills, the greatest torments, sure,  
 Are those, which numbers *labor* to endure—  
 "What! for a pond!"—Why, call it an *ESTATE*;  
 You change the name, but realize the fate.

## MR. POTIPHAR'S COMPLAINT.—THE POTIPHAR PAPERS.

1. One day Polly said to me :

"Mr. Potiphar, we're getting down town."

"What do you mean, my dear?"

"Why, every body is building above, and there are actualy shops in the next street. Singe, the pastry cook, has hired Mrs. Crœsus's old house."

2. "I know it. Old Crœsus told me so some time ago; and he said how sorry he was to go. 'Why, Potiphar,' said he, 'I really hoped when I built there, that I should stay, and not go out of the house, finally, until I went into no other.

3. I have lived there long enough to love the place, and have some associations with it; and my family have grown up in it, and love the old house too. It was our *home*.

4. When any of us said 'home,' we meant not the family only, but the house in which the family lived, where the children were all born, and where two have died, and my old mother, too. I'm in a new house now, and have lost my reckoning entirely. I don't know the house; I've no associations with it.

5. The house is new, the furniture is new, and my feelings are new. It's a farce for me to begin again, in this way. But my wife says it's all right, that every body does it, and wants to know how it can be helped; and as I dont want to argue the matter, I look amen.' That's the way Mr. Crœsus submits to his new house. Mrs. Potiphar."

6. "I'm ashamed of you, Potiphar. Do you pretend to be an American, and not give way willingly to the march of improvement? You had better talk with Mr. Cream Cheese upon the 'genius of the country.'

7. You are really unpatriotic, you show nothing of the enterprising spirit of your time." "Yes," I answer. "That's pretty from you; you are patriotic, are n't you, with your liveries and illimitable expenses, and your low bows to money, and your immense intimacy with all lords and ladies that honor the city by visiting it. You are prodigiously patriotic with



your insane imitations of a splendor impossible to you in the nature of things. You are the ideal American woman, aren't you, Mrs. Potiphar."

8. Then I run, for I'm afraid of myself, as much as of her. I am sick of this universal plea of patriotism. It is used to excuse all the follies that outrage it. I am not patriotic if I don't do this and that, which, if done, is a ludicrous caricature of something foreign. I am not up to the time, if I persist in having my own comfort in my own way.

9. I try to resist the irresistible march of improvement, if I decline to build a great house; which, when it is built, is a puny copy of a bad model. I am very unpatriotic, if I am not trying to outspend foreign noblemen, and if I don't affect, without education, or taste, or habit, what is only beautiful, when it is only the result of the three.

THE TRUMPETER.—MRS. ROBINSON.

1. It was in the days of a gay British king,  
 (In the old-fashion'd custom of merry-making,)  
 The palace of Woodstock with revels did ring,  
 While they sang and carous'd one and all:  
 For the monarch a plentiful treasure he had,  
 And his courtiers were pleas'd, and no visage was sad,  
 And the knavish and foolish with drinking were mad,  
 While they sat in the banqueting-hall.
  
2. Some talk'd of their valor, and some of their race,  
 And vaunted, till vaunting was black in the face;  
 Some bragg'd for a title, and some for a place,  
 And, like braggarts, they bragg'd one and all!  
 Some spoke of their scars in the holy crusade,  
 Some boasted the banner of Fame they displayed,  
 And some sang their loves in the soft serenade,  
 As they sat in the banqueting-hall.

3. And here sat a baron, and there sat a knight,  
And here stood a page in his habit all bright,  
And here a young soldier in armor bedight,  
With a friar carous'd, one and all.  
Some play'd on the dulcimer, some on the lute,  
And some, who had nothing to talk of, were mute,  
Till the morning, awakened, put on her gray suit—  
And the lark hovered over the hall.
4. It was in a vast gothic hall they sate,  
And the tables were cover'd with rich gilded plate,  
And the king and his minions were topping in state,  
Till their noddles turn'd round, one and all :—  
And the Sun through the tall painted windows 'gan peep,  
And the vassals were sleeping, or longing to sleep,  
Though the courtiers, still waking, their revels did keep,  
While the minstrels played sweet, in the hall.
5. And, now in their cups, the bold toppers began  
To call for more wine, from the cellar yeoman,  
And, while each one replenished his goblet or can,  
The monarch thus spake to them all :  
“It is fit that the nobles do just what they please,  
That the great live in idleness, riot, and ease,  
And that those should be favored who mark my decrees,  
And should feast in the banqueting-hall.”
6. “It is fit,” said the monarch, “that riches should claim  
A passport, to freedom, to honor, and fame,—  
That the poor should be humble, obedient, and tame,  
And, in silence, submit—one and all.  
That the wise and holy should toil for the great,  
That the vassals should tend at the tables of state,  
That the pilgrim should—pray for our souls at the gate,  
While we feast in our banqueting-hall.”

7. "That the rustic and low should be scantily fed—  
That their drink should be small, and still smaller their  
bread ;  
That their wives and their daughters to ruin be led,  
And submit to our will, one and all !  
It is fit, that whoever I choose to defend—  
Shall be courted, and feasted, and loved as a friend,  
While before them the good and enlighten'd shall bend,  
While they sit in the banqueting-hall."
8. Now the toppers grew bold, and each talk'd of his right ;  
One would be a baron, another a knight ;  
And another, (because at the tournament fight  
He had vanquish'd his foes, one and all)  
Demanded a tract of rich lands ; and rich fare ;  
And of stout serving vassals a plentiful share ;  
With a lasting exemption from penance and prayer,  
And a throne in the banqueting-hall.
9. But one, who had neither been valiant nor wise,  
With a tongue of importance, thus vauntingly cries :  
" My liege, he knows how a good subject to prize—  
And I therefore demand—before all—  
I this castle possess : and the right to maintain  
Five hundred stout bowmen to follow my train,  
And as many strong vassals to guard my domain,  
As the lord of the banqueting-hall !
10. " I have fought with all nations, and bled in the field,  
See my lance is unshiver'd, though batter'd my shield ;  
I have combated legions, yet never would yield,  
And the enemy fled—one and all !  
I have rescu'd a thousand fair donnas, in Spain,  
I have left in gay France ev'ry bosom in pain,  
I have conquer'd the Russian, the Prussian, the Dane,  
And will reign in the banqueting-hall !"

11. The monarch now rose, with majestical look,  
 And his sword from the scabbard of jewels he took,  
 And the castle with laughter and ribaldry shook,  
 While the braggart accosted thus he :  
 "I will give thee a place that will suit thy demand,  
 What to thee is more fitting than vassals or land—  
 I will give thee,—what justice and valor command,  
 For a trumpeter bold—thou shalt be !
12. Now the revelers rose, and began to complain—  
 While they menac'd with gestures, and frown'd with disdain,  
 And declar'd that the nobles were fitter to reign  
 Than a prince so unruly as he.  
 But the monarch cried sternly, they taunted him so,  
 "From this moment the counsel of fools I forego—  
 And on wisdom and virtue will honors bestow,  
 For such only are welcome to me !"
13. So saying, he quitted the banqueting-hall,  
 And leaving his courtiers and flatterers all—  
 Went forth to his chamber on Heaven to call :—  
 "O Father above ! hear me," said he :  
 "I have feasted the fool, I have pamper'd the knave,  
 I have scoff'd at the wise, and neglected the brave—  
 And here I am come thy forgiveness to crave—  
 For a penitent now I will be."
14. From that moment the monarch grew sober and good,  
 (And nestled with birds of a different brood ;)  
 For he found that the pathway which wisdom pursu'd,  
 Was pleasant, safe, quiet, and even !  
 That by temperance, virtue, and liberal deeds,  
 By nursing the flow'rets, and crushing the weeds,  
 The loftiest traveler always succeeds—  
 For his journey will lead him to Heav'n.

## WHAT CAME OF AN OMNIBUS RIDE.—FANNY FERN.

1. SOME time ago (no matter *when*, little folks shouldn't be curious!) I was riding in an omnibus with some half-dozen well-dressed ladies and white-kidded gentlemen. At a signal from somebody on the sidewalk, the driver reined up his horses, and a very old man, with tremulous limbs and silvery locks, presented himself for admission. The driver shouted through the sky-light: "Room for one more, there, inside;"—but the gentlemen looked at the old man and frowned, and the ladies spread out their ruffled skirts, for his hat was shabby, and his coat very threadbare.

2. He saw how it was, and why there was "no room," and meekly turned about to go down the steps, when a fine looking young man, who sat next to me, sprang to the door, and seizing him by the arm, said: "Take my place, sir; you are *quite* welcome to it; I am young and hearty, it won't tire me to walk"—and kindly leading the old man to the vacant seat, he leaped from the steps and walked briskly down the street, while I looked admiringly after him, saying to myself: "That young man has had a good mother."

3. We drove on, and the more I looked at the old man's silver hairs, and fine, honest face, the more indignant I felt at the way he had been treated. Whether he read my thoughts in my countenance or not, I can't say; but after most of the passengers had got out, he moved up to me and said: "Good boy—good boy—wasn't he? My dear, (and here his voice sunk to a confidential whisper,) I have got money enough to buy out all the upstart people that filled this omnibus, twenty times over, but I like this old coat and hat. They are as good as a crucible. Help me to find out the true metal. Good morning, my dear. Thank you for your pity, just as much as if I needed it;" and the old man pulled the strap, got out of the omnibus, and hobbled off down street.

4. Some time after, I advertised for lodgings, and was an-

swered by a widow lady. I liked the air of the house; it was so neat and quiet; and then the flowering plants in the window were a letter of recommendation to me. Your cold-hearted, icicle people never care for flowers—(you may write that in the fly-leaf of your primer). But what particularly pleased me at Mrs. Harris', was the devotion of her son to his mother. I expected no less, because the minute he opened the door, I saw that he was the same young man who gave up his seat in the omnibus to the old gentleman.

5. John did all the marketing and providing as wisely and as well as if he were seventy, instead of seventeen. He wheeled his mother's arm-chair to the pleasantest corner; handed her her footstool, and newspaper and spectacles; offered her his arm up stairs and down, and spent his evenings by *her* side, instead of joining other young men in racing over the city to find ways to kill time. It was a beautiful sight in these days, when beardless boys come stamping and whistling into their mother's presence, with their hats on, and call her "the old woman."

6. I spent a pleasant autumn under Mrs. Harris' quiet roof. And now winter had set in, with its nice long evenings. John came in to tea one night with his bright face overclouded. His mother was at his side in an instant. John's master had failed, and John was thrown out of employment! Then I learned that it was only by the strictest economy, and hoarding of every cent of John's small salary, that the house rent was paid, and the table provided. And now, so the widow said, the house *must* be given up, for John might be a long while getting another place; clerkships were so difficult to obtain. And they must not think of running into debt.

4. It was *such* a pity. We were all so comfortable and happy there in that cozy little parlor, with its sunny bow window full of flowers, and its bright Lehigh fire, and softly-cushioned chairs; that cozy parlor, where the little round table, with its snowy cloth, had been so often spread; and the fragrant coffee, and delicate tea-biscuit, and racy newspaper

had been so often discussed; where John, in his slippers and dressing-gown, with his dark hair pushed off his broad forehead, read to us page after page of some favorite author, while the wind was welcome to whistle itself dumb outside the threshold, and old Winter to pile up the snow at the door till he got tired of it.

8. It *was* hard.

John walked up and down the floor, with his hands crossed behind, and Mrs. Harris went round the room, hunting after her spectacles, when they were comfortably reposing on the bridge of her fine Roman nose.

A knock at the door.

A note for John!

“Enclosed, find \$500 to pay John Harris’ house-rent for the coming year. A FRIEND.”

John rubbed his eyes, and looked at his mother; his mother looked at me, and I looked at both of them; and then we laughed and cried till we nearly had regular hysterics.

9. But who was the “Friend?” That was the question. We were all born Yankees, and did our best at “guessing;” but it didn’t help us. Well, at any rate, it was very nice, all round. I hadn’t to be routed. No, nor John, nor his dear old mother. And pussy purred round as if she had as much reason to be glad as any of us; and the canary trilled so sharp a strain that we were obliged to muffle his cage and his enthusiasm, with John’s red silk pocket handkerchief.

10. Mrs. Harris and I had not got our feminine tongues still the next day, when John came back, in the middle of the afternoon, with another riddle to drive our womanly curiosity still more distracted. He was requested to call immediately—so a note he had just received, read—at Mr.— & Co.’s, and “accept the head clerkship, at a salary of \$1400 a year, being highly recommended by a person whose name his new employers decline giving.”

11. That was a greater puzzle still. John and his mother had rich relations, to be sure; but though they had always

been interfering in all their plans for making a living, they had never been known to *give* them anything except—*advice*, or to call on them *by daylight*; and it wasn't at all likely that the "leopard would change his spots" at that late day. No; it couldn't be John's rich relatives, who were always in such a panic that their cousins, the Harrises, lived in an unfashionable part of the town, dined at one o'clock, and noticed tradespeople and mechanics.

12. We were too sensible to believe in fairies, and who the mischief was emptying the "horn of plenty" that way at our feet, was the question. When we woke the next morning, we found in the back-yard a barrel of apples, a barrel of flour, a keg of butter, and a bag of buckwheat flour; labeled, "For Mr. John Harris, — street."

13. John declared, (after pinching himself to see, if he *were* really John,) that he fastened the gate inside, the very last thing before he put on his night cap. Mrs. Harris said somebody must have climbed over and unfastened; and I jumped right up and down; for a bright thought had just struck me, and I was determined to hold on to it, for I didn't have a bright thought *every* day.

"What now?" said John, as I capered round the room.

"Oh, nothing," said I, "only it takes a woman after all to find out a secret, and to *keep it too*," I added, snapping my finger at him.

14. That day I thought it would do me good to ride about in an omnibus. I tried several. It didn't make much difference to me whether they went up street or down, or where they finally stopped. I was looking more at the passengers.

By-and-by, I saw the person I wanted. Said I, in a whisper, sitting down beside him: "House-rent—clerkship—flour—butter—crackers and buckwheat; all for giving you a seat in an omnibus!"

Didn't I know that "the fairy" was the nice old man with silver locks? Didn't he bribe me to hold my tongue, by telling me that he would come and drink tea with me, so that



he might get a peep at John and his mother? Didn't he come? and didn't I look as much astonished when he called, as if it hadn't been all settled two days previous?

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NOVEMBER\*.—THOMAS HOOD.

1. "No sun—no moon!  
 No morn—no noon—  
 No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—  
 No sky—no earthly view—  
 No distance looking blue—
2. No roads—no streets—no 'tother side the way—  
 No end to any row—  
 No indication where the crescents go—  
 No tops to any steeple—  
 No recognition of familiar people—  
 No courtesies for showing 'em—  
 No knowing 'em—
3. No travellers at all—no locomotion—  
 No inkling of the way—no motion—  
 'No go' by land or ocean—  
 No mail—no post—  
 No news from any foreign coast—  
 No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—  
 No company—no nobility—
4. No warmth—no cheerfulness—no healthful ease—  
 No comfortable feel in any member—  
 No shade—no shine—no butterflies—no bees—  
 No fruits—no flowers—no leaves—no birds—  
 No-venber!

\* The month of November, in England, is remarkable for dense fogs and gloomy weather generally.

## THE MERRY HEART.

1. I would not from the wise require  
The lumber of their learned lore,  
Nor would I from the rich desire  
A single counter of their store.  
For I have ease, and I have health,  
And I have spirits—light as air ;  
And more than wisdom, more than wealth,  
A merry heart that laughs at care.
2. Like other mortals of my kind,  
I've struggled for dame fortune's favor ;  
And sometimes have been half inclined  
To rate her for her ill behavior.  
But life was short ;—I thought it folly  
To love its moments in despair ;  
So slipped aside from melancholy,  
With merry heart that laughed at care.
3. So now, from idle wishes clear,  
I make the good I may not find ;  
Adown the stream I gently steer,  
And shift my sail with every wind.  
And half by nature, half by reason,  
Can still with pliant heart prepare  
The mind attuned to every season,  
The merry heart that laughs at care.
4. Yet wrap me in your sweetest dream,  
Ye social feelings of the mind ;  
Give, sometimes give, your sunny gleam,  
And let the rest good humor find.  
Yes—let me hail and welcome give  
To every joy my lot may share ;  
And pleased and pleasing, let me live  
With merry heart that laughs at care.

## THE CUSTOM OF WHITEWASHING.—HOPKINSON.

1. When a young couple are about to enter into the matrimonial state, a never-failing article in the marriage treaty is, that the lady shall have and enjoy the free and unmolested exercise of the rights of *whitewashing*, with all its ceremonials, privileges, and appurtenances. A young woman would forego the most advantageous connection, and even disappoint the warmest wish of her heart, rather than resign the invaluable right. You would wonder what this privilege of whitewashing is. I will endeavor to give you some idea of the ceremony, as I have seen it performed.

2. There is no season of the year, in which the lady may not claim her privilege, if she pleases; but the latter end of May is most generally fixed upon for the purpose. The attentive husband may judge, by certain prognostics, when the storm is nigh at hand. When the lady is unusually fretful, finds fault with the servants, is discontented with the children, and complains much of the filthiness of everything about her—these are signs which ought not to be neglected; yet they are not decisive, as they sometimes come on and go off again, without producing any farther effect.

3. But if, when the husband rises in the morning, he should observe in the yard a wheelbarrow, with a quantity of lime in it, or should see certain buckets with lime dissolved in water, there is then no time to be lost; he immediately locks up the apartment or closet where his pens or his private property are kept, and, putting the key in his pocket, betakes himself to flight; for a husband, however beloved, becomes a perfect nuisance during this season of female rage; his authority is superseded, his commission is suspended, and the very scullion, who cleans the brasses in the kitchen, becomes of more consideration and importance than he. He has nothing for it but to abdicate, and run from an evil which he can neither prevent nor mollify.

4. The husband gone, the ceremony begins. The walls

are in a few minutes stripped of their furniture; paintings, prints, and looking-glasses lie in a huddled heap about the floors; the curtains are torn from the testers, the beds crammed into the windows; chairs and tables, bedsteads and cradles, crowd the yard; and the garden-fence bends beneath the weight of carpets, blankets, cloth-cloaks, old coats, and ragged breeches.

5. Here may be seen the lumber of the kitchen, forming a dark and confused mass; for the foreground of the picture, gridirons and frying-pans, rusty shovels and broken tongs, spits and pots, and the fractured remains of rush-bottomed chairs. There, a closet has disgorged its contents—cracked tumblers, broken wine-glasses, phials of forgotten physic, papers of unknown powders, seeds and dried herbs, handfuls of old corks, tops of teapots, and stoppers of departed decanters;—from the rag-hole in the garret to the rat-hole in the cellar, no place escapes unrummaged.

6. This ceremony completed, and the house thoroughly evacuated, the next operation is to smear the walls and ceilings of every room and closet with brushes dipped in a solution of lime, called *whitewash*; to pour buckets of water over every floor, and scratch all the partitions and wainscots with rough brushes wet with soap-suds, and dipped in stone-cutter's sand. The windows by no means escape the general deluge. A servant scrambles out upon the penthouse, at the risk of her neck, and, with a mug in her hand and a bucket within reach, she dashes away innumerable gallons of water against the glass panes, to the great annoyance of passengers in the street.

7. I have been told, that an action at law was once brought against one of these water-nymphs, by a person who had a new suit of clothes spoiled by this operation; but, after a long argument, it was determined by the whole court, that the action would not lie, inasmuch as the defendant was in the exercise of a legal right, and not answerable for the consequences; and so the poor gentleman was doubly nonsuited; for he lost not only his suit of clothes, but his suit at law.

8. These smearings and scratchings, washings and dashings, being duly performed, the next ceremony is to cleanse and replace the distracted furniture. You may have seen a house-raising, or a ship-launch, when all the hands within reach are collected together; recollect, if you can, the hurry, bustle, confusion and noise of such a scene, and you will have some idea of this cleaning-match. The misfortune is, that the sole object is to make things clean; it matters not how many useful, ornamental or valuable articles are mutilated, or suffer death, under the operation; a mahogany chair and carved frame undergo the same discipline; they are to be made clean at all events; but their preservation is not worthy of attention.

9. For instance, a fine large engraving is laid flat upon the floor; smaller prints are piled upon it, and the superincumbent weight cracks the glasses of the lower tier; but this is of no consequence. A valuable picture is placed leaning against the sharp corner of a table; others are made to lean against that, until the pressure of the whole forces the corner of the table through the canvass of the first. The frame and glass of a fine print are to be cleaned; the spirit and oil, used on this occasion, are suffered to leak through and spoil the engraving; no matter, if the glass is clean, and the frame shine, it is sufficient; the rest is not worthy of consideration. An able mathematician has made an accurate calculation, founded on long experience, and has discovered that the losses and destruction incident to two whitewashings, are equal to one removal, and three removals equal to one fire.

10. The cleaning frolic over, matters begin to resume their pristine appearance. The storm abates, and all would be well again; but it is impossible that so great a convulsion in so small a community, should not produce some farther effects. For two or three weeks after the operation, the family are usually afflicted with sore throats or sore eyes, occasioned by the caustic quality of the lime, or with severe colds from the exhalations of wet floors or damp walls.

11. I knew a gentleman who was fond of accounting for every thing in a philosophical way. He considered this, which I have called a custom, as a real periodical disease, peculiar to the climate. His train of reasoning was ingenious and whimsical, but I am not at leisure to give you the detail. The result was, that he found the distemper to be incurable; but, after much study, he conceived he had discovered a method to divert the evil he could not subdue. For this purpose, he caused a small building about twelve feet square, to be erected in his garden, and furnished with some ordinary chairs and tables; and a few prints of the cheapest sort were hung against the walls.

12. His hope was, that when the whitewashing frenzy seized the females of his family, they might repair to this apartment, and scrub and smear and scour to their hearts' content; and so spend the violence of the disease in this outpost, while he enjoyed himself in quiet at head-quarters. But the experiment did not answer his expectation. It was impossible it should; since a principal part of the gratification consists in the lady's having an uncontrolled right to torment her husband, at least once a year, and to turn him out of doors, and take the reins of government into her own hands.

13. There is a much better contrivance than this of the philosopher, which is, to cover the walls of the house with paper: this is generally done; and, though it cannot abolish, it at least shortens, the period of female dominion. The paper is decorated with flowers of various fancies, and made so ornamental, that the women have admitted the fashion without perceiving the design.

14. There is also another alleviation of the husband's distress; he generally has the privilege of a small room or closet for his books and papers, the key of which he is allowed to keep. This is considered as a privileged place, and stands like the land of Goshen amid the plagues of Egypt. But then he must be extremely cautious, and ever on his guard; for, should he inadvertently go abroad, and leave the key in

his door, the housemaid, who is always on the watch for such an opportunity, immediately enters in triumph, with buckets, brooms and brushes ; takes possession of the premises, and forthwith puts all his books and papers *to rights*—to his utter confusion, and sometimes serious detriment.

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“STRIKE WHILE THE IRON IS HOT.”

1. John Tait, the Smith, lived happily with  
His wife and children two ;  
He cheerfully sang as the anvil rang,  
In shaping the iron true.
2. Both early and late, you saw John Tait  
Working, content with his lot,  
Decidedly glad, if a chance he had,  
To strike while the iron was hot.
3. Should an idler stop to talk in his shop,  
Or ask him to sup the beer pot ;  
“Excuse me, I pray,” he'd hastily say,  
I must strike while the iron is hot.
4. He paid his way, from day to day ;  
Good bargains he always got ;  
Moving ahead, as he aptly said,  
By striking when iron was hot.
5. With the work of his hand, he bought some land,  
And built him a cottage neat ;  
And added thereto as richer he grew,  
Till it seemed a palace complete.
6. And when envious folks, in passing their jokes,  
Asked how all this wealth he got ;  
As *you* should have done, said John, full of fun,  
I struck while the iron was hot.

## COMIC MISERIES.—J. G. SAXE.

1. My dear young friend, whose shining wit  
Sets all the room ablaze,  
Don't think yourself 'a happy dog,'  
For all your merry ways;—  
But learn to wear a sober phiz,  
Be stupid, if you can;  
It's such a very serious thing  
To be a funny man!
  
2. You're at an evening party, with  
A group of pleasant folks,—  
You venture quietly to crack  
The least of little jokes,—  
A lady doesn't catch the point,  
And begs you to explain—  
Alas! for one who drops a jest  
And takes it up again!
  
3. You're talking deep philosophy  
With very special force  
To edify a clergyman  
With suitable discourse,—  
You think you've got him—when he calls  
A friend across the way,  
And begs you'll say that funny thing  
You said the other day!
  
4. You drop a pretty *jeu-de-mots*\*  
Into a neighbor's ears,  
Who likes to give you credit for  
The clever thing he hears,

\* Play upon words; a pun.



And so he hawks your jest about,  
The old, authentic one,  
Just breaking off the point of 'it,  
And leaving out the pun!

5. You follow up a stylish card  
That bids you come and dine,  
And bring along your freshest wit,  
(To pay for musty wine;)   
You're looking very dismal, when  
My lady bounces in,  
And wonders what you're thinking of,  
And why you don't *begin*!
  
6. You're telling to a knot of friends  
A fancy-tale of woes  
That cloud your matrimonial sky,  
And banish all repose,—  
A solemn lady overhears  
The story of your strife,  
And tells the town the pleasant news:—  
You quarrel with your wife!
  
7. My dear young friend, whose shining wit  
Sets all the room ablaze,  
Don't think yourself 'a happy dog,'  
For all your merry ways;—  
But learn to wear a sober phiz,  
Be stupid, if you can,  
It's such a very serious thing  
To be a funny man!

## SOMETHING ABOUT NOTHING.—FROM SALAD FOR THE SOLITARY.

1. NOTHING will now be presented to the reader for his contemplation. If we offer nothing, nothing will, of course be expected, and nothing we may write will offend any one, provided we stick to our text.

“ Which way the subject theme may gang,  
Let time or chance determine ;  
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,  
Perhaps turn out a sermon.”

2. We have therefore determined to offer nothing, for which no apology will be required. Every thing is of some value and interest to somebody, but nothing concerns nobody—and is a nonentity. Permit us then to offer a word or two suggestive of this remarkable *negative* noun, this cipher in numbers—so frequently in vogue, yet never in existence—for certainly nothing can offend, if nothing is affirmed.

3. Perhaps you may remember some occasions when nothing was preferable to anything,—the next of kin to nothing is nobody—and certainly there have been sundry times and seasons when nobody would have been preferred to anybody:—it is not impossible that nothing, on the present occasion, may be preferred to anything else, and this is our apology for presenting so dark, mysterious and occult a subject to your contemplation. Out of nothing what marvels have sprung into being.

4. Nothing is a momentous affair—it must be of importance to some, and to affirm this of none, would be to assert it of all—since nothing is more self-evident than that two negatives create a positive. If nothing engages our attention at present, nothing interests us, (if we may be pardoned the ill-disguised egotism,) we are talking about nothing, and we shall gain nothing by anything that may be said.

5. Nothing is certainly a fact, and yet every fact is something—nothing seems to be intangible and ideal, and yet it is

a reality—with all our labored attempts at its exposition, we must sum up all and confess it is a mysterious something—some may think we are making a great deal out of nothing; this is just what we purpose to effect. The fact is there is no end to nothing—it is a circle without beginning or end—and we are persuaded we shall never get to the end of our theme, unless we leave off as we commenced. The words of an old song seem to chime in here so well, that we must be excused for citing them in this place.

6. “ The ancients have work’d upon each thing in nature,  
Describ’d its variety, genius and feature ;  
They having exhausted all fancy could bring,  
As nothing is left, why of nothing we sing.—  
From nothing we came, and whatever our station,  
To nothing we owe an immense obligation ;  
Whatever we gain, or whatever we learn,  
In time we shall all into nothing return.
7. “ This world came from nothing, at least so says history ;  
Of course about nothing there’s something of mystery ;  
Man came from nothing, and by the same plan,  
Woman was made from the rib of a man.  
Since then a man thinks a nothing of taking,  
A woman to join and again his rib making ;  
As nothing can give so much joy to his life,  
Since nothing’s so sweet as a good-humor’d wife.
8. Thinking of nothing is some folk’s enjoyment,  
Doing of nothing is many’s employment ;  
The love of this nothing have some folks so strong,  
They say nothing—do nothing all the day long ;  
Some pass their time nothing beginning,  
By nothing losing, and by nothing winning ;  
Nothing they buy, and nothing they sell,  
Nothing they know and nothing they tell.

9. There's something in nothing exceedingly clever ;  
 Nothing will last out for ever and ever ;  
 Time will make everything fade away fast,  
 While nothing will surely endure to the last.
10. That life is all nothing its plainer and plainer,  
 So he who gets nothing is surely a gainer ;  
 Thus much we prove pretty plain,  
 Take nothing from nothing, there'll nothing remain—  
 Thus with this nothing the time out we're spinning,  
 Nothing will sometimes set many folks grinning,  
 Reader, believe it, while all this is true,  
 And the author wrote this having nothing to do."
- 

TO A FLY TAKEN OUT OF A BOWL OF PUNCH.—WOLCOT.

1. Ah ! poor intoxicated little knave, . . .  
 Now senseless, floating on the fragrant wave ;  
 Why not content the cakes alone to munch ?  
 Dearly thou pay'st for buzzing round the bowl ;  
 Lost to the world, thou busy sweet-lipped soul—  
 Thus Death as well as pleasure dwells with Punch.
2. Now let me take thee out and moralize :—  
 Thus 'tis with mortals, as it is with flies,  
 Forever hankering after Pleasure's cup :  
 Though Fate with all his legions, be at hand,  
 The beasts the draught of Circe can't withstand,  
 But in goes every nose—they must, will sup.
3. Mad are the passions, as a colt untamed !  
 When prudence mounts their backs to ride them mild,  
 They fling, they snort, they foam, they rise inflamed,  
 Insisting on their own sole will so wild.

Gadsbud ! my buzzing friend, thou art not dead ;  
 The fates, so kind, have not yet snapped thy thread ;  
 Bravo ! thou movest a leg, and now its brother,  
 And kicking, lo, again, thou movest another !

4. And now thy little drunken eyes uncloze,  
 And now thou feelest for thy little nose,  
     And, finding it, thou rubbest thy two hands,  
 Much as to say : " I'm glad I'm here again."  
 And well may'st thou rejoice—'tis very plain,  
     That near wert thou to Death's unsocial lands.
5. And now thou rollest on thy back about,  
 Happy to find thyself alive, no doubt—  
     Now turnest—on the table making rings ;  
 Now scrambling forming a wet track,  
 Now shaking the rich liquor from thy back,  
     Now fluttering the nectar from thy silken wings,  
 Now standing on thy head, thy strength to find,  
 And poking out thy small, long legs behind,  
 And now thy pinions dost thou briskly ply ;  
 Preparatory now to leave me—farewell, fly !
6. Go, join thy brothers on yon sunny board,  
 And rapture to thy family afford—  
     There wilt thou meet a mistress, or a wife,  
 That saw thee drunk, drop senseless in the stream,  
 Who gave, perhaps, the wide resounding scream,  
     And now sits groaning for thy precious life.
7. Yes, go and carry comfort to thy friends,  
 And wisely tell them thy imprudence ends.  
 Let buns and sugar for the future charm ;  
 These will delight, and feed, and work no harm—  
     Whilst Punch, the grinning, merry imp of sin,  
 Invites the unwary wanderer to a kiss,  
 Smiles in his face, as though he meant him bliss,  
     Then, like an alligator, drags him in !

A GOOD TEST.—*DEMME.*

A BEAR who was taking his lesson in dancing, and who believed that he could not fail to be admired, paused for a moment on his hind legs to ask an ape how he liked his dancing. "To say the truth, friend, you dance very badly; you are too heavy." "But surely I do not want grace; and what you call heaviness, may it not be dignity of carriage?" and Bruin recommenced his practice with somewhat of an offended air. "Bravo!" cried an ass, who now passed by, "such light and graceful dancing I have never seen; it is perfection." But this unqualified praise was too much for even the self-love of the bear, and startled by it into modesty, he said within himself: "While the ape only censured, I doubted, but now that the ass praises me, I am sure I must dance horribly." Friends, suffer a word of advice: when good taste censures, hesitate, doubt; when folly applauds, be certain you are all in the wrong.

## WHAT IS NOT GENTEEL?—N. Y. MIRROR.

1. It is not genteel to swear.
- It is not genteel to indulge in licentious conversation.
- It is not genteel to talk loud in company.
- It is not genteel to laugh loud.
- It is not genteel to interrupt others in conversation.
- It is not genteel to be quick and abrupt in talking.
- It is not genteel to advance your opinions in a dogmatical and positive manner.
- It is not genteel to attempt to give force to your assertions by hammering on the table, or by any extraordinary gesticulations, as if you were infallible.
2. It is not genteel to slam a door in going in or out of a room, where there are other persons.

It is not genteel to smoke segars in the street, as some respectable-looking strangers are often seen to do.

It is not genteel for *tweedledum* to turn up his nose at *tweedledee* in company.

It is not genteel to talk at concerts or lectures, so as to prevent others from hearing.

It is not genteel to whisper in company.

3. It is not genteel at a table to begin before the rest of the company are helped.

It is not genteel to eat fast, or to put a large quantity into your mouth at once.

It is not genteel to finish a meal until others have had time to make some progress with theirs.

It is not genteel to eat so slow as to eat after the others are done.

It is not genteel, when you are invited to a party to meet a stranger, to go away before the stranger.

4. It is not genteel, if you be that stranger, to wait an unreasonable time before you take your leave.

It is not genteel to salute a gentleman, whilst walking in the street with a lady, with a nod of the head.

It is not genteel to contradict others.

It is not genteel to lean back in a chair in company

It is not genteel to rub your head, whilst seated on a sofa, against a newly-papered wall of a parlor, in which you are a visiter.

5. It is not genteel to stand before a fire-place and intercept the heat from others who are as cold as yourself.

It is not genteel in company to comb your hair with your fingers.

It is not genteel at the Institute, or any other public place, to stick your feet upon a chair or on a table.

It is not genteel to say or do anything in the presence of others, which, if said or done by them, would offend your feelings or sense of propriety.

## THE COUNTRYMAN'S REPLY TO A RECRUITING SERJEANT.

1. So, ye want to catch me, do ye ?  
     Nae ! I doant much think you wool,  
     Though your scarlet coat and feathers  
     Look so bright and butiful ;  
     Though ye tell sich famous stories  
     Of the fortunes to be won,  
     Fightin' in the distant Ingies,  
     Underneath the burnin' sun.
  
2. S'pose I am a tight young feller,  
     Sound o' limb, and all that ere,  
     I can't see that that's a reason  
     Why the scarlet I should wear ;  
     Fustian coat and corded trousers  
     Seem to suit me quite as well ;  
     Think I doant look badly in 'em—  
     Ax my Meary, she can tell !
  
3. *Satinly* I'd rather keep 'em—  
     These same limbs you talk about,  
     Cover'd up in cord and fustian,  
     Than I'd try to do without.  
     There's Bill Muggins left our village  
     Jest as sound a man as I,  
     Now he goes about on crutches,  
     With a single arm and eye.
  
4. To be sure he's got a *medal*,  
     And some *twenty pounds a-year* :  
     For his health, and strength, and sarvice,  
     Guvernment can't call that dear ;  
     Not to reckon one leg shatter'd,  
     Two ribs broken, one eye lost ;  
     'Fore I went on such a *ventur*,  
     I should stop and count the cost.



5. "Lots o' glory?"—lots o' gammon!  
 Ax Bill Muggins about *that*;  
 He will tell ye 'taint by no means  
 Sort o' stuff to make ye fat;  
 If it was, the private so'ger  
 Gets o' it but precious little;  
 Why, it's jest like bees a ketchin'  
 With a sound of a brass kittle.
6. "Lots o' gold, and quick promotion?"  
 Phew! jest look at William Green:  
 He's been *fourteen years* a-fightin',  
 As they call it, for the Queen;  
 Now he comes home invalided,  
 With a serjeant's rank and pay;  
 But that he's made a captain,  
 Or is rich, I arnt heerd say.
7. "Lots o' fun and pleasant quarters,  
 And a so'ger's merry life;  
 All the tradesman's—farmer's daughters  
 Wantin' to become my wife?"  
 Well, I think I'll take the shillin';  
 Put the ribbins in my hat!—  
 Stop! I'm but a country bumpkin,  
 Yet not quite so green as *that*.
8. "*Fun?*"—a knockin' fellow-creatures  
 Down like nine-pins, and that ere—  
 Stickin' bag'nets through and through 'em—  
 Burnin', slayin', everywhere!  
 "*Pleasant quarters!*"—werry pleasant!  
 Sleepin' on the field o' battle,  
 Or in hospital, or barracks,  
 Cramm'd together jest like cattle.

9. Strut away then, master serjeant :  
 Tell your lies as on ye go ;  
 Make your drummers rattle louder,  
 And your fifers harder blow :  
 I shan't be a "son o' glory,"  
 But an honest working man,  
 With the strength that God has giv me  
 Doin' all the good I can.

## A PITIABLE PATIENT.

PHYSICIAN *and* LADY.

*Phys.* MADAM, you look exceedingly well this morning : I hope you feel yourself recovered from your indisposition.

*Lady* (*rather warmly*). I am astonished, sir, that a gentleman of your skill should be deceived by appearances : I was never worse in my life.

*Phys.* (*smiling*). Indeed ! will you favor me with some account of the symptoms of your illness ?

*Lady*. Really, I can do no such thing : all I feel assured of is, that I am altogether in a state of torture.

*Phys.* What ! madam, are you in bodily pain ?

*Lady*. No. I have a horrid freedom from *any* pain.

*Phys.* Some painful object, perhaps, affects your mind ?

*Lady*. No, sir. My agony is, that I have not one subject which *can* in the smallest degree interest me : I would give a hundred pounds for some serious cause of grief, something over which I could weep profusely.

*Phys.* Your case is certainly pitiable, but I hope not without remedy. Will you allow me to ask you, madam, how you have spent the last week.

*Lady*. Upon my word, sir, it is out of my power to comply with your request. I really keep no journal, and my

memory has not such a prodigious tenacity as you suppose. I will endeavor to give you an account of the last two days. Aye—this is Wednesday. Well, sir, I rose on Monday morning, and—

*Phys.* May I ask at what hour you rose?

*Lady (with a slight blush).* It was rather late: two o'clock, I believe; but I had been at a party during almost the whole of the preceding night. As soon as I was dressed, I rode to the Park.

*Phys.* You have not mentioned your breakfast. I hope you did not omit that essential meal.

*Lady (a little vexed).* I—I took my breakfast in bed. Well, sir, the Park was so crowded that my carriage could hardly move along: this would not have annoyed me much, but unfortunately it was a very cold day, and, having a slight rheumatism in my face, I could not venture to put down the window; so that, sir, I had no opportunity of showing my new French head-dress and shawl. You will allow, sir, that this was a very mortifying circumstance.

*Phys.* Be assured, madam, of my sympathy.

*Lady.* Well, sir: I returned home in expectation of finding Professor B——, who had promised to dedicate a concerto to me: the traitor was not there, but in his stead a letter of apology, in which he pretended to recollect that he was under a previous obligation to dedicate the thing to Lady Belville; but I understand the whole affair—she has been bribing him.

I flung away the letter in contempt; but what was I to do with my spare time? It wanted nearly three hours to dinner, and, as my toilet only occupies two, I had an hour upon my hands. It was impossible to have recourse to my music, having been so recently ill-treated by one of its professors: books I cannot read; even French tales have become insipid. Luckily I fell asleep.

In the evening I went to Mrs. Merton's rout; but, such is my ill-fortune, that I really think that there is a conspiracy

to reduce me to a state of apathy. Would you believe it, sir, that, although I played till three o'clock in the morning, I could neither win nor lose, though I made every effort in my power by extravagant betting and careless playing. You see that my case is hopeless.

*Phys.* Tolerably bad ; but I trust not incurable.

*Lady.* You will change your opinion when you hear more. I was determined yesterday morning to indemnify myself for the vexations of the preceding day : I ordered my carriage by two o'clock, and had already put on my favorite French bonnet and shawl, when a servant came in and announced my mischievous cousin, Lady Courton.

It was no slight evil to be interrupted just as I was going on my morning expedition ; but what was my horror, when Lady Courton entered with a shawl twice as beautiful as my own. I nearly fainted : she saw my distress, and instantly discovered the cause of it, but, with her usual malice, began to tease me by desiring me to admire it, and to guess its value.

After harassing me for half an hour, she observed that she would not detain me, as I appeared to be going out. We went down stairs together ; but, to my astonishment, I could not see her carriage. "What's the matter, my dear cousin ?" she exclaimed. "Where's your carriage ?" I asked.

"Is that all !" she said, laughing : "O—I sent it away ; for you must know that I intended to lounge away the morning with you at your piano-forte ; but, as you are for a ride, I'll accompany you." Was ever anything so consummately ill-natured ? You know, sir, it was quite impossible that I could take her into my chariot, and make myself a foil to show her finery. I felt a sudden giddiness, and declined going out.

*Phys.* It certainly was a matter of much embarrassment, but I doubt whether it amounted to a physical or moral impossibility.

*Lady.* The case, sir, is so peculiarly feminine, that I cannot allow you to be an adequate judge of it.

*Phys.* Your reproof is very just. But how did you spend the remainder of the day which began so miserably?

*Lady.* Worse and worse. My cousin tormented me till nine o'clock, when I left her and went to the opera.

*Phys.* Here, madam, you received, no doubt, some pleasurable compensation for the troubles of the day.

*Lady.* Quite the contrary. I was tired to death. How could it be otherwise, when I heard only one tolerable song, and saw only one tolerable dancer. I was engaged to a supper party at Lady Belville's; but as I knew that treacherous professor would be there, I would not go to swell her insolent triumph: so I drove home, and went to bed. Now, sir, you have heard my case, what remedy do you suggest for my miseries?

*Phys.* My remedy, I am afraid, will not be very palatable; but I will stake my reputation on its efficacy. In the first place, madam, I must positively insist that you go but to one rout in a week.

*Lady.* Monstrous and impossible!

*Phys.* It may be so, madam; but you must vanquish the monster, and make "impossibility slight work." In the next place, you must never breakfast in bed, but must rise—let me see, I will not be too harsh—at eight o'clock, under penalty of—

*Lady.* What penalty, sir?

*Phys.* Under penalty, madam, of losing that cheerful bloom of your complexion, and that elastic elegance of your limbs, for which you are now so justly celebrated.

*Lady.* Sir, you seem a judicious person, but your prescription is very rigid.

*Phys.* In the third place, you must become more independent of your dress. I see, madam, and understand that contemptuous frown; but hear me further. While you rely for fame on the splendor or beauty of your dress, you are likely to be perpetually worsted by the lucky purchaser of some more exquisite ornament, or the ingenious propagator of some

new fashion. Surely, madam, it will be better to trust to the irresistible graces of your person—I speak, madam, merely professionally—to the enchanting character of your conversation, than to a French bonnet or a French shawl. You will thus be sure of perpetual admiration; for I cannot learn that you need fear any competitors on this score.

*Lady (smiling most graciously).* I am sure, sir, you will never find me an intractable patient: you know, sir, I always had the utmost confidence in your judgment.

*Phys.* You do me honor, madam. In the fourth place, you must not give up your music, because a mean-minded professor has so shamefully affronted you. I presume, madam, that you have no cause of complaint against Mozart: he cannot have been so ungrateful as to offend a lady who adds grace to his most consummate harmonies.

*Lady (affecting to laugh).* You are very pleasant this morning, sir; and really your advice seems very reasonable: I shall consider it very seriously. But come, sir, I feel as if I were much better. The carriage, I see, is at the door; and you must allow me to ask your company to Johnson's, where I want your judgment on a picture which I think of purchasing. Your carriage can follow.

*Phys.* I have not much time for viewing pictures, but I shall be proud to attend you for a short time. I am glad to see you so much better.

*Lady.* My spirits are much less depressed than they were.

*Phys.* If you follow my advice, you will continue to be equally cheerful as now.

*Lady.* We will talk more about that as we ride along. You must not administer your remedy all at one time. But come, sir, the carriage is ready.

*Phys.* I attend you, madam. (*Aside.*) O Flattery! were you never used for worse purposes, a flatterer *might* become a useful being.

## TO A LITTLE BOY.—ROBERT CHAMBERS.

1. My winsome one, my handsome one, my darling little boy,  
The heart's pride of thy mother, and thy father's chiefest joy,  
Come ride upon my shoulder, come sit upon my knee,  
And prattle all the nonsense that I love to hear from thee :  
With thine eyes of merry lustre, and thy pretty lisping  
tongue,  
And thy heart that evermore lets out its humming happy  
song ;  
With thy thousand tricks so gleesome, which I bear without  
annoy,  
Come to my arms, come to my soul, my darling little boy !
  
2. My winsome one, my fairest one, they say that later years  
Will sometimes change a parent's hope for bitter grief and  
tears :  
But *thou*, so innocent! canst thou be aught but what thou art,  
And all this bloom of feeling with the bloom of face depart ?  
Canst thou this tabernacle fair, where God reins bright  
within,  
Profane, like Judah's children, with the pagan rites of sin ?  
No—no, so much I'll cherish thee, so clasped we'll be in one,  
That bugbear guilt shall only get the father with the son ;  
And thou, perceiving that the grief must *me* at least destroy,  
Wilt still be fair and innocent, my darling little boy !
  
3. My gentle one, my blessed one, can that time ever be,  
When I to thee shall be severe, or thou unkind to me ?  
Can any change which time may bring, this glowing passion  
wreck,  
Or clench with rage the little hand now fondling round my  
neck ?  
Can this community of sport, to which love brings me down,  
Give way to Anger's kindling glance, and Hate's malignant  
frown ?

No—no, that time can ne'er arrive, for, whatsoever befall,  
 This heart shall still be wholly thine, or shall not be at all;  
 And to an offering like this thou canst not e'er be coy,  
 But still wilt be my faithful and my gentle little boy!

4. My winsome one, my gallant one, so fair, so happy now,  
 With thy bonnet set so proudly upon thy shining brow,  
 With thy fearless bounding motions, and thy laugh of  
 thoughtless glee,  
 So circled by a father's love which wards each ill from thee!  
 Can I suppose another time when this shall all be o'er,  
 And thy cheek shall wear the ruddy badge of happiness no  
 more;  
 When all who now delight in thee far elsewhere shall have  
 gone,  
 And thou shalt pilgrimize through life, unfriended and alone,  
 Without an aid to strengthen or console thy troubled mind,  
 Save the memory of the love of those who left thee thus  
 behind.

5. Oh, let me not awake the thought, but, in the present blest,  
 Make thee a child of wisdom—and to Heaven bequeath  
 the rest:

For rather let me image thee, in sunny future days,  
 Outdoing every deed of mine and wearing brighter bays;  
 With less to dull thy fervency of recollected pain,  
 And more, to animate thy course of glory and of gain;  
 A home as happy shall be thine, and I too shall be there,  
 The blessings purchased by thy worth in peace and love to  
 share—

Shall see within thy beaming eye my early love repaid,  
 And every ill of failing life a bliss by kindness made—  
 Shall see thee pour upon *thy* son, then sitting on thy knee,  
 A father's gushing tenderness, such as I feel for thee;  
 And know, as I at this moment do, no brighter, better joy,  
 Than thus to clasp unto thy soul thy darling little boy!



## THE MISER.—FIELDING.

LOVEGOLD—JAMES.

*Love.* Where have you been? I have wanted you above an hour.

*James.* Whom do you want, sir,—your coachman or your cook? for I am both one and t'other.

*Love.* I want my cook.

*James.* I thought, indeed, it was not your coachman; for you have had no great occasion for him since your last pair of horses were starved; but your cook, sir, shall wait upon you in an instant. (*Puts off his coachman's great coat and appears as a cook.*) Now, sir, I am ready for your commands.

*Love.* I am engaged this evening to give a supper.

*James.* A supper, sir! I have not heard the word this half year; a dinner, indeed, now and then; but for a supper I'm almost afraid, for want of practice, my hand is out.

*Love.* Leave off your saucy jesting, and see that you provide a good supper.

*James.* That may be done with a good deal of money, sir.

*Love.* Is the mischief in you? Always money! Can you say nothing else but money, money, money? My children, my servants, my relations, can pronounce nothing but money.

*James.* Well, sir; but how many will there be at table?

*Love.* About eight or ten; but I will have a supper dressed but for eight; for if there be enough for eight, there is enough for ten.

*James.* Suppose, sir, at one end, a handsome soup; at the other, a fine Westphalia ham, and chickens; on one side, a fillet of veal; on the other, a turkey, or rather a bustard, which may be had for about a guinea—

*Love.* Patience! is the fellow providing an entertainment for my lord mayor and the court of aldermen?

*James.* Then a ragout—

*Love.* I'll have no ragout. Would you burst the good people, you dog?

*James.* Then pray, sir, say what will you have?

*Love.* Why, see and provide something to cloy their stomachs; let there be two good dishes of soup-maigre; a large suet-pudding; some dainty, fat pork-pie, very fat; a fine, small, lean breast of mutton, and a large dish with two artichokes.

*James.* O, dear—

*Love.* Plenty and variety.

*James.* But, sir, you must have some poultry.

*Love.* No; I'll have none.

*James.* Indeed, sir, you should.

*Love.* Well, then,—kill the old hen, for she has done laying.

*James.* Mercy! sir, how the folks will talk of it; indeed, people say enough of you already.

*Love.* Eh! why, what do the people say, pray?

*James.* Oh, sir, if I could be assured you would not be angry.

*Love.* Not at all; for I'm always glad to hear what the world says of me.

*James.* Why, sir, since you will have it, then, they make a jest of you everywhere; nay, of your servants, on your account. One says, you pick a quarrel with them quarterly, in order to find an excuse to pay them no wages.

*Love.* Poh! poh!

*James.* Another says, you were taken one night stealing your own oats from your own horses.

*Love.* That must be a lie; for I never allow them any.

*James.* In a word, you are the by-word everywhere; and you are never mentioned, but by the name of covetous, stingy, scraping, old—

*Love.* Get along, you impudent villain!

*James.* Nay, sir, you said you wouldn't be angry.

*Love.* Get out, you dog! you—

## UNCLE JO.—ALICE CAREY.

1. I HAVE in memory a little story,  
That few indeed would rhyme about but me ;  
'Tis not of love, nor fame, nor yet of glory,  
Although a little colored with the three—  
In very truth, I think as much, perchance,  
As most tales disembodied from romance.
2. Jo lived about the village, and was neighbor  
To every one who had hard work to do ;  
If he possessed a genius, 'twas for labor  
Most people thought—but there was one or two  
Who sometimes said, when he arose to go,  
“Come in again, and see us, Uncle Jo !”
3. The “uncle” was a courtesy they gave—  
And felt they could afford to give to him—  
Just as the master makes of some good slave  
An Aunt Jemima, or an Uncle Jim ;  
And of this dubious kindness Jo was glad—  
Poor fellow ! it was all he ever had !
4. A mile or so away he had a brother—  
A rich, proud man, that people didn't hire ;  
But Jo had neither sister, wife, nor mother,  
And baked his corn-cake at his cabin fire  
After the day's work, hard for you or me,  
But he was never tired—how *could* he be ?
5. They called him dull, but he had eyes of quickness  
For everybody that he could befriend ;  
Said one and all : “How kind he is in sickness !”  
But there, of course, his goodness had an end ;  
Another praise there was they might have given,  
For one or more days out of every seven—

6. With his old pickaxe swung across his shoulder,  
And downcast eyes, and slow and sober tread—  
He sought the place of graves, and each beholder  
Wondered and asked some other who was dead ;  
But when he digged all day, nobody thought,  
That he had done a whit more than he ought.
  
7. At length, one winter when the sunbeams slanted  
Faintly and cold across the churchyard snow,  
The bell tolled out—alas ! a grave was wanted,  
And all looked anxiously for Uncle Jo ;  
His spade stood leaned against his own roof-tree,  
There was his pickaxe, too—but where was *he* ?
  
8. They called and called again, and no replying ;  
Smooth at the window, and about the door  
The snow in cold and heavy drifts was lying—  
He didn't need the daylight any more.  
One shook him roughly, and another said :  
“ As true as preaching, Uncle Jo is dead ! ”
  
9. And when they wrapped him in linen, fairer  
And finer, too, than he had worn till then,  
They found a picture—haply of the sharer  
Of sunny hopes, sometimes ; or where, or when,  
They did not care to know, but closed his eyes  
And placed it in the coffin where it lies.
  
10. None wrote his epitaph, nor saw the beauty  
Of the young love that reached into the grave,  
Nor how in unobtrusive ways of duty  
He kept, despite the dark ; but men less brave  
Have left great names, while not a willow bends  
Above his dust—poor man, he had no friends !

## CONVERSATION.

1. **PROTRACTED** egotism is an inconvenience and imperfection in colloquial intercourse, which must be avoided and suppressed by those who are desirous of excellence in this accomplishment. This admonition is of wide extent. It comprehends not only the circumstances in which *me* and *myself* are the *actors* in the drama, but those interludes which depend upon *my husband, my dear little boy, my servant, or even (however good she may have been) my grandmother.*

2. Avoid special reference to personal illness, and to the catalogue of a sick house; articles of dress, lawsuits, apothecaries' bills, and physicians' fees, are all excommunicated. Whatever brings conversation closer to ourselves, draws it further from the solicitude of others; and will sometimes lead us, with the delusion of a fiery meteor, into pools and quagmires, through which few will be disposed to follow.

3. The practice of egotism is the parent of another inconvenient habit, the visitation of which is universally allowed to be a grievous calamity. Of all the miseries that can be inflicted upon a company, scarcely any can surpass that of a **LONG STORY**. If it be permitted to denominate anything a *bore*, a long story may justly be pronounced an intolerable bore. This outrageous violation of regard towards others, sometimes proceeds from an affected desire of being very precise as to persons, times, and places.

4. "I remember having been one day—I think it must now be seven years ago;—let me see: my little girl will be six years old next September, and I dare say, indeed I am sure, it must have been eight or nine months before she was born; so that I was pretty right;—about seven years ago; it was not long after I was married; and my husband and myself, and Sir John and Lady Clutter, and Mrs. Spark, and—let me see—I really begin to be very forgetful, for I am sure there was somebody else."

5. In this manner some of the garrulous pests of society

commence a story, the result of which it is impossible to conjecture, and, when obtained, is seldom worth knowing. A facetious gentleman having listened with much philosophical patience to a detail of this kind, afterwards inquired of the narrator (who had lived almost entirely in London) if she knew Great George street, Westminster? "Yes, perfectly well."

6. "You know, then, Parliament street?" "Oh, yes!" "If you go along Parliament street to the end, there is a paved crossing." "Yes." "Do you remember the sentries at the Treasury?" "Very well." "A little further on, you know, are the Horse Guards?" "Yes." "Do you remember the iron gates at the Horse Guards?" "To be sure, I do; but what then?" "Why, *I* remember them, *too!*"

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THE BAT AND THE WEASELS.—W. A. KENTINE.

1. A Bat by accident once fell  
 Into a Weasel's cell,  
 An enemy implacable to Mice!  
 And ere she well knew where she was,  
 She found herself within the claws  
 Of one who would not treat her over nice!
2. "Confound your impudence," the Weasel said;  
 "How is it that you dare appear,  
 So shameless in my dwelling here,  
 After the injuries you've heaped upon my head?  
 There isn't one of all your race,  
 That isn't slanderous and base!  
 So in the frying-pan you'll instant frizzle;  
 For you're a Mouse, or I'm no Weasel."
3. "Mouse?" cried the other, dead with fear,  
 "You are mistaken, Sir—indeed you are!

Heaven forbid it!—Mouse? oh no!  
 'T must be my enemies have told you so!  
 No, thank the mercies of the King of kings,  
 I am a Bird!—Here, see my wings!  
 Long life to all the feathered race!  
 And to all rats and mice—disgrace!

4. These reasons seemed so plausible and plain,  
 That she was set at liberty again!

Two days had scarcely passed away,  
 Before the Bat  
 Into another Weasel's house fell flat,  
 Who was to birds an enemy!  
 When instantly the long-nosed beast,  
 Seized on her, as his night's repast!

5. "An outrage!" cried the Bat, "I do protest,  
 I've not the least resemblance of a bird,  
 That ever I have heard!  
 No, no! I certainly have not the least!  
 Birds, if appearance be believed,  
 Must all have feathers, or I'm much deceived!  
 I am a Mouse!—'tis very clear;  
 Look at my coat, why 'tis all hair!  
 Long life to every mouse and rat!  
 And may an ague seize each cat!"

6. Thus twice a well-timed repartee she threw in,  
 Which snatched her from the jaws of ruin.

It often happens in unsettled nations,  
 That men escape from dangerous situations,  
 By a little well-timed wit or reason.  
 "Long live the King!" they loud exclaim,  
 Whilst there is reverence for the name;  
 But, when there isn't, "Long live Treason!"

## MEN WHO ARE DILIGENT IN TRIFLES.—REV. J. HAMILTON.

1. We this instant imagined a man retaining all his consciousness transformed into a zoophyte. Let us imagine another similar transformation; fancy that instead of a polypus you were changed into a swallow. There you have a creature abundantly busy, up in the early morning, forever on the wing, as graceful and sprightly in his flight, as tasteful in the haunts which he selects. Look at him, zig-zagging over the clover field, skimming the limpid lake, whisking round the steeple, or dancing gaily in the sky.

2. Behold him in high spirits, shrieking out his ecstasy as he has bolted a dragon-fly, or darted through the arrow-slits of the old turret, or performed some other feat of hirundine agility. And notice how he pays his morning visits, alighting elegantly on some house-top, and twittering politely by turns to the swallow on either side of him, and after five minutes' conversation, off and away to call for his friend at the castle.

3. And now he is gone upon his travels—gone to spend the winter at Rome or Naples, to visit Egypt or the Holy Land, or perform some more remarkable pilgrimage to Spain or the coast of Barbary. And when he comes home next April, sure enough he has been abroad—charming climate—highly delighted with the cicadas in Italy, and the bees on Hymettus—locusts in Africa rather scarce this season; but upon the whole much pleased with his trip, and returned in high health and spirits.

4. Now, dear friends, this is a very proper life for a swallow, but is it a life for you? To flit about from house to house; to pay futile visits, where, if the talk were written down, it would amount to little more than the chattering of a swallow; to bestow all your thoughts on graceful attitudes and nimble movements and polished attire; to roam from land to land with so little information in your head, or so little taste for the sublime or beautiful in your soul, that could a swallow publish his travels, and did you publish yours, we should probably find the one a counterpart of the other; the winged traveller



enlarging upon the discomforts of his nest, and the wingless one, on the miseries of his hotel or his chateau: you describing the places of amusement, or enlarging on the vastness of the country, and the abundance of the game; and your rival eloquent on the self-same things.

5. Oh; it is a thought, not ridiculous, but disgusting. Though the trifler does not chronicle his own vain words and wasted hours, they chronicle themselves. They are noted in the memory of God. And when once this life of wondrous opportunities and awful advantages is over—when the twenty or fifty years of probation have fled away—when mortal existence, with its facilities for personal improvement and serviceableness to others, is gone beyond recall—when the trifler looks back to the long pilgrimage, with all the doors of hope and doors of usefulness, past which he skipped in his frisky forgetfulness—what anguish will it move to think that he has gamboled through such a world without salvation to himself, without any real benefit to his brethren, a busy trifler, a vivacious idler, a clever fool!

ODE TO MY LITTLE SON.—THOMAS HOOD.

1. THOU happy, happy elf!  
 (But stop—first let me kiss away that tear,)  
 Thou tiny image of myself!  
 (My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)  
 Thou merry, laughing sprite!  
 With spirits feather light,  
 Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin,  
 (Dear me! the child is swallowing a pin!)

2. Thou little, tricky duck!  
 With antic toys so funnily bestuck,  
 Light as the singing bird that wings the air,  
 (The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)

Thou darling of thy sire !  
 (Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire !)  
 Thou imp of mirth and joy !  
 In love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,  
 Thou idol of thy parents !—(Drat the boy !  
 There's goes my ink !)

3. Thou cherub—but of earth ;  
 Fit playfellow for fays by moonlight pale,  
 In harmless sport and mirth,  
 (That dog will bite him, if he pulls his tail !)  
 Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey  
 From every blossom in the world that blows,  
 Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,  
 (Another tumble—that's his precious nose !)  
 Thy father's pride and hope !  
 (He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope !)  
 With pure heart newly stamped from nature's mint,—  
 (Where *did* he learn that squint ?)

4. Thou young domestic dove !  
 (He'll have that jug off, with another shove !)  
 Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest !  
 (Are those torn clothes his best ?)  
 Little epitome of man !  
 (He'll climb upon the table—that's his plan !)  
 Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life,  
 (He's got a knife !)  
 Thou enviable being !  
 No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,  
 Play on, play on,  
 My elfin John !

5. Toss the light ball—bestride the stick,  
 (I knew so many cakes would make him sick !)  
 With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,

6. Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,  
 With many a lamb-like frisk,  
 (He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)  
 Thou pretty opening rose!  
 (Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)  
 Balmy and breathing music like the south,  
 (He really brings my heart into my mouth!)  
 Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,  
 (I wish that window had an iron bar!)  
 Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,  
 (I'll tell you what, my love,  
 I cannot write, unless he's sent above!)
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## BOUGHT AT A BARGAIN.—J. HOES.

1. "I AM sure, my dear, then, you cannot object to my attending only one or two of the auctions. Everybody else goes."

"But what do you wish to buy?"

"Oh, nothing—that is, I know of nothing."

"Then, of course, you want no money?"

"I didn't say *that*—one would feel so foolish, you know, without any money in one's purse."

"But why should *one* feel so foolish, when *one* does not want to buy?"

"Now, George, you are *so* provoking. Give me some money, and say nothing about it."

"Easier said than done, my darling."

2. Kate went to the auction—but she went determined not to buy. We know the fact, because she protested it to her husband, the very latest thing before she left the house; and because she protested the same thing over to herself, as she tied on her bonnet. To guard against temptation, she rolled the notes very snugly up in her purse, pressed back the ring

upon them with extraordinary care, and then very carefully put the purse away in her bag, and took her bag upon her arm, as she sallied out to find some one to accompany her to the sale, which she was so anxious to attend, positively for nothing.

3. "It's a ruinous sacrifice," said the auctioneer, as the ladies entered. "I have seen property frequently thrown away in my time—but never anything like this before. Only ten dollars—I'm offered—ten dollars—ten dollars—ten dollars—ten doll—ten—ten—ten—shall I have any more? Why, I should not make a boot-black's commission off the furniture of the Astor House, to sell it out in this way! Eleven I am offered—thank you, ma'am, you show your discrimination—eleven—eleven—now, is not this really too bad, ma'am?"

4. Kate endured all the sufferings of a sensitive mind, at the absolute bankruptcy that the eloquent auctioneer made the several owners suffer upon every article sold—but she had promised George so positively, and without his requiring a promise, that she would buy nothing, that she did not like to break her word. She did not even venture upon a single bid, though strongly tempted so to do more than once, till a Brussels carpet—nearly new—used only one winter—was put up for the competition of the ladies. She wanted just such a thing, she thought, to put in her basement, and if she had only known that a Brussels carpet was to be sold, and sold for nothing too, as Mr. Bell solemnly assured her it was going, she certainly would have come determined to buy it. But as she was determined not to buy, what could she do, you know?

5. "Here it is, ladies—nearly new—used only one season, and that very carefully. It cost originally four dollars and fifty cents a yard, and is sold only because the owner is breaking up housekeeping. There are forty yards in the piece, more or less; what shall I have for the carpet? Ten dollars! you are joking, ma'am, worth more than that to cover ice in—ten dollars, ten dollars—why, I will give that for it myself, for my dog to sleep on—ten dollars, worth more than fifty at

the least—ten dollars—ten guineas would come nearer—ten dol—ten dol—ten dol—”

6. “Eleven,” said Kate. Now the rubicon was passed.

“Eleven, thank you, ma’am, but you are positively too cruel. You are taking advantage of the owner’s necessities, and my positive orders. Eleven dol—twelve I’m offered—twelve, and it’s going—twelve, twelve, twelve—sorry you’ve lost it, ma’am, for you look as if you ought to have it”—

“Thirteen,” cried Kate. She couldn’t stand unmoved at such an appeal.

7. “Thirteen—now I breathe a little—but it’s only a gasp—thirteen—it’s but a straw to a drowning man, but I catch at it. Thirteen; will you see this beautiful article sold for less than it would be worth to pack crockery with, torn into shreds—thirteen—thir—fourteen I heard—thank you, ma’am. Fourteen,” he continued, rolling a roguish leer at Kate—“Fourteen, fourteen, four—four—one dollar more, ma’am, and you will have it—fourteen; you really can’t mind a dollar—fourteen, fourteen, quick, or you lose it—fourteen; hard, ma’am, but fair—four—teen—four—”

8. “Fifteen,” said Kate, whose pride was now touched—but who really began to doubt whether the auctioneer was half as anxious as he pretended that she should get the carpet. She was determined to have it now, in spite of the auctioneer. Perhaps he did not suspect her determination.

9. “Fifteen dollars—well, there’s just about one quarter of the value. The man won’t pay ten per cent. if all his assets go in this way. Fifteen dollars!—why, really in times like these, persons who are untouched should be generous to the losers,—fifteen—dollars—fifteen—dol—lars! Just think, ladies, of the heavenly associations connected with this carpet—the domestic bliss—fifteen dollars—the gambolings of the little innocent children—fifteen dollars—fif—teen—fif—”

10. “Is the carpet spotted?” inquired a shrill old maid’s treble.

“Not a spot or blemish—sixteen—shall I have it—pure as

the ermine of justice—sixteen I'm offered—only ermine is white, and this is figured—sixteen, sixteen, sixteen—you see, ma'am, others have good taste as well as yourself—six—teen—six—teen—six—once, twice—now or never—going at sixteen—going—going—”

11. “Seventeen,” from Kate.

“The blessings of the widow and orphan rest upon you, ma'am—you've added a dollar to the widow's mite,—seventeen—seventeen—sev—en—teen—sev—en—eighteen, shall I have it—eighteen I'm offered. 'Tis a reprieve of a moment—eighteen—oh, for a full release—eighteen—an unconditional pardon in a forty dollar bid—eighteen—eighteen—once, twice—”

12. “Nineteen !”

“That's nearer the ticket—thank you, ma'am. Come, ladies, excuse my abruptness, but I can't dwell on anything ; must positively drop the mallet on this without one word more—but nineteen is an odd sum—very odd it is that nobody will make it even—twenty, did I hear ?—twenty I am offered—twenty—twenty—I shan't tell anybody who this belonged to till it's sold—twenty—twenty—twen—ty—twen—I shall keep the secret for the lucky purchaser—twenty dollars—it was not exactly Fanny Elssler's—twenty—the first fashion—twenty—the elite of the city—rather odd, but couldn't help it—twenty—twenty—”

13. “One,” cried Kate.

“Twenty-one !—your husband never will be poor—twenty-one—economy consists more in spending money properly than in not spending at all. Twenty-two, shall I have it—twenty-two I'm offered—twenty-two—twenty-two—”

“Three !”

“Good again—true spirit, not to be distanced—four, I'm offered—twenty-four—twenty—”

“Five !”

“Twenty-five,—six, shall I have it ?”

“Six,” shouted Kate, now fairly excited, forgetting, and over-bidding herself.

14. "Twenty-six—that is talking like it. Twenty-six—twenty-six—twenty-six—it is like a nation's ransom to the unfortunate clergyman, who is selling this carpet because he can't get his quarter's salary—twenty-six—twenty-seven, shall I have it—twenty-seven I'm offered—twenty-seven—twenty-seven."

"Twenty-eight!"

15. To make a long story short, Kate bought the carpet for thirty-two dollars.

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#### BOUGHT AT A BARGAIN.—CONTINUED.

1. WHEN her husband came home to dinner, he thought Kate looked fatigued. So she did, but she was more perplexed than tired—more vexed in mind with herself, than jaded in body. She had more than half a suspicion that she had made a fool of herself—she knew the matter must be broached to her husband, and did not see how she was to do it.

2. Luckily George was in a capital good humor. He had met his acceptances, and had something over. He chatted merrily, and even proposed a jaunt to the Springs, when the time for fashionable gadding into the bush came fairly round. He complimented Kate upon her dinner, and, after awhile, so far cheered her that she took courage to tell him she had bought a new carpet—that is, an old carpet, as good as new, for the basement.

3. "But I thought you meant to buy nothing," said George.

"To be sure I did not intend to purchase anything—but this I bought at a bargain."

The hour passed away very pleasantly. George certainly did not seem much inclined to hear the narrative of her auction experience, but put on a patient face while she described the excellent bargains which she saw sold, and took credit to herself for her resolute adherence to her promise not to buy,

until she came to that carpet ; to have missed the purchase of which she declared would have been "downright extravagance," and neglect of such a chance as might not occur again in a lifetime.

4. George smiled incredulously when she came to the carpet. He was more than half disposed to take his evening walk without looking at it—but could not so far disappoint his helpmate as thus to expose his indifference to her "great bargain." So he forced himself to say—"Well, Kate, I should like to see your purchase ; and I may as well say what I think of it before I look at it. It is wonderfully cheap, and not worn enough for the wear to be perceived, and I really think it would have been cheap at a hundred dollars."

5. Kate smiled as though sure that what her husband said in jest he would repeat in earnest, when he did actually see that paragon of second-hand articles. She led the way to the breakfast-room, and proceeded to unroll the treasure. "There are a few ink spots in it," she said, "but on the whole—" Here she stopped speaking, as she heard something like a marvelously low, long whistle. She rose and turned round. George was leaning against the door, almost smothered with a suppressed laugh, to which he allowed partial vent in the before described whistle. Kate looked at him steadily in perplexed and grieved astonishment ; and at length tears began to steal out from the corners of her eyes.

6. "Ha ! ha ! ha !" at length burst out her husband's merry laugh. "Forgive me, Kate, but really I can't help it. That is the same shabby old rag I took from my office floor yesterday, and gave to the porter. It has been with me five years, and was second-hand at that time. There is the same identical spot that the booby made in upsetting the ink bottle."

7. Now was Kate fairly wretched. A woman's quick thoughts carried her years ahead, when still that carpet would be called up for her mortification. "Oh, dear !" she sobbed ; "I never shall hear the last of it."



“You have heard the last of it, my dear Kate—for I will never mention it again if it pains you.”

“Not pains, but it certainly will not be very pleasant.”

“Well, you never shall hear one word of it again.”

8. She never has heard it alluded to in a taunt. But, sensible girl as she was, she quietly put it down on the floor she bought it for. To do it justice, it really wears well, and she declares that if her husband throws away such things, he will bear looking after. It is a capital good check in family quarrels; it is an excellent hint when a joke should be brought “on the carpet,” and, as it has entirely cured his wife of her auction mania, George himself now acknowledges that it was “BOUGHT AT A BARGAIN.”

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#### I WISH I WERE A MAN.

1. **THEY** tell me that life's sweetest hours  
     Are those I now employ,  
 While yet, in Childhood's sunny bowers  
     I innocence enjoy—  
 That fleeting time will swiftly chase  
     The holidays I've now,  
 And sad, perplexing troubles trace  
     Deep wrinkles on my brow;  
 They say my days will be but few—  
     That human life's a span—  
 And, though I fear it may be true,  
     I wish I were a man.
  
2. Experience says I'll ne'er know less.  
     Nor have a smaller share  
 Of all the ills that life oppress—  
     Of sorrow or of care;  
 It bids my buoyant spirit wake  
     The music of my voice,

A melody of mirth to make,  
 While yet I may rejoice,  
 For ripe maturity is rife  
 With many a bitter ban ;  
 And yet I long for future life—  
 I wish I were a man.

3. Truth warns me that the prize I seem  
 So eager to pursue,  
 Is nothing but a fairy dream,  
 Too pleasant to be true—  
 That deep and bliss-betraying snares  
 Are hid in what I crave,  
 Which yet may lead my silver'd hairs  
 With sorrow to the grave—  
 That blasted hopes my cheek will blanch,  
 And make me pale and wan ;  
 And yet I into life would launch—  
 I wish I were a man.

4. The man of age, whose pensive sighs  
 My glowing fancies chide,  
 Whispers that error in disguise  
 May lead my steps aside ;  
 He tells me to reserve my tears  
 For times of greater need,  
 As piercing pangs, in coming years,  
 May cause my heart to bleed—  
 That dangers dire life's path beset,  
 Which yet I cannot scan :  
 All may be true, I know, and yet  
 I wish I were a man.

5. And upward still my hopes aspire,  
 Forward my musings haste,  
 Maturer knowledge to acquire,  
 And sages' lore to taste ;

And oft my heart is gladden'd when,  
 With many a longing sigh,  
 I think earth's best and greatest men  
 Were once as young as I.  
 By their example ever led,  
 I'll aim at glory's van :  
 And if I in their footsteps tread  
 I yet shall be a man.

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"ISN'T THAT NICE!"—POTIPHAR PAPERS.

1. HOWEVER, Caroline, dear, I have my livery and my footman, and am as good as anybody. It's very splendid when I go to Stewart's to have the red plush, and the purple, and the white calves springing down to open the door, and to see people look, and say, "I wonder who that is?"

2. And everybody bows so nicely, and the clerks are so polite, and Mrs. Gnu is melting with envy on the other side, and Mrs. Cræsus goes about, saying, "Dear little woman, that Mrs. Potiphar, but so weak! Pity, pity!"

3. And Mrs. Settum Downe says, "Is that the Potiphar livery? Ah! yes. Mr. Potiphar's grandfather used to shoe my grandfather's horses!"—(as if to be useful in the world, were a disgrace,—as Mr. P. says,) and young Downe, and Boosey, and Timon Cræsus come up and stand about so gentlemanly, and say, "Well, Mrs. Potiphar, are we to have no more charming parties this season?"—and Boosey says, in his droll way, "Let's keep the ball a-rolling!" That young man is always ready with a witticism.

4. Then I step out and James throws open the door, and the young men raise their hats, and the new crowd says, "I wonder who that is!" and the plush, and purple, and calves spring up behind, and I drive home to dinner.

Now, Carrie, dear, isn't that nice?

## THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

1. **Mystic trifle**, whose perfection  
Lies in multiplied reflection,  
Let us from thy sparkling store  
Draw a few reflections more :  
In thy magic circle rise  
All things men so dearly prize,  
Stars, and crowns, and glitt'ring things,  
Such as grace the court of kings ;  
Beauteous figures ever twining,  
Gems with brilliant luster shining ,  
Turn the tube ;—how quick they pass,  
Crowns and stars prove broken glass !
  
2. **Trifle!** let us from thy store  
Draw a few reflections more ;  
Who could from thy outward case  
Half thy hidden beauties trace ?  
Who from such exterior show  
Guess the gems within that glow ?  
Emblem of the mind divine,  
Cased within its mortal shrine !
  
3. **Once again**—the miser views  
Thy sparkling gems—thy golden hues ;  
And, ignorant of thy beauty's cause,  
His own conclusions sordid draws ;  
Imagines thee a casket fair  
Of gorgeous jewels rich and rare ;  
Impatient his insatiate soul  
To be the owner of the whole,  
He breaks thee ope, and views within  
Some bits of glass—a tube of tin !  
Such are riches, valued true,  
Such are the illusions men pursue !

## MEMORABILIA.\*

## HURRY AND BUSTLE.

No two things differ more than hurry and despatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind, despatch of a strong one. A weak man in office, like a squirrel in a cage, is laboring eternally, but to no purpose, and in constant motion, without getting on a jot; like a turnstile he is in everybody's way but stops nobody; he talks a great deal, but says very little; looks into everything, but sees into nothing; and has a hundred irons in the fire, but very few of them are hot, and with those few that are, he only burns his fingers.—*Lacon*.

## CURIOSITY.

To be without curiosity, is nothing less than to be a confirmed hopeless dunce. There is a story told of Dr. Johnson, that, as he was once on the Thames, engaged with a friend in discussing some point of fabulous history, he turned round, in a fit of good-humored caprice, to the young boy who happened to be rowing them, and asked him whether he could tell them anything about the Argonauts. "No," said the boy, "but I should like to know about them, if I could get anybody to teach me." This so delighted our good sage that he added a sixpence to the boy's fare, with many words of encouragement, and kind looks into the bargain.

## TAKING ADVANTAGE OF OPPORTUNITIES.

"Few men," says Bucke, "have succeeded well in the higher departments of life, who have not been wakeful at taking advantage of critical opportunities. Many persons, however, respect only one rule of policy—'Mount;' and this they apply to every occasion of life. 'Mount!—if possible ten steps at a time!' In attempting this, they sometimes fall so ludicrously, as almost to excite the laughter even of Despair."

\* See note, page 58.

## REALITIES OF LIFE.

A person being asked what was meant by "the realities of life," answered:—"Real estate, real money, and real good dinners; none of which," added he "can be *realized* without *real hard work*."

## SAY NOTHING OF YOURSELF.

Say nothing respecting yourself, either good, bad, or indifferent; nothing good, for that is *vanity*; nothing bad, for that is *affectation*; nothing indifferent, for that is *silly*.

## DANGEROUS BITES.

The philosopher Diogenes being asked of which beast the bite was most dangerous, answered: "If you mean wild beasts, it is the slanderer's; if tame, the flatterer's."

## SKULL OF A GREAT TALKER.

The fox once picked up an actor's mask with its huge mouth-piece. "What a strange skull!" said Reynard, "no brain, and such a monstrous mouth! This must indeed be the skull of some great talker."

## GOOD BREEDING.

The scholar, without good-breeding, is a pedant; the philosopher, a cynic; the soldier, a brute; and every man disagreeable.—*Chesterfield*.

## WIT AND RICHES.

A wealthy person asked the philosopher Sadi, in derision, how it happened that men of wit were so frequently seen at the doors of the rich, and that the rich were never seen at the doors of men of wit? "It is," replied Sadi, "because men of wit know the value of riches; but rich men do not know the value of wit."

## CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

A person not very intimate with Santeuil, called him plain Santeuil; "Surely, sir," said the poet, "by you I ought to be called Monsieur Santeuil." "Why, pray," replied the familiar gentleman, "do you ever hear of Monsieur Horace, or Monsieur Pindar?" "Oh, your most obedient sir!" exclaimed Santeuil.

## HOW TO SPEAK AND WHEN TO SPEAK.

Hecateus, the sophist, being found fault with, because, when admitted to one of the public repasts, he said nothing all the time; Archidemus replied: "He that knows *how* to speak, knows also *when* to speak."

## UNSEASONABLE TALK.

King Leonidas said to one who discoursed at an improper time about affairs of some concern: "My friend, you should not talk so much to the purpose, of what it is not the purpose to talk of."

## APPOINTMENTS.

Appointments once made, become debts. If I have made an appointment with you, I owe you punctuality; I have no right to throw away your time, if I do my own.—*Cecil*.

## A GOOD RULE.

"Converse always," said a German author to his daughter, "with your female friends as if a gentleman were of the party, and with young men, as if your female companions were present."

## A GOOD RESOLUTION.

Plato, hearing that some asserted he was a very bad man, said, "I shall take care so to live that nobody will believe them."

SLOTH *versus* INDUSTRY.

Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy ; and he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarcely overtake his business at night ; while laziness travels so slowly, that poverty soon overtakes him.—*Franklin*.

## NEVER QUIT YOUR HOPES.

Never quit your hopes. Hope is often better than enjoyment. Hope is often the cause as well as the effect of youth. It is certainly a very pleasant and healthy passion. A hopeless person is deserted by himself ; and he who forsakes himself is soon forsaken by his friends and fortune.—*Berkeley*.

## THE INFLUENCE OF DRESS.

The medium between a fop and a sloven is what a man of sense would endeavor to keep ; yet I remember Mr. Osborn advises his son to appear in his habit rather above than below his fortune ; and tells him that he will find a handsome suit of clothes always procures some additional respect. I have, indeed, myself observed that my banker always bows lowest to me when I wear my full-bottomed wig ; and writes me “ Mr.” or “ Esq.” according as he sees me dressed.—*Budgell*.

## WHAT I LOVE.

THE farmer's life's the life for me :  
 I love its quiet scenery ;  
 I love its shades, its hills and dales ;  
 I love its cheerful fireside tales ;  
 I love to tend its flocks and herds ;  
 I love to hear the singing birds ;  
 I love the sweet, salubrious air ;  
 I love the prospects wide and fair ;



I love to plough ; I love to sow ;  
 I love to gather ; love to mow ;  
 I love the new-mown grass to smell,  
 I love to hear the tinkling bell ;  
 I love to tread the grassy lawn,  
 Along the brooks, among the corn ;  
 I love the whole,—but can't rehearse  
 Its pleasures all, in prose or verse.

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## AN ODE TO RAIN.—COLERIDGE.

1. I KNOW it is dark ; and though I have lain  
 Awake, as I guess, an hour or twain,  
 I have not once open'd the lids of my eyes,  
 But lie in the dark, as a blind man lies.  
 O Rain ! that I lie listening to,  
     You're but a doleful sound at best :  
 I owe you little thanks, 'tis true  
     For breaking thus my needful rest,  
 Yet if, as soon as it is light,  
 O Rain ! you will but take your flight,  
 I'll neither rail nor malice keep,  
 Though sick and sore for want of sleep.  
 But only now for this one day,  
 Do go, dear Rain ! do go away
  
2. O Rain ! with your dull two-fold sound,  
 The clash hard by, and the murmur all round !  
 You know if you know aught, that we,  
 Both night and day, but ill agree :  
 For days, and months, and almost years,  
 Have limp'd on through this vale of tears,  
 Since body of mine and rainy weather,  
 Have lived on easy terms together.

Yet if as soon as it is light,  
 O Rain! you will but take your flight,  
 Though you should come again to-morrow,  
 And bring with you both pain and sorrow;  
 Though stomach should sicken, and knees should swell—  
 I'll nothing speak of you but well.  
 But only for this one day,  
 Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

3. Dear Rain! I ne'er refuse to say  
 You're a good creature in your way.  
 Nay, I could write a book myself,  
 Would fit a parson's lower shelf,  
 Showing how very good you are.  
 What then? sometimes it must be fair,  
 And if sometimes, why not to-day?  
 Do go, dear Rain! do go away!
4. Dear Rain! if I've been cold and shy,  
 Take no offense! I'll tell you why.  
 A dear old Friend e'en now is here,  
 And with him came my sister dear;  
 After long absence now first met,  
 Long months by pain and grief beset  
 With three dear Friends! in truth, we groan  
 Impatiently to be alone.  
 We three you mark! and not one more!  
 The strong wish makes my spirit sore.  
 We have so much to talk about,  
 So many sad things to let out;  
 So many tears in our eye-corners,  
 Sitting like little Jacky Horners—  
 In short, as soon as it day,  
 Do go, dear Rain! do go away.

5. And this I'll vow to you, dear Rain !  
 Whenever you shall come again,  
 Be you as dull as e'er you could ;  
 (And by the bye 'tis understood,  
 You're not so pleasant, as you're good ;)   
 Yet knowing well your worth and place,  
 I'll welcome you with cheerful face ;  
 And though you stay a week or more,  
 Were ten times duller than before ;  
 Yet with kind heart, and right good will,  
 I'll sit and listen to you still ;  
 Nor should you go away, dear Rain !  
 Uninvited to remain,  
 But only now, for this one day,  
 Do go, dear Rain ! do go away.

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THE SHIP "EXTRAVAGANCE."

1. OH ! Extravagance saileth in climes bright and warm—  
 She is built for the sunlight, and not for the storm ;  
 Her anchor is gold, and her mainmast is pride—  
 Every sheet in the wind does she dashingly ride !  
 But Content is a vessel not built for display,  
 Though she's ready and steady—come storm when it may,  
 So give us Content as life's channel we steer,  
 If our pilot be Caution, we've little to fear !
2. Oh ! Extravagance saileth 'mid glitter and show,  
 As if Fortune's rich tide never ebbed in its glow ;  
 But see her at night, when her gold-light is spent,  
 When her anchor is gone, and her silken sails rent ;  
 When the wave of destruction her shatter'd side drinks,  
 And the billows—ha ! ha !—laugh and shout as she sinks ;  
 No ! give us Content, as life's channel we steer,  
 While our pilot is Caution, there's little to fear

## A CURIOUS COSMETIC.

1. THE Rev. J. Williams, the well-known missionary so long resident in the South Sea Islands, taught the natives to manufacture lime from the coral of their shores. The effects it produced upon them, and the uses to which they applied it, he thus facetiously describes:—"After having laughed at the process of burning, which they believed to be to cook the coral for food, what was their astonishment when, in the morning, they found his cottage glittering in the rising sun, white as snow. They danced, they sang, they shouted, and screamed with joy.

2. The whole island was soon in a commotion, given up to wonder and curiosity; and the laughable scenes which ensued, after they got possession of the brush and whitewash tub, baffle description. The *bon ton* immediately voted it a valuable cosmetic, and superlatively happy did many a swarthy coquette consider herself could she but enhance her charms by a daub with the white brush.

3. Now party spirit ran high, as it will do in more civilized countries, as to who was, or who was not, best entitled to preference. One party urged their superior rank and riches; a second had got the brush, and were determined at all events to keep it; and a third tried to overturn the whole, that they might obtain some of the sweepings. They did not even scruple to rob each other of the little share that some had been so happy as to procure.

4. But soon new lime was prepared, and in a week not a hut, a domestic utensil, a war-club, or a garment, but was white as snow—not an inhabitant but had his skin painted with the most grotesque figures—not a pig but was similarly whitened—and even mothers might be seen in every direction, capering with extravagant gestures, and yelling with delight at the superior beauty of their whitewashed infants."

## THE LOVE OF THE WORLD DETECTED.—COWPER.

1. Thus says the prophet of the Turk :  
Good Mussulman abstain from pork :  
There is a part in ev'ry swine  
No friend or follower of mine  
May taste, whate'er his inclination,  
On pain of excommunication.
2. Such Mahomet's mysterious charge,  
And thus he left the point at large.  
Had he the sinful part express'd,  
They might with safety eat the rest :  
But for one piece they thought it hard  
From the whole hog to be debarr'd ;  
And set their wit at work to find  
What joint the prophet had in mind.
3. Much controversy straight arose :  
These choose the back, the belly those ;  
By some 'tis confidently said,  
He meant not to forbid the head ;  
While others at that doctrine rail,  
And piously prefer the tail.  
Thus, conscience freed from ev'ry clog,  
Mahometans eat up the hog.
4. You laugh ; 'tis well : the tale applied,  
May make you laugh on t' other side.  
" Renounce the world," the preacher cries :  
" We do," a multitude replies.  
While one as innocent regards  
A snug and friendly game at cards ;  
And, one, whatever you may say,  
Can see no evil in a play ;  
Some love a concert, or a race,  
And others, shooting and the chase.

5. Revil'd and lov'd, renounc'd and follow'd,  
 Thus bit by bit the world is swallow'd;  
 Each thinks his neighbor makes too free,  
 Yet likes a slice as well as he:  
 With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,  
 Till quite from tail to snout 'tis eaten.

THE BEASTS WITHIN US.—LIGHTON.

1. WHAT, you will say, have I beasts within me? Yes: you have beasts, and a vast number of them. And that you may not think I intend to insult you, is anger an inconsiderable beast, when it barks in your heart? What is deceit, when it lies hid in a cunning mind; is it not a fox? Is not the man who is furiously bent upon calumny, a scorpion? Is not the person who is eagerly set on resentment and revenge, a most venomous viper? What do you say of a covetous man; is he not a ravenous wolf?

2. And is not the luxurious man, as the prophet expresses it, a neighing horse? Nay, there is no wild beast but is found within us. And do you consider yourself as lord and prince of the wild beasts, because you command those that are without, though you never think of subduing or setting bounds to those that are within you? What advantage have you by your reason, which enables you to overcome lions, if, after all, you yourself are overcome by anger?

3. To what purpose do you rule over the birds, and catch them with gins, if you yourself, with the inconstancy of a bird, or hurried hither and thither, and sometimes flying high, are ensnared by pride, sometimes brought down and caught by pleasure? But, as it is shameful for him who rules over nations to be a slave at home, will it not be, in like manner, disgraceful for you, who exercise dominion over the beasts that are without you, to be subject to a great many, and those of the worse sort, that roar and domineer in your distempered mind?

## THE THREE BLIND MICE.

1. THERE were three blind mice  
All sat on the shelf eating rice :  
“ I say,” said one, “ oh, isn't it nice ?”  
“ I think,” said another, “ it wants a little spice,”  
“ My dear sir, you are rather too precise,”  
Said the third : “ Eat more and talk less,”  
Was our poor pa's advice—  
A truth he often tried to impress  
On his little brown blind mice.”
  
2. The old gray cat  
Sat on a thick rope mat,  
Washing her face and head,  
And listening to what they said,  
“ Stop,” said she, “ till I have wiped me dry,  
And I'll be with you by and by ;  
And if I'm not mistaken,  
Unless you save your bacon,  
My boys, I'll make you fly.”
  
3. She pricks up her ears,  
And to the cupboard goes,  
Saying, “ Wait a bit, my dears,  
Till I hook you with my toes,  
For, as I haven't dined to-day,  
I'll just take lunch, then go away.”  
And as she walked quite perpendicular,  
Said, “ I'm not at all particular.”
  
4. Without any further talk,  
She made a sudden spring,  
And, like many clever folk  
Who aim at everything,

She overleap'd her mark.  
 And in their hole so dark  
 The mice got safe away.  
 Said the cat, "This is notorious!"  
 And she mewed out quite uproarious.

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DANDYISM *versus* NEATNESS.—THACKERAY.

1. THERE is nothing disagreeable to me in the notion of a dandy any more than there is in the idea of a peacock, or a cameleopard, or a prodigious gaudy tulip, or an astonishingly bright brocade. There are all sorts of animals, plants, and stuffs in Nature, from peacocks to tom-tits, and from cloth of gold to corduroy, whereof the variety is assuredly intended by Nature, and certainly adds to the zest of life.

2. Therefore I do not say that LORD HUGO is a useless being, or bestow the least contempt upon him. Nay, it is right gratifying and natural that he should be, and be as he is—handsome and graceful, splendid and perfumed, beautiful—whiskered and empty-headed, a sumptuous dandy, and a man of fashion—and what you young men have denominated "A Swell."

3. But a cheap Swell, my dear Robert (and that little chin-ornament, as well as certain other indications which I have remarked in your simple nature, lead me to insist upon this matter rather strongly with you), is by no means a pleasing object for our observation, although he is presented to us so frequently. Try, my boy, and curb any little propensity which you may have to dresses that are too splendid for your station.

4. You do not want light kid gloves and wristbands up to your elbows, copying out Mr. Tapeworm's Pleas and Declarations: you will only blot them with lawyer's ink over your desk, and they will impede your writing: whereas Lord Hugo may decorate his hands in any way he likes, because he has



little else to do with them, but to drive cabs, or applaud dancing-girls' pirouettes, or to handle a knife and fork or a toothpick as becomes the position in life which he fills in so distinguished a manner.

5. Shave off your tuft then, my boy; and I pray you abolish the jewelry, towards which I clearly see you have a propensity. As you have a plain dinner at home, served comfortably on a clean table-cloth, so let your dress be perfectly neat, polite, and cleanly, without any attempts at splendor.

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A BACHELOR'S PHILOSOPHY.—M. Y. Y.

1. How sweet to find a moment's pause,  
Amid life's varied whirls,  
To study Nature, and her laws,  
As viewed among the girls!
2. But who a realm, so vast, so fair,  
Would dare attempt to scan?  
Yet, he who *could* the task forbear,  
Were less or more than *man*.
3. For *we*, to Nature's teachings true,  
Her province gladly own,  
Her crowning gift demand as due,  
And scorn to live alone.
4. What though so vast our number wrecked,  
All o'er fair woman's world?  
What though the causes we detect,  
That such to ruin hurled?
5. Still, should one fail the seas to sail,  
Because of perils there,—  
Or rather brave the tempting wave,  
Whate'er may be one's *FAIR*?

## COMMON PEOPLE.—T. S. ARTHUR.

1. "ARE you going to call upon Mrs. Clayton and her daughters, Mrs. Marygold?" asked a neighbor, alluding to a family that had just moved into Sycamore Row.

"No, indeed, Mrs. Lemmington, that I am not. I don't visit everybody."

"I thought the Claytons were a very respectable family," remarked Mrs. Lemmington.

2. "Respectable! Everybody is getting respectable now-days. If they are respectable, it is very lately they have become so. What is Mr. Clayton, I wonder, but a schoolmaster! It's too bad that such people will come crowding themselves into genteel neighborhoods. The time was, when to live in Sycamore Row was guarantee enough for any one—but, now, all kinds of people have come into it."

3. "I have never met Mrs. Clayton," remarked Mrs. Lemmington; "but I have been told that she is a most estimable woman, and that her daughters have been educated with great care. Indeed, they are represented as being highly accomplished girls."

"Well, I don't care what they are represented to be. I'm not going to keep company with a schoolmaster's wife and daughters, that's certain."

4. "Is there anything disgraceful in keeping a school?"

"No, nor in making shoes, either. But, then, that's no reason why I should keep company with my shoemaker's wife, is it? Let common people associate together—that's my doctrine."

"But what do you mean by common people, Mrs. Marygold?"

"Why, I mean common people. Poor people. People who have not come of a respectable family. That's what I mean."

5. "I am not sure that I comprehend your explanation much better than I do your classification. If you mean as

you say, poor people, your objection will not apply with full force to the Claytons, for they are now in tolerably easy circumstances. As to the family of Mr. Clayton, I believe his father was a man of integrity, though not rich. And Mrs. Clayton's family I know to be without reproach of any kind."

6. "And yet they are common people for all that," persevered Mrs. Marygold. "Wasn't old Clayton a mere petty dealer in small wares. And wasn't Mrs. Clayton's father a mechanic?"

"Perhaps, if some of us were to go back a generation or two, we might trace out an ancestor who held no higher place in society," Mrs. Lemmington remarked quietly. "I have no doubt but that I should."

7. "I have no fears of that kind," replied Mrs. Marygold, in an exulting tone. "I shall never blush when my pedigree is traced."

"Nor I either, I hope. Still, I should not wonder, if some one of my ancestors had disgraced himself; for there are but few families that are not cursed with a spotted sheep. But I have nothing to do with that, and ask only to be judged by what I am—not by what my progenitors have been."

8. "A standard that few will respect, let me tell you."

"A standard that far the largest portion of society will regard as the true one, I hope," replied Mrs. Lemmington. "But surely, you do not intend refusing to call upon the Claytons for the reasons you have assigned, Mrs. Marygold."

"Certainly I do. They are nothing but common people, and therefore beneath me. I shall not stoop to associate with them."

"I think that I will call upon them. In fact, my object in dropping in this morning was to see, if you would not accompany me," said Mrs. Lemmington.

9. "Indeed, I will not, and for the reasons I have given. They are only common people. You will be stooping."

"No one stoops in doing a kind act. Mrs. Clayton is a stranger in the neighborhood, and is entitled to the courtesy

of a call, if no more ; and that I shall extend to her. If I find her to be uncongenial in her tastes, no intimate acquaintanceship need be formed. If she is congenial, I will add another to my list of valued friends. You and I, I find, estimate differently. I judge every individual by merit, you by family, or descent."

10. "You can do as you please," rejoined Mrs. Marygold, somewhat coldly. "For my part, I am particular about my associates. I will visit Mrs. Florence, and Mrs. Harwood, and such as move in good society, but as to your school-teachers' wives and daughters, I must beg to be excused."

"Every one to her taste," rejoined Mrs. Lemmington, with a smile, as she moved towards the door, where she stood for a few moments to utter some parting compliments, and then withdrew.

11. Five minutes afterwards she was shown into Mrs. Clayton's parlors, where, in a moment or two, she was met by the lady upon whom she had called, and received with an easy gracefulness that at once charmed her. A brief conversation convinced her that Mrs. Clayton was, in intelligence and moral worth, as far above Mrs. Marygold, as that personage imagined herself to be above her. Her daughters, who came in while she sat conversing with their mother, showed themselves to possess all those graces of mind and manner that win upon our admiration so irresistibly. An hour passed quickly and pleasantly, and then Mrs. Lemmington withdrew.

12. The difference between Mrs. Lemmington and Mrs. Marygold was simply this. The former had been familiar with what is called the best society from her earliest recollection, and being, therefore, constantly in association with those looked upon as the upper class, knew nothing of the upstart self-estimation which is felt by certain weak, ignorant persons, who, by some accidental circumstance, are elevated far above the condition into which they moved originally.

13. She could estimate true worth in humble garb as well

as in velvet and rich satins. She was one of those individuals who never pass an old and worthy domestic in the street without recognition, or stopping to make some kind inquiry—one who never forgot a familiar face, or neglected to pass a kind word to even the humblest who possessed the merit of good principles.

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CUPID'S ARROW.—N. Y. MIRROR.

1. Young Cupid went storming to Vulcan one day,  
And besought him to look at his arrow.  
" 'Tis useless," he cried; " you must mend it, I say ;  
'Tisn't fit to let fly at a sparrow.  
There's something that's wrong in the shaft or the dart,  
For it flutters quite false to my aim ;  
'Tis an age since it fairly went home to the heart,  
And the world really jests at my name.
2. " I have straighten'd, I've bent, I've tried all I declare,  
I've perfumed it with sweetest of sighs ;  
'Tis feather'd with ringlets my mother might wear,  
And the barb gleams with light from young eyes ;  
But it falls without touching—I'll break it, I vow,  
For there's Hymen beginning to pout ;  
He's complaining his torch burns so dull and so low,  
That Zephyr might put it right out."
3. Little Cupid went on with his pitiful tale,  
Till Vulcan the weapon restored.  
" There, take it, young sir ; try it now—if it fail,  
I will ask neither fee nor reward."  
The urchin shot out, and rare havoc he made ;  
The wounded and dead were untold ;  
But no wonder the rogue had such slaughtering trade,  
For the arrow was laden with gold !

## WATER IS BEST.

1. WATER is best for the man of health,  
    'Twill keep his strength secure ;  
Water is best for the man of wealth,  
    'Twill keep his riches sure.
2. Water is best for the feeble man,  
    'Twill make his health improve ;  
Water is best for the poor, I ken,  
    'Twill make his wants remove.
3. Water for those who are growing old,  
    'Twill keep them hale and strong ;  
Water is best for the young and bold,  
    'Twill make their moments long.
4. Water is best for the man of toil,  
    'Twill make his labor light ;  
Water is best for the " loafers," who soil  
    Not a hand from morning till night.
5. Water is best for the man of strife,  
    'Twill make his anger slow ;  
And for him who leads a peaceful life,  
    'Tis the very best drink I know.
6. Water is best for the man of state,  
    'Twill make his judgment true ;  
Water is best for those who wait  
    His high commands to do.
7. Water, pure water's the drink for man,  
    Its fountains are full and free !  
Others may drink " fire-waters" who can,  
    Pure water 's the nectar for me !

## A CONTRAST.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

1. I WAS yet a stranger in England, and curious to notice the manners of its fashionable classes. I found, as usual, that there was the least pretension where there was the most acknowledged title to respect. I was particularly struck, for instance, with the family of a nobleman of high rank, consisting of several sons and daughters. Nothing could be more simple and unassuming than their appearance. They generally came to church in the plainest equipage, and often on foot. The young ladies would stop and converse in the kindest manner with the peasantry, caress the children, and listen to the stories of the humble cottagers.

2. Their countenances were open and beautifully fair, with an expression of high refinement, but, at the same time, a frank cheerfulness, and an engaging affability. Their brothers were tall and elegantly formed. They were dressed fashionably, but simply; with strict neatness and propriety, but without any mannerism or foppishness. Their whole demeanor was easy and natural, with that lofty grace, and noble frankness, which bespeak free-born souls that have never been checked in their growth by feelings of inferiority.

3. There is a healthful hardiness about real dignity, that never dreads contact and communication with others, however humble. It is only spurious pride that is morbid and sensitive, and shrinks from every touch. I was pleased to see the manner in which they would converse with the peasantry about those rural concerns and field-sports, in which the gentlemen of this country so much delight. In these conversations, there was neither haughtiness on the one part, nor servility on the other; and you were only reminded of the difference of rank by the habitual respect of the peasant.

4. In contrast to these, was the family of a wealthy citizen who had amassed a vast fortune; and, having purchased the estate and mansion of a ruined nobleman in the neighborhood, was endeavoring to assume all the style and dignity of an

hereditary lord of the soil. The family always come to church *en prince*.\* They were rolled majestically along in a carriage emblazoned with arms. The crest glittered in silver radiance from every part of the harness, where a crest could possibly be placed.

5. A fat coachman in a three-cornered hat, richly laced, and a flaxen wig, curling close round his rosy face, was seated on the box, with a sleek Danish dog beside him. Two footmen, in gorgeous liveries, with huge bouquets, and gold-headed canes, lolled behind. The carriage rose and sunk on its long springs with peculiar stateliness of motion. The very horses champed their bits, arched their necks, and glanced their eyes more proudly than common horses; either because they had got a little of the family feeling, or were reined up more tightly than ordinary.

6. I could not but admire the style with which this splendid pageant was brought up to the gate of the churchyard. There was a vast effect produced at the turning of an angle of the wall;—a great smacking of the whip; straining and scrambling of the horses; glistening of harness, and flashing of wheels through gravel. This was the moment of triumph and vainglory to the coachman. The horses were urged and checked until they were fretted into a foam. They threw out their feet in a prancing trot, dashing about pebbles at every step. The crowd of villagers, sauntering quietly to church, opened precipitately to the right and left, gaping in vacant admiration. On reaching the gate the horses were pulled up with a suddenness that produced an immediate stop, and almost threw them on their haunches.

7. There was an extraordinary hurry of the footmen to alight, open the door, pull down the steps, and prepare everything for the descent on earth of this august family. The old citizen first emerged his round red face from out the door, looking about him with the pompous air of a man accustomed to rule on 'Change, and shake the Stock Market with a nod.

\* In princely style.



His consort, a fine, fleshy, comfortable dame, followed him. There seemed, I must confess, but little pride in her composition. She was the picture of a broad, honest, vulgar enjoyment. The world went well with her; and she liked the world. She had fine clothes, a fine house, a fine carriage, fine children, everything was fine about her; it was nothing but driving about, and visiting and feasting. Life was to her a perpetual revel; it was one long Lord Mayor's day.

8. Two daughters succeeded to this goodly couple. They certainly were handsome; but had a supercilious air, that chilled admiration, and disposed the spectator to be critical. They were ultra-fashionable in dress; and, though no one could deny the richness of their decorations, yet their appropriateness might be questioned amidst the simplicity of a country church. They descended loftily from the carriage, and moved up the line of peasantry with a step that seemed dainty of the soil it trod on. They cast an excursive glance around, that passed coldly over the burly faces of the peasantry, until they met the eyes of the nobleman's family, when their countenances immediately brightened into smiles, and they made the most profound and elegant courtesies; which were returned in a manner that showed they were but slight acquaintances.

9. I must not forget the two sons of this aspiring citizen, who came to church in a dashing curricule, with outriders. They were arrayed in the extremity of the mode, with all that pedantry of dress which marks the man of questionable pretensions to style. They kept entirely by themselves, eyeing every one askance that came near them, as if measuring his claims to respectability; yet they were without conversation, except the exchange of an occasional cant phrase. They even moved artificially; for their bodies, in compliance with the caprice of the day, had been disciplined into the absence of all ease and freedom. Art had done everything to accomplish them as men of fashion, but nature had denied them the nameless grace.

10. I have been rather minute in drawing the pictures of these two families, because I considered them specimens of what is often to be met with in this country—the unpretending great, and the arrogant little. I have no respect for titled rank, unless it be accompanied with true nobility of soul ; but I have remarked in all countries where artificial distinctions exist, that the very highest classes are always the most courteous and unassuming. Those who are well assured of their own standing, are least apt to trespass on that of others ; whereas, nothing is so offensive as the aspirings of vulgarity, which thinks to elevate itself by humiliating its neighbor.

11. As I have brought these families into contrast, I must notice their behavior in church. That of the nobleman's family was quiet, serious, and attentive. Not that they appeared to have any fervor of devotion, but rather a respect for sacred things, and sacred places, inseparable from good breeding. The others, on the contrary, were in a perpetual flutter and whisper ; they betrayed a continual consciousness of finery, and a sorry ambition of being the wonders of a rural congregation.

12. The old gentleman was the only one really attentive to the service. He took the whole burden of family devotion upon himself, standing bolt upright and uttering the responses with a loud voice, that he might be heard all over the church. It was evident that he was one of those thorough church and king men, who connect the idea of devotion and loyalty ; who consider the Deity, somehow or other, of the government party, and religion “a very excellent sort of thing, that ought to be countenanced and kept up.”

13. When he joined so loudly in the service, it seemed more by way of example to the lower orders, to show them, that, though so great and wealthy, he was not above being religious ; as I have seen a turtle-fed Alderman swallow publicly a basin of charity soup, smacking his lips at every mouthful, and pronouncing it “excellent food for the poor.”

14. When the service was at an end, I was curious to wit-

ness the several exits of my groups. The young noblemen and their sisters, as the day was fine, preferred strolling home across the fields, chatting with the country people as they went. The others departed as they came, in grand parade. Again were the equipages wheeled up to the gate. There was again the smacking of whips, the clattering of hoofs, and the glittering of harness. The horses started off almost at a bound; the villagers again hurried to right and left; the wheels threw up a cloud of dust; and the aspiring family was wrapt out of sight in a whirlwind.

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#### LIKING AND DISLIKING.

1. YE who know the reason, tell me  
     How it is that instinct still  
     Prompts the heart to like—or like not—  
     At its own capricious will !  
     Tell me by what hidden magic  
     Our impressions first are led  
     Into liking—or disliking—  
     Oft before a word be said ?
  
2. Why should smiles sometimes repel us ?  
     Bright eyes turn our feelings cold ?  
     What is that which comes to tell us  
     All that glitters is not gold ?  
     Oh—no feature, plain or striking,  
     But a power we cannot shun  
     Prompts our liking, or disliking,  
     Ere acquaintance hath begun !
  
3. Is it instinct—or some spirit  
     Which protects us—and controls  
     Every impulse we inherit,  
     By some sympathy of souls ?

Is it instinct?—is it nature?  
 Or some freak, or fault of chance,  
 Which our liking—or disliking—  
 Limits to a single glance?

4. Like presentiment of danger,  
 Through the sky no shadow flings;  
 Or that inner sense, still stranger,  
 Of unseen—unutter'd things!  
 Is it—oh, can no one tell me,  
 No one show sufficient cause,  
 Why our likings—and dislikings—  
 Have their own instinctive laws?

#### LIFE IS SWEET.

1. "Oh, life is sweet!" said a merry child;  
 "And I love, I love to roam  
 In the meadows green, 'neath the sky serene—  
 Oh! the world is a fairy home.  
 There are trees hung thick with blossoms fair,  
 And flowers gay and bright;  
 There's the moon's clear ray, and the sun-lit day—  
 Oh, the world is a world of light!"
2. "Oh, life is sweet!" said a gallant youth,  
 As he conned the storied page;  
 And he pondered on the days by-gone,  
 And the fame of a former age.  
 There was hope in his bright and beaming eye,  
 And he longed for riper years;  
 He clung to life—he dared its strife—  
 He felt, nor dread, nor fears.

3. "Oh, life is sweet!" came merrily  
From the lips of a fair young bride;  
And a happy smile she gave the while  
To the dear one by her side.  
"Oh, life is sweet! for we will live  
Our constancy to prove;  
Thy sorrows mine, my trials thine,  
Our solace in our love."
4. "Oh, life is sweet!" said a mother fond,  
As she gazed on her helpless child;  
And she closer pressed to her gladdened breast  
Her babe, who, unconscious, smiled.  
My life shall be for thee, my child,  
Pure, guiltless, as thou art;  
And who shall dare my soul to tear  
From the tie that forms a part?"
5. "Oh, life is sweet!" said an aged sire,  
Whose eye was sunk and dim;  
His form was bent—his strength was spent—  
Could life be sweet to him?  
Oh, yes; for round the old man's chair  
His children's children clung;  
And each dear face and warm embrace  
Made life seem ever young.
6. Thus life is sweet, from early youth  
To weak, enfeebled age;  
Love twines with life, through care and strife,  
In every varied stage.  
Though rough, perchance, the path we tread,  
And dark the sky above,  
In every state there's something yet  
To live for and to love.

## THE BAG OF GOLD.

1. **THERE** lived, in the fourteenth century, near Bologna, a widow lady, called Madonna Lucrezia, who, in a revolution of the state, had known the bitterness of poverty, and had even begged her bread : kneeling day after day, like a statue at the gate of the cathedral, her rosary in her left hand and her right held out for charity, her long black veil concealing a face that had once adorned a court, and had received the homage of as many sonnets as Petrarch has written on Laura.

2. But fortune at last relented ; a legacy from a distant relation had come to her relief ; and she was now the mistress of a small inn at the foot of the Apennines, where she entertained as well as she could, and where those only stopped, who were contented with a little. The house was still standing when in my youth I passed that way, though the Sign of the White Cross, the Cross of the Hospitallers, was no longer to be seen over the door—a sign which she had taken, if we may believe the tradition there, in honor of a maternal uncle, a grand-master of that order, whose achievements in Palestine she would sometimes relate.

3. A mountain stream ran through the garden ; and at no great distance, where the road turned on its way to Bologna, stood a little chapel, in which a lamp was always burning before a picture of the Virgin, a picture of great antiquity, the work of some Greek artist.

Here she was dwelling respected by all who knew her, when an event took place which threw her into the deepest affliction. It was noon-day in September, that three foot-travellers arrived, and, seating themselves on a bench under her vine-trellis, were supplied with a flagon of wine by a lovely girl, her only child, the image of her former self.

4. The eldest spoke like a Venetian, and his beard was short and pointed after the fashion of Venice : in his demeanor he affected great courtesy, but his look inspired little confidence ;

for when he smiled, which he did continually, it was with his lips only, not with his eyes; and they were always turned from yours. His companions were bluff and frank in their manner, and on their tongues had many an oath.

5. In their hats they wore a medal, such as in that age was often distributed in war; and they were evidently subalterns in one of those free bands which were always ready to serve in any quarrel, if a service it could be called, where a battle was little more than a mockery, and the slain, as on an operastage, were up and fighting to-morrow. Overcome with the heat, they threw aside their cloaks, and with their gloves tucked under their belts, continued for some time in earnest conversation.

6. At length they rose to go, and the Venetian thus addressed the hostess:—"Excellent lady, may we leave under your roof, for a day or two, this bag of gold?"

"You may," she replied gaily. "But remember we fasten only with a latch. Bars and bolts we have none in our village; and if we had, where would be your security?"

"In your word, lady."

"But what if I die to-night? Where would it be then?" said she, laughing. "The money would go to the church; for none could claim it."

"Perhaps you will favor us with an acknowledgment."

"If you will write it."

7. An acknowledgment was written accordingly, and she signed it before Dr. Bartolo, the village physician, who had just called by chance to learn the news of the day: the gold to be delivered when applied for, but to be delivered (these were the words) not to one—nor to two—but to the three; words wisely introduced by those to whom it belonged, knowing what they knew of each other. The gold they had just released from a miser's chest in Perugia, and they were now on a scent that promised more.

8. They and their shadow had no sooner departed than the Venetian returned, saying: "Give me leave to set my seal on

the bag, as the others have done ;” and she placed it on a table before him. But in that moment she was called away to receive a cavalier, who had just dismounted from his horse ; and when she came back it was gone. The temptation had proved irresistible ; and the man and the money had vanished together.

9. “ Wretched woman that I am !” she cried, as in an agony of grief she fell on her daughter’s neck. “ What will become of us ! Are we again to be cast out into the wide world ? Unhappy child, would thou hadst never been born !” and all day long she lamented ; but her tears availed her little. The others were not slow in returning to claim their due ; and there were no tidings of the thief : he had fled far away with his plunder. A process against her was instantly begun in Bologna ; and what defense could she make—how release herself from the obligation of the bond ? Willfully or in negligence she had parted with it to one, when she should have kept it for all, and inevitable ruin awaited her.

10. “ Go, Gianetta,” said she, to her daughter, “ take this veil which your mother has worn and wept under so often, and implore the Counselor Calderino to plead for us on the day of trial. He is generous, and will listen to the unfortunate. But, if he will not, go from door to door ; Monaldi cannot refuse us. Make haste, my child ; but remember the chapel as you pass it. Nothing prospers without a prayer.”

11. Alas, she went, but in vain. These were retained against them ; those demanded more than they had to give ; and all bade them despair. What was to be done ? No Advocate, and the cause to come on to-morrow ! Now Gianetta had a lover, and he was a student of the law, a young man of great promise—Lorenzo Martelli. He had studied long and diligently under that learned lawyer, Giovanni Andreas, who, though little of stature, was great in renown, and by his cotemporaries was called the arch-doctor, the rabbi of doctors, the light of the world.

12. Under him he had studied, sitting on the same bench with Petrarch ; and also under his daughter Novello, who



would often lecture to the scholars when her father was otherwise engaged: placing herself behind a small curtain, lest her beauty should divert their thoughts—a precaution in this instance at least unnecessary, Lorenzo having given his heart to another. To him she flies in her necessity; but of what assistance can he be? He has just taken his place at the bar, but has never spoken; and how stand up alone, unpracticed and unprepared as he is, against an array that would alarm the most experienced?

13. "Were I as mighty as I am weak," said he, "my fears for you would make me as nothing. But I will be there Gianetta; and may the Friend of the friendless give me strength in that hour! Even now my heart fails me; but come what will, while I have a loaf to share, you and your mother shall never want. I will beg through the world for you."

14. The day arrives, and the court assembles. The claim is stated, and the evidence given. And now the defense is called for—but none is made; not a syllable is uttered; and, after a pause and consultation of some minutes, the judges are proceeding to give judgment, silence having been proclaimed in the court, when Lorenzo rises and thus addresses them:—

15. "Reverend Signors,—Young as I am, may I venture to speak before you? I would speak in behalf of one who has none else to help her; and I will not keep you long. Much has been said; much on the sacred nature of the obligation—and we acknowledge it in its full force. Let it be fulfilled, and to the last letter. It is what we solicit, what we require. But to whom is the bag of gold to be delivered? What says the bond? Not to one—not to two—but to the *three*. Let the three stand forth and claim it."

16. From that day (for who can doubt the issue?) none were sought, none employed, but the subtle, the eloquent Lorenzo. Wealth followed fame; nor need I say how soon he sat at his marriage-feast, or who sat beside him.—*Note to Rogers' Italy.*

## THE SHOEMAKER.

"Act well your part, *there* all the honor lies."—*Pope*.

1. THE shoemaker sat amid wax and leather,  
With his lap-stone over his knee,  
Where snug in his shop, he defied all weather,  
Drawing his quarters and sole together—  
A happy old man was he.
2. This happy old man was so wise and knowing,  
The worth of his time he knew,  
He bristled his ends and kept them going,  
And felt to each moment a stitch was owing,  
Until he got round the shoe.
3. Of every deed his wax was heeling,  
The closing was firm and fast ;  
The prick of his awl never caused a feeling  
Of pain to the toe ; and his skill in healing  
Was perfect and true to the last.
4. Whenever you gave him a foot to measure,  
With gentle and skillful hand,  
He took its proportions with looks of pleasure,  
As if he were giving the costliest treasure,  
Or making one lord of the land.
5. And many a one did he save from getting,  
A fever, a cold, or a cough,  
And many a foot did he save from wetting,  
When, whether in water or snow 'twas setting,  
His shoeing would keep them off.
6. When he had done with his making and mending,  
With hope and a peaceful breast,  
Resigning his awl, as his thread was ending,  
He passed from his bench to the grave descending,  
As high as the king at rest.

## THE GOOD OLD TIME.—THOMAS LINDSAY.

1. THE good old time, the happy old time ;  
You've surely all heard about the comfortable time ;  
For the old and the young and the middle aged chime  
Like bells when they speak about the good old time !
  
2. For then no chimneys did exist all to let out the smoke,  
Which thus was forced deliciously a coughing to provoke ;  
The houses then were finished off without the aid of lime ;  
Oh, these modern days are nothing to the good old time !
  
3. No stockings then did incommode the nether man at all ;  
No shoes to cram the feet into ; no hat the head to gall ;  
The windows had not any glass, whatever was the clime ;  
Oh, we think with admiration of the good old time !
  
4. And when some money you'd amass'd with many a heavy  
sigh,  
'Twas so enchanting then to think, that there was nought to  
buy ;  
For the race of men most surely then was only at its prime ;  
Oh, the enviable pleasures of the good old time !
  
5. Roads were not then expressly *made* to dislocate the bones,  
Nor had M'Adam then arisen to roughen them with stones ;  
No railway-coaches rattled on, but reason, or but rhyme :  
And we'll never cease to mourn for the good old time !
  
6. Then if you chose to travel on to England, or to France,  
Your adventures might have furnished out a volume of  
romance,  
'Tween overturns and robberies—that was the age of crime ;  
Oh, we'll never cease to sigh for the good old time !

7. But if by sea you chose to go much rather than by land—  
 No tossing on old ocean's back, impossible to stand—  
 But creeping snail-like near the shore, you flounder'd in  
 the slime.  
 We may weep, but weep in vain, for the good old time!
- 

#### UNCLE TOBY AND THE FLY.—~~STERN~~

1. My uncle Toby had scarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly.

—Go,—says he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time,—and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at last, as it flew by him;—I'll not hurt thee, says my uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room with the fly in his hand,—I'll not hurt a hair of thy head:—Go, says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape;—go, poor creature, get thou gone; why should I hurt thee?—This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.

2. I was but ten years old when this happened; but whether it was that the action itself was more in unison to my nerves in that age of pity, which instantly set my whole frame into one vibration of most pleasurable sensation:—or how far the manner and expression of it might go towards it; or in what degree, or by what secret magic,—a tone of voice and harmony of movement, attuned by mercy, might find a passage to my heart, I know not; this I know, that the lesson of universal good-will then taught and imprinted by my uncle Toby, has never since been worn out of mind; and though I would not depreciate what the study of *the humanities* at the university has done for me in that respect, or discredit the other helps of an expensive education bestowed upon me, both at home and abroad since;—yet I often think that I owe one half of my philanthropy to that one accidental impression.

## "WHAT IS A POET?"—TUPPER.

1. No jingler of rhymes, and no mingler of phrases,  
No tuner of times, and no pruner of daisies,  
No lullaby lyrist with nothing to say,  
No small sentimentalist fainting away,  
No gradus-and-prosody maker of verses,  
No Hector of tragedy vaporeing curses,—  
In a word—not a bad one—no mere "poetaster,"  
The monkey that follows some troubadour master,  
And filching from Tennyson, Shelley, or Keats,  
With cunning mosaic his coterie cheats  
Into voting the poor petty-larceny fool,  
A charming disciple of Wordsworth's sweet school!
2. Not a bit of it!—Pilferers, duncy and dreary;  
Human society's utterly weary  
Of gilt insincerities hopping in verse,  
And stately hexameters plumed like a hearse,  
And second-hand sentiment sugared with ice,  
And a third course of passions, warmed up very nice,  
And peaches of wax, and your sham wooden pine,  
The fitting dessert of a feast so divine!
3. With musical lies, and mechanical stuff,  
The verse-ridden world has been pestered enough;  
And yet in its heart, if unsmothered by words,  
It still can respond, from its innermost chords,  
To generous, truthful, melodious Sense,  
To beautiful language and feelings intense,  
To human affection sincerely poured out,  
To Eloquence,—tagged with a rhyme, or without,  
To anything tasteful, and hearty, and true,  
Delicate, graceful, and noble, and new.
4. Aye,—find me the man,—or the woman,—or child,  
Though modest yet bold, and though spirited, mild,

With a mind that can think, and a heart that can feel,  
 And the tongue and the pen that are skilled to reveal,  
 And the eye that hath wept, and the hand that will aid,  
 And the brow that in peril was never afraid,—  
 With courage to dare and keenness to plan,  
 And tact to declare what is pleasant to Man,  
 While guiding, and teaching, and training his mind,  
 While spurring the lazy, and leading the blind,  
 With pureness in youth, and religion in age,  
 And cordial affections at every stage,—  
 The harp of this woman this man or this youth,  
 By genius well-strung, and made tuneful by truth,  
 Shall charm and shall ravish the world at its will,  
 And make its old heart yet tremble and thrill,  
 While all men shall own it, and feel it, and know it,  
 Gladly and gratefully :—Here is the Poet !

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“OLD” AND “YOUNG”—RELATIVE TERMS.—Dr QUINCY.

1. EVERYBODY, I believe, is young at some period of his life; at least one has an old physiological prejudice in that direction. Else, to hear people talk, one must really suppose that there are celebrated persons who are born to old age as to some separate constitutional inheritance.

2. Nobody says “Old Sophocles,” but very many people say “Old Chaucer.” Yet Chaucer was a younger man at his death than Sophocles. But if not, why should men insist upon one transitory stage or phasis in a long series of changes, as if suddenly and lawfully arrested, to the exclusion of all the rest. *Old Chaucer!* why, he was also middle-aged Chaucer; he was young Chaucer; he was baby Chaucer.

3. And the earlier distinctions of a man bear as much relation to posterity as his latter distinctions. Above all, one is betrayed into such misconceptions when a man carries a false certificate of age in the very name which designates his rela-

tionship to one's-self. My great-great-grandmother naturally I figured to myself as having a patriarchal beard. Could I think otherwise of one so deeply merged in grandmotherhood? But a portrait of her taken immediately after death represented her as an attractive young woman not quite twenty-three!

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MORAL COSMETICS.—HORACE SMITH.

1. Ye who would save your features florid,  
Lithe limbs, bright eyes, unwrinkled forehead,  
From Age's devastation horrid,  
Adopt this plan,—  
'Twill make, in climate cold or torrid,  
A hale old man :—
2. Avoid, in youth, luxurious diet :  
Restrain the passions' lawless riot ;  
Devoted to domestic quiet,  
Be wisely gay ;  
So shall ye, spite of Age's fiat,  
Resist decay.
3. Seek not, in Mammon's worship, pleasure ;  
But find your richest, dearest treasure,  
In books, friends, music, polished leisure :  
The mind, not sense,  
Made the sole scale by which to measure  
Your opulence.
4. This is the solace, this the science,  
Life's purest, sweetest, best appliance,  
That disappoints not man's reliance,  
Whate'er his state ;  
But challenges with calm defiance  
Time, fortune, fate.

## THE NEEDLE.—SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

1. THE gay belles of fashion may boast of excelling  
In waltz or cotillon, at whist or quadrille ;  
And seek admiration by vauntingly telling  
Of drawing, and painting, and musical skill ;  
But give me the fair one, in country or city,  
Whose home and its duties are dear to her heart,  
Who cheerfully warbles some rustical ditty,  
While plying the needle with exquisite art :  
The bright little needle—the swift-flying needle,  
The needle directed by beauty and art.
  
2. If love have a potent, a magical token,  
A talisman, ever resistless and true,—  
A charm that is never evaded or broken,  
A witchery certain the heart to subdue,—  
'Tis this,—and his armory never has furnished  
So keen and unerring, or polished a dart ;  
Let beauty direct it, so pointed and burnished,  
And, oh ! it is certain of touching the heart :  
The bright little needle—the swift-flying needle,  
The needle directed by beauty and art.
  
3. Be wise, then, ye maidens, nor seek admiration  
By dressing for conquest, and flirting with all ;  
You *never*, whate'er be your fortune or station,  
Appear half so lovely at rout or at ball,  
As gayly convened at a work-covered table,  
Each cheerfully active and playing her part,  
Beguiling the task with a song or a fable,  
And plying the needle with exquisite art :  
The bright little needle—the swift-flying needle,  
The needle directed by beauty and art.



## FRANKLIN AND HIS CUSTOMER.

ONE fine morning when Franklin was busy preparing his newspaper for the press, a lounger stepped into the store, and spent an hour or more in looking over the books, &c., and finally taking one in his hand, asked the shop boy the price.

"One dollar," was the answer.

"One dollar," said the lounger; "can't you take any less than that?"

"No, indeed; one dollar is the price."

Another hour had nearly passed, when the lounger asked:—

"Is Mr. Franklin at home?"

"Yes, he is in the printing office."

"I want to see him," said the lounger.

The shop boy immediately informed Mr. Franklin that a gentleman was in the store waiting to see him. Franklin was soon behind the counter, when the lounger with book in hand addressed him thus:—

"Mr. Franklin, what is the lowest you can take for this book?"

"One dollar and a quarter," was the ready answer.

"One dollar and a quarter! Why your young man asked only a dollar."

"True," said Franklin, "and I could have better afforded to have taken a dollar than to have been taken out of the office."

The lounger seemed surprised, and wishing to end the parley of his own making, said:—

"Come, Mr. Franklin, tell what is the lowest you can take for it."

"One dollar and a half."

"A dollar and a half! Why, you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter."

"Yes," said Franklin, "and I had better have taken that price than a dollar and a half now."

The lounger paid down the price, and went about his business,—if he had any,—and Franklin returned into the printing office.

## MARRIAGE OF THE SUN AND MOON.—H. S. ELLENWOOD.

1. Did you know that a wedding has happened on high!  
     And who were the parties united?  
     'Twas the Sun and the Moon! in the halls of the sky  
     They were joined, and our continent witnessed the tie;  
     No continent else was invited!
2. Their courtship was tedious, for seldom they met  
     Tête-à-tête, while long centuries glided,  
     But the warmth of his love she can hardly forget,  
     For, though distant afar, he would smile on her yet,  
     Save, when Earth the fond couple divided.
3. But why was the courtship so prolix? and why  
     So long was postponed their connection?  
     That the bridegroom was anxious 'twere vain to deny,  
     Since the heat of his passion pervaded the sky;  
     But the bride was renowned for—reflection.
4. Besides, 'tis reported their friends were all vexed;  
     The match was deemed somehow unequal;  
     And, when bid to the wedding, each made some pretext  
     To decline, till the lovers worn out and perplexed,  
     Were compelled to elope in the sequel.
5. Mars and Jupiter never such business could bear,  
     So they haughtily kept themselves from it;  
     Herschell dwelt at such distance, he could not be there;  
     Saturn sent, with reluctance, his Ring to the fair,  
     By the hand of a trust-worthy comet.
6. Only one dim, pale planet, of planets the least,  
     Condescended these nuptials to honor;  
     And that seemed like skulking away to the East,  
     Some assert that it was Mercury acting as priest;  
     Some Venus, a peeping;—shame on her!

7. Earth in silence rejoiced as the bridegroom and bride  
 In their mutual embraces would linger,  
 Whilst careening through regions of light at his side,  
 She displayed the bright ring, *not* "a world too wide"  
 For a conjugal pledge, on her finger.
8. Henceforth shall these Orbs, to all husbands and wives  
 Shine as patterns of duty respected ;  
 All her splendor and glory from him she derives,  
 And *she* shows to the world, that the kindness *he* gives,  
 Is faithfully prized and reflected.

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 IMPATIENCE ABOUT TRIFLES.—MISS EDGEWORTH.

WHEN Griselda thought that her husband had long enough enjoyed his new existence, and that there was danger of his forgetting the taste of sorrow, she changed her tone. One day, when he had not returned home exactly at the appointed minute, she received him with a frown ; such as would have made even Mars himself recoil, if Mars could have beheld such a frown upon the brow of his Venus.

"Dinner has been kept waiting for you this hour, my dear."

"I am very sorry for it ; but why did you wait, my dear ? I am really very sorry I am so late, but" (looking at his watch) "it is only half-past six by me."

"It is seven by me."

They presented their watches to each other ; he in an apologetical, she in a reproachful, attitude.

"I rather think you are too fast, my dear," said the gentleman.

"I am very sure you are too slow, my dear," said the lady.

"My watch never loses a minute in the four-and-twenty hours," said he.

"Nor mine a second," said she.

"I have reason to believe I am right, my love," said the husband, mildly.

"Reason!" exclaimed the wife, astonished. "What reason can you possibly have to believe you are right, when I tell you I am morally certain you are wrong, my love."

"My only reason for doubting it is, that I set my watch by the sun to-day."

"The sun must be wrong then," cried the lady, hastily. "You need not laugh; for I know what I am saying; the variation, the declination, must be allowed for, in computing it with the clock. Now you know perfectly well what I mean, though you will not explain it for me, because you are conscious I am in the right."

"Well, my dear, if *you* are conscious of it, that is sufficient. We will not dispute any more about such a trifle. Are they bringing up dinner?"

"If they know that you are come in; but I am sure I cannot tell whether they do or not. Pray, my dear Mrs. Nettleby," cried the lady, turning to a female friend, and still holding her watch in her hand, "what o'clock is it by you? There is nobody in the world hates disputing about trifles so much as I do; but I own I do love to convince people that I am in the right."

Mrs. Nettleby's watch had stopped. How provoking! Vexed at having no immediate means of convincing people that she was in the right, our heroine consoled herself by proceeding to criminate her husband, not in this particular instance, where he pleaded guilty, but upon the general charge of being always late for dinner, which he strenuously denied.

There is something in the species of reproach, which advances thus triumphantly from particulars to generals, peculiarly offensive to every reasonable and susceptible mind; and there is something in the general charge of being always late for dinner, which the punctuality of man's nature cannot easily endure, especially if he be *hungry*.

## THE MORNING-GOWN.

1. THE amusing Diderot thus bewails the loss of his old Morning-Gown:—"What could tempt me to dismiss that good old servant! It was made for me: I was made for it. It fitted every turn of my body with its pliable folds. I was easy and even appeared graceful in it, while my new cumbrous garment renders all my motions stiff and awkward.

2. "My poor old friend was ready in a moment, to supply all my wants. Indigence is always so obliging! If a book was covered with dust, one of its sleeves was ready in a moment to wipe it: if my pen was clogged up with ink, how handy was a skirt of my old gown to cleanse it!

3. "Abundant were the jetty tokens of its frequent services; those tokens evinced the man of learning, the writer, the laborious author. I have now the air of an opulent idler. I scarce know myself now. Enveloped in my old gown, I defied my own or my servants awkwardness; I dreaded neither sparks of fire, nor drops of water.

4. "Poor thing! over it I was absolute monarch, but am myself become the humble slave of my *new* habit. Dear me! what ravages has luxury caused in my apartment! There *was* a time when the furniture of my chamber corresponded well with my good old domestic.

5. "A rush-bottomed chair, a deal table, a long shelf for my books, together with a few dingy old prints, formed, in concert with my venerable gown, a most harmonious groupe of indigents. Now the sober and edifying retreat of a philosopher is made to resemble the gaudy cabinet of a Nabob.

6. "Nothing of my laudable mediocrity remains, except a venerable mat, which agrees, indeed, but ill with the newer part of my furniture; but I have vowed, and here I do vow again, that I never will permit it to be removed.

7. "The feet of Diderot were not made to trample on the beautiful pictures of the Gobelins.\* No! I will preserve my

\* The place where the most elegant carpets are woven.

poor old ragged mat, as the Persian peasant, who, when elevated from his hovel to the palace of his Sovereign, kept, with care, his original wooden shoes, to remind him of his first humble station."

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CONJUGAL BANQUET.

1. TWELVE sorts of meats my wife provides,  
Nor fails me of a dish,  
Four are of flesh, of fruit are four  
The other four of fish.
  
2. For the first course, she stores my board  
With birds that dainties are,  
And first, a quail,\* and next a rail,  
A bittern and a jar.†
  
3. With these my appetite when cloyed,  
For fish she renders sharp,  
And serves me up a lump, a pout,‡  
A gudgeon, and a carp.
  
4. Then the dessert with fruit abounds,  
All fitting well the season,  
A medlar and an artichoke,  
A crab, and a *small reason*.
  
5. Now can a man have such a wife,  
And not upon her doat,  
Who every day provides him fare,  
Which costs him not a groat?

\* Quail for Quarrel, or rather Quell.

† Jar, an old word for the Ruff and Ree, from their quarreling.

‡ A whiting pout.

## SOLON AND CROESUS.—ENFIELD.

1. It is related, that Solon visited Croesus, king of Lydia, and that, during the interview, the following interesting conversation passed between them. Croesus, after entertaining his guest with great splendor, and making an ostentatious display of the magnificence of his palace, desirous to extort from Solon expressions of admiration which he did not seem inclined to bestow, asked him, whom of all mankind he esteemed most happy? Solon answered: "Tellus, the Athenian."

2. Croesus, surprised that Solon should name any other man in preference to himself, requested to be informed of the grounds of this judgment. "Tellus," replied Solon, "was descended from worthy parents, was the father of virtuous children, whom every one respected, and, at last, fell in an engagement in which, before he expired, he saw his country victorious."

3. Croesus, flattering himself that he should at least obtain the second place, in Solon's judgment, among the fortunate, inquired whom, next to Tellus, he thought most happy? Solon, in return, said, two youths of Argos, Cleobis and Biton, who while they lived were universally admired for their paternal affection to each other, and for their dutiful behavior to their mother; and who, after they had given an illustrious example of filial piety, expired without sorrow or pain.

4. Croesus, mortified to find the condition of a private citizen of Athens or Argos preferred to his own, could no longer refrain from asking Solon, whether he meant wholly to exclude him from the number of the happy? Solon's reply is a memorable proof of his wisdom: "The events of a future life are uncertain; he who has hitherto been prosperous may be unfortunate to-morrow: let no man therefore be pronounced happy before his death."

5. This observation made so deep an impression upon the mind of Croesus, that when afterwards, experiencing a reverse of fortune, he became a prisoner to Cyrus, and was brought

forth to be put to death, he cried out: "O Solon! Solon!" Cyrus inquiring into the meaning of the exclamation, Cræsus informed him of what had formerly passed between himself and Solon. The consequence was, that Cyrus, struck with the wisdom of Solon's remark, set Cræsus at liberty, and treated him with all the respect due to his former greatness.

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A HOME PICTURE.—MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

1. BEN FISHER had finished his harvesting,  
 And he stood by the orchard gate,  
 One foot on the rail, and one on the ground,  
 As he called on his good wife—Kate.  
 There were stains of toil on his wamus red,  
 The dust of the field on his hat:  
 But a twinkle of pleasure was in his eye,  
 As he looked on the stock so fat.
2. "Here, give me the baby, dear Kate, you are tired,  
 I fear you have too much care;  
 You must rest and pick up a little, I think,  
 Before we go to the Fair.  
 I'd hate to be taking fat oxen, you know,  
 Fat hogs, and fat sheep, and fat cows,  
 With a wife at my elbow, as poor as a crow,  
 And care wrinkles shading her brow.
3. "'Can't go,' did you say? 'Can't afford the expense?'  
 I know, Kate, our crops aint the best;  
 But we've labored together to keep things along,  
 And together we'll now take a rest.  
 The orchard is bare, but old Brindle is prime,  
 And Lily and Fan are a show;  
 Your butter and cheese can't be beat in the State,  
 So up to the Fair we will go.



4. "You've ne'er seen a city, and Cleveland is fine,  
Ne'er seen the blue billowy Lake;  
Ne'er rode in a rail-car, or been in a throng,  
So, Kate, this journey we'll take.  
And, gathering new feelings, new thoughts, and new ways,  
If we find those that suit as we roam,  
And garner up strength with our head, hearts and hands,  
For the love and the duties of home.
5. "I have sometimes thought, Kate, as I plodded along,  
For months, o'er the same weary round,  
That a fellow who had such a really hard time,  
In Ohio could nowhere be found;  
But when I've been called from my home for awhile  
And seen how the rest get along,  
I've come back to my toil with a light, cheerful heart,  
And 'there's no place like home,' was my song.
6. "I wonder that mothers don't wholly despair,  
Who ne'er from their cares get away,  
But walk the same tread-wheel of duty for years,  
Scarce stopping to rest, night or day.  
I don't wonder they grow discontented, sometimes,  
That their feelings grow raspy and cold;  
For toil never ending, and labor uncheered,  
Make women—and MEN—sometimes scold."
7. Kate looked up with a smile, and said: "Ben, we will go,  
There may be better oxen than ours,  
Horses swifter on foot, and cows finer by far,  
Better butter and cheese, fruit and flowers.  
But there's one thing I claim, I know can't be beat  
In the whole Yankee nation to-day;  
I'd not swap him, I for a kingdom to boot—  
That's my 'gude man,'—and Kate ran away.

## PEOPLE WITH ONE IDEA.—W. HAZLITT.

1. **THERE** are people who have but one idea ; at least, if they have more, they keep it a secret, for they never talk of but one subject.

There is Major Cartwright : he has but one idea or subject of discourse, Parliamentary Reform. Now, Parliamentary Reform is (as far as I know) a very good thing, a very good idea, and a very good subject to talk about : but why should it be the only one ? To hear the worthy and gallant Major resume his favorite topic, is like law-business, or a person who has a suit in Chancery depending.

2. Nothing can be attended to, nothing can be talked of, but that. Now it is getting on, now again it is standing still ; at one time, the Master has promised to pass judgment by a certain day, at another he has put it off again, and called for more papers, and both are equally reasons for speaking of it.

3. Conversation it is not ; but a sort of recital of the preamble of a bill, or a collection of grave arguments for a man's being of opinion with himself. It would be well, if there was anything of character, of eccentricity in all this ; but that is not the case. It is a political homily personified, a walking common-place we have to encounter and listen to.

4. It is a tune played on a barrel-organ. It is a common vehicle of discourse, into which such persons get, and are set down when they please, without any pains or trouble to themselves. Neither is it professional pedantry or trading quackery : it has no excuse. The man has no more to do with the question which he saddles on all his hearers, than you have.

5. If a farmer talks to you about his pigs or his poultry, or a physician about his patients, or a lawyer about his briefs, or a merchant about stock, or an author about himself, you know how to account for this ; it is a common infirmity : you have a laugh at his expense, and there is no more to be said. But here is a man who goes out of his way to be absurd, and is troublesome by a romantic effort of generosity.

## WHERE WAS THE EMPEROR TO SIT?—DR QUINCY.

1. Amongst the presents carried out by our first embassy to China, was a state-coach. It had been specially selected, as a personal gift by George III. ; but the exact mode of using it was a mystery to Pekin.

2. The ambassador, indeed, (Lord Macartney,) had made some dim and imperfect explanations upon the point ; but as his excellency communicated these in a diplomatic whisper, at the very moment of his departure, the mind of his celestial majesty was very feebly illuminated ; and it became necessary to call a cabinet council on the grand State question—"Where was the Emperor to sit?"

3. The hammer-cloth happened to be unusually gorgeous ; and partly on that consideration, but partly also because the box offered the most elevated seat, and undeniably went foremost, it was resolved by acclamation that the box was the imperial place, and, *for the scoundrel who drove, he might sit where he could find a perch.*

4. The horses, therefore, being harnessed, under a flourish of music and a salute of guns, solemnly his imperial majesty ascended his new English throne, having the first lord of the treasury on his right hand, and the chief jester on his left. Pekin gloried in the spectacle ; and in the whole flowery people, constructively present by representation, there was but one discontented person, which was the coachman.

5. This mutinous individual, looking as black-hearted as he really was, audaciously shouted : "Where am *I* to sit?" But the privy council, incensed by his disloyalty, unanimously opened the door, and kicked him into the inside. He had all the inside places to himself ; but such is the rapacity of ambition, that he was still dissatisfied.

6. "I say," he cried out in an extempore petition, addressed to the emperor through the window, "how am I to catch hold of the reins?" "Anyhow," was the answer ; "don't

trouble *me*, man, in my glory ; through the windows, through the key-holes—how you please.”

7. Finally this contumacious coachman lengthened the checkstrings into a sort of jury-reins, communicating with the horses ; with these he drove as steadily as may be supposed. The emperor returned after the briefest of circuits ; he descended in great pomp from his throne, with the severest resolution never to remount it. A public thanksgiving was ordered for his majesty's prosperous escape from the disease of a broken neck ; and the state-coach was dedicated forever as a votive offering to the god Fo, Fo—whom the learned more accurately called Fi, Fi.

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HERE'S A SONG FOR OLD DOBBIN.—NEW YORK MIRROR.

1. HERE'S a song for old Dobbin, whose temper and worth  
Are too rare to be spurned on the score of his birth.  
He's a creature of trust and what more should we heed ?  
'Tis deeds and not blood make the man and the steed.
2. He was bred in the forest and turned on the plain,  
Where the thistle-burs clung to his fetlocks and mane.  
All ugly and rough, not a soul could espy  
The spark of good humor that dwelt in his eye.
3. The summer had waned and the autumn months rolled  
Into those of stern winter all dreary and cold ;  
But the north wind might whistle, the snow-flake might  
dance,  
The colt of the common was left to his chance.
4. Half starved and half frozen, the hail storm would pelt,  
Till his shivering limbs told the pangs that he felt ;  
But we pitied the brute and though laughed at by all,  
But filled him a manger and gave him a stall.

5. He was fond as a spaniel, and soon he became  
The pride of the herd-boy, the pet of the dame.  
You may judge of his fame, when his price was a crown ;  
But we christened him Dobbin, and called him our own.
6. He grew out of colthood, and, lo ! what a change !  
The knowing ones said it was morally strange !  
For the foal of the forest, the colt of the waste,  
Attracted the notice of jockeys of taste.
7. The line of his symmetry was not exact ;  
But his paces were clever, his mould was compact ;  
And his shaggy thick coat now appeared with a gloss,  
Shining out like the gold that's been purged of its dross.
8. We broke him for service, and tamely he wore  
Girth and rein, seeming proud of the thralldom he bore ;  
Every farm has a steed for all work and all hours,  
And Dobbin, the sturdy bay pony, was ours.
9. He carried the master to barter his grain,  
And ever returned with him safely again :  
There was merit in that, for, deny it who may,  
When the master could *not*, Dobbin *could* find his way.
10. The dairy-maid ventured her eggs on his back :  
'Twas him, and him only, she'd trust with the pack.  
The team horses jolted, the roadster played pranks,  
So Dobbin alone had her faith and her thanks.
11. We fun-loving urchins would group by his side ;  
We might fearlessly mount him, and daringly ride ;  
We might creep through his legs, we might plait his long  
tail ;  
But his temper and patience were ne'er known to fail.

12. We would brush his bright hide till 'twas free from a speck ;  
We kissed his brown muzzle, and hugged his thick neck ;  
Oh! we prized him like life, and a heart-breaking sob  
Ever burst when they threatened to sell our dear Dob.
13. He stood to the collar, and tugged up the hill,  
With the pigs to the market, the grist to the mill ;  
With saddle or halter, in shaft or in trace,  
He was stanch to his work, and content with his place.
14. When the hot sun was crowning the toil of the year,  
He was sent to the reapers with ale and good cheer ;  
And none in the corn-field more welcome was seen  
Than Dob and his well-laden panniers, I ween.
15. Oh! those days of pure bliss shall I ever forget,  
When we decked out his head with the azure rosette ;  
All frantic with joy to be off to the fair,  
With Dobbin, good Dobbin, to carry us there ?
16. He was dear to us all, ay, for many long years ;  
But, mercy ! how's this ? my eye's filling with tears.  
Oh! how cruelly sweet are the echoes that start  
When Memory plays an old tune on the heart.
17. There are drops on my cheek, there's a throb in my  
breast,  
But my song shall not cease, nor my pen take its rest,  
Till I tell that old Dobbin still lives to be seen,  
With his oats in the stable, his tares on the green.
18. His best years have gone by, and the master who gave  
The stern yoke to his youth has enfranchised the slave.  
So browse on, my old Dobbin, nor dream of the knife,  
For the wealth of a king should not purchase thy life.

## STRIKE !—RALPH HOYT.

1. I've a liking for this "striking,"  
If we only do it well ;  
Firm, defiant, like a giant,  
Strike !—and make the effort tell !
2. One another, working brother,  
Let us freely now advise ;  
For reflection and correction  
Help to make us great and wise.
3. Work and wages, say the sages,  
Go forever hand in hand ;  
As the motion of an ocean,  
The supply and the demand.
4. My advice is, strike for prices  
Nobler far than sordid coin ;  
Strike with terror, sin and error,  
And let man and master join.
5. Every failing now prevailing  
In the heart, or in the head,—  
Make no clamor,—take the hammer,—  
Drive it down,—and strike it dead !
6. Much the chopping, lopping, propping,  
Carpenter, we have to do,  
Ere the plummet, from the summit,  
Mark our moral fabric true.
7. Take the measure of false pleasure ;  
Try each action by the square ;  
Strike a chalk-line, for you walk fine ;  
Strike, to keep your footsteps there ;

8. The foundation of creation  
Lies in truth's unerring laws :  
Man of mortar, there's no shorter  
Way to base a righteous cause.
9. Every builder, painter, gilder,  
Man of leather, man of clothes,  
Each mechanic in a panic  
With the way his labor goes.
10. Let him reason thus in season ;  
Strike the root of all his wrong,  
Cease his quarrels, mend his morals,  
And be happy, rich, and strong.

THE QUAKER AND THE SOLDIER.—~~STEELE~~

1. HAVING notified to my good friend Sir Roger, that I should set out for London the next day, his horses were ready at the appointed hour in the evening ; and, attended by one of his grooms, I arrived at the county town at twilight, in order to be ready for the stage-coach the day following. As soon as we arrived at the inn, the servant who waited upon me, inquired of the chamberlain, in my hearing, what company he had for the coach ?

2. The fellow answered, Mrs. Betty Arable the great fortune, and the widow her mother ; a recruiting officer (who took a place because they were to go), young 'squire Quickset her cousin, that her mother wished her to be married to ; Ephraim the Quaker, her guardian ; and a gentleman that had studied himself dumb, from Sir Roger de Coverley's.

3. I observed, by what he said of myself, that, according to his office he had dealt much in intelligence ; and doubted not there was some foundation for his reports of the rest of the



company, as well as for the whimsical account he gave of me. The next morning at day break we were all called ; and I, who know my own natural shyness, and endeavored to be as little liable to be disputed with as possible, dressed immediately, that I might make no one wait. |

4. The first preparation for our setting out was, that the captain's half-pike was placed near the coachman, and a drum behind the coach. In the meantime the drummer, the captain's equipage, was very loud, that none of the captain's things should be placed so as to be spoiled : upon which his cloak-bag was fixed in the seat of the coach ; and the captain himself, according to a frequent, though invidious behavior of military men, ordered his man to look sharp, that none but one of the ladies should have the place he had taken fronting the coach-box.

5. We were in some little time fixed in our seats, and sat with that dislike which people not too good-natured usually conceive of each other at first sight. The coach jumbled us insensibly into some sort of familiarity ; and we had not moved above two miles, when the widow asked the captain what success he had in his recruiting ? The officer, with a frankness he believed very graceful, told her, " that indeed he had but very little luck, and had suffered much by desertion ; therefore, should be glad to end his warfare in the service of her or her fair daughter ! In a word," continued he, " I am a soldier, and to be plain is my character : you see me, Madam, young, sound, and impudent : take me yourself, widow, or give me to her ; I will be wholly at your disposal.

6. " I am a soldier of fortune, ha !" This was followed by a vain laugh of his own and a deep silence of all the rest of the company. I had nothing left for it but to fall fast asleep, which I did with all speed. " Come," said he, " resolve upon it, we will make a wedding at the next town ; we will wake this pleasant companion, who is fallen asleep, to be the bride-man ; and," (giving the quaker a clap on the knee) he concluded, " this sly saint, who, I'll warrant, understands what's what as well as you or I, widow, shall give the bride as father."

7. The quaker, who happened to be a man of smartness, answered: "Friend, I take it in good part that thou hast given me the authority of a father over this comely and virtuous child; and I must assure thee, that if I have the giving her I shall not bestow her on thee. Thy mirth, friend, savoreth of folly: thou art a person of a light mind; thy drum is a type of thee; it soundeth because it is empty.

8. "Verily, it is not from thy fulness, but thy emptiness, that thou hast spoken this day. Friend, friend, we have hired this coach in partnership with thee to carry us to the great city; we cannot go any other way. This worthy mother must hear thee, if thou wilt needs utter thy follies; we cannot help it, friend, I say: if thou wilt, we must hear thee; but, if thou wert a man of understanding, thou wouldst not take advantage of thy courageous countenance to abash us children of peace.

9. "Thou art, thou sayest, a soldier; give quarter to us who cannot resist thee.

"Why didst thou flee at our friend who feigned himself asleep? He said nothing, but how dost thou know what he containeth? if thou speakest improper things in the hearing of this virtuous young virgin, consider it is an outrage against a distressed person that cannot get from thee. To speak indiscreetly what we are obliged to hear, by being hasped up with thee in this public vehicle, is in some degree assaulting on the high road."

10. Here Ephraim paused; and the captain, with a happy and uncommon impudence (which can be convicted and support itself at the same time), cries: "Faith, friend, I thank thee; I should have been a little impertinent, if thou hadst not reprimanded me. Come, thou art, I see, a smoky old fellow, and I'll be very orderly the ensuing part of my journey. I was going to give myself airs, but, ladies, I beg pardon."

11. The captain was so little out of humor, and our company was so far from being soured by this little ruffle, that Ephraim and he took a particular delight in being agreeable

to each other for the future, and assumed their different provinces in the conduct of the company. Our reckonings, apartments, and accommodations, fell under Ephraim; and the captain looked to all disputes on the road, as the good behavior of our coachman, and the right we had of taking place as going to London of all vehicles coming from thence.

12. The occurrences we met with were ordinary, and very little happened which could entertain by the relation of them; but when I considered the company we were in, I took it for no small fortune that the whole journey was not spent in impertinences, which to one part of us might be an entertainment, to the other a suffering. What therefore Ephraim said when we were almost arrived at London, had to me an air not only of good understanding, but good-breeding.

13. Upon the young lady's expressing her satisfaction in the journey, and declaring how delightful it had been to her, Ephraim delivered himself as follows: "There is no ordinary part of human life which expresseth so much a good mind, and a right inward man, as his behavior upon meeting with strangers, especially such as may seem the most unsuitable companions to him: such a man, when he falleth in the way with persons of simplicity and innocence, however knowing he may be in the ways of men, will not vaunt himself thereof; but will the rather hide his superiority to them, that he may not be painful unto them.

14. "My good friend," (continued he, turning to the officer,) "thee and I are to part by-and-bye, and peradventure we may never meet again; but be advised by a plain man; modes and apparel are but trifles to the real man; therefore do not think such a man as thyself terrible for thy garb, nor such a one as me contemptible for mine. When two such as thee and I meet, with affections as we ought to have towards each other, thou shouldst rejoice to see my peaceable demeanor, and I should be glad to see thy strength and ability to protect me in it."

## THE WANTS OF MAN.—J. QUINCY ADAMS.

"Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long."—*Goldsmith's Hermit.*

1. "MAN wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long."  
'Tis not with *me* exactly so,  
But 'tis so in the song.  
MY wants are *many*, and if told,  
Would musty many a score;  
And were each wish a mint of gold,  
I still should long for more.
  
2. What first I want is daily bread,  
And canvas backs and wine;  
And all the realms of nature spread  
Before me when I dine.  
Four courses scarcely can provide  
My appetite to quell,  
With four choice cooks from France, beside,  
To dress my dinner well.
  
3. What next I want, at heavy cost,  
Is elegant attire;—  
Black sable furs, for winter's frost,  
And silks for summer's fire,  
And Cashmere shawls, and Brussels lace  
My bosom's front to deck,  
And diamond rings my hands to grace,  
And rubies for my neck.
  
4. And then I want a mansion fair,  
A dwelling house, in style,  
Four stories high, for wholesome air—  
A massive marble pile;

With halls for banquets and for balls,  
All furnished rich and fine ;  
With stabled steeds in fifty stalls,  
And cellars for my wine.

5. I want a garden and a park,  
My dwelling to surround—  
A thousand acres (bless the mark !)  
With walls encompassed round—  
Where flocks may range and herds may low,  
And kids and lambkins play,  
And flowers and fruits commingled grow,  
All Eden to display.
6. I want, when summer's foliage falls,  
And autumn strips the trees,  
A house within the city's walls,  
For comfort and for ease.  
But here, as space is somewhat scant,  
And acres somewhat rare,  
My house in town I only want  
To occupy—a square !
7. I want a steward, butler, cooks ;  
A coachman, footman, grooms ;  
A library of well-bound books,  
And picture-garnished rooms ;  
Corregios, Magdalen, and Night,  
The matron of the chair ;  
Guido's fleet courses in their flight,  
And Claudes at least a pair.
8. I want a cabinet profuse  
Of medals, coins, and gems ;  
A printing press, for private use,  
Of fifty thousand ems ;

And plants, and minerals, and shells ;  
Worms, insects, fishes, birds ;  
And every beast on earth that dwells,  
In solitude or herds.

9. I want a board of burnished plate,  
Of silver and gold ;  
Tureens of twenty pounds in weight,  
With sculpture's richest mould ;  
Plateaus, with chandeliers and lamps,  
Plates, dishes—all the same ;  
And porcelain vases, with the stamps  
Of Sevres, Angouleme.
10. And maples, of fair glossy stain,  
Must form my chamber doors,  
And carpets of the Wilton grain  
Must cover all my floors ;  
My walls, with tapestry bedecked,  
Must never be outdone ;  
And damask curtains must protect  
Their colors from the sun.
11. And mirrors of the largest pane  
From Venice must be brought ;  
And sandal-wood, and bamboo cane,  
For chairs and tables bought ;  
On all the mantel-pieces, clocks  
Of thrice-gilt bronze must stand,  
And screens of ebony and box  
Invite the stranger's hand.
12. I want (who does not want ?) a wife,  
Affectionate and fair,  
To solace all the woes of life,  
And all its joys to share ;

Of temper sweet, of yielding will,  
Of firm, yet placid mind,  
With all my faults to love me still,  
With sentiment refined.

13. I want a warm and faithful friend,  
To cheer the adverse hour,  
Who ne'er to flatter will descend,  
Nor bend the knee to power ;  
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,  
My inmost soul to see ;  
And that my friendship prove as strong  
For him, as his for me.

14. I want a kind and tender heart,  
For others' wants to feel ;  
A soul secure from fortune's dart,  
And bosom armed with steel ;  
To bear divine chastisement's rod :  
And mingling in my plan,  
Submission to the will of God,  
With charity to man.

15. I want a keen, observing eye,  
An ever-listening ear,  
The truth through all disguise to spy,  
And wisdom's voice to hear ;  
A tongue, to speak at virtue's need,  
In Heaven's sublimest strain ;  
And lips, the cause of man to plead,  
And never plead in vain.

16. I want uninterrupted health,  
Throughout my long career,  
And streams of never-failing wealth,  
To scatter far and near ;

The destitute to clothe and feed,  
Free bounty to bestow ;  
Supply the helpless orphan's need,  
And soothe the widow's woe.

17. I want the seals of power and place,  
The ensigns of command,  
Charged by the people's unbought grace,  
To rule my native land.  
Nor crown, nor sceptre would I ask  
But from my country's will,  
By day, by night, to ply the task  
Her cup of bliss to fill.

18. I want the voice of honest praise  
To follow me behind,  
And to be thought in future days  
The friend of human kind ;  
That after ages, as they rise,  
Exulting may proclaim,  
In choral union to the skies,  
Their blessings on my name.

19. These are the wants of mortal man ;  
I cannot want them long,  
For life itself is but a span,  
And earthly bliss a song.  
My last great want, absorbing all,  
Is, when beneath the sod,  
And summoned to my final call,  
The mercy of my God.

20. And oh! while circles in my veins  
Of life the purple stream,  
And yet a fragment small remains  
Of nature's transient dream,



My soul, in humble hope unscar'd,  
Forget not thou to pray,  
That this thy WANT may be prepared  
To meet the Judgment Day.

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IS NOT A PALACE, BUT A CARAVANSARY!—SPROTATOR.

A DERVISE travelling through Tartary, being arrived at the town of Balk, went into the king's palace by mistake, as thinking it to be a public inn or caravansary. Having looked about him for some time, he entered into a long gallery, where he laid down his wallet, and spread his carpet, in order to repose himself upon it after the manner of eastern nations. He had not been long in this posture, before he was discovered by some of the guards, who asked him what was his business in that place? The Dervise told them that he intended to take up his night's lodging in that caravansary. The guards let him know, in a very angry manner, that the house he was in, was not a caravansary, but the king's palace. It happened that the king himself passed through the gallery during this debate, and, smiling at the mistake of the Dervise, asked him how he could possibly be so dull as not to distinguish a palace from a caravansary? "Sir," says the Dervise, "give me leave to ask your majesty a question or two. Who were the persons who lodged in this house when it was first built?" The King replied, "His ancestors." "And who," says the Dervise, "was the last person that lodged here?" The King replied, "His father." "And who is it," says the Dervise, "that lodges here at present?" The King told him "that it was he himself." "And who," says the Dervise, "will be here after you?" The King answered, "The young prince, his son." "Ah, sir," said the Dervise, "a house that changes its inhabitants so often, and receives such a perpetual succession of guests, is not a palace, but a caravansary."

## THE THREE WARNINGS.—MRS. THRALE.

1. WHEN sports went round, and all were gay,  
On neighbor Dobson's wedding-day,  
Death called aside the jocund groom  
With him into another room,  
And, looking grave—"You must," says he,  
"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."
  
2. "With you! and quit my Susan's side!  
With you!" the hapless husband cried;  
"Young as I am? 'tis monstrous hard!  
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared;  
My thoughts on other matters go;  
This is my wedding-night, you know."  
What more he urged I have not heard;  
His reasons could not well be stronger:  
So Death the poor delinquent spared,  
And left to live a little longer.
  
3. Yet calling up a serious look,—  
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke,—  
"Neighbor," he said, "farewell! no more  
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour;  
And further, to avoid all blame  
Of cruelty upon thy name,  
To give you time for preparation,  
And fit you for your future station,  
Three several warnings you shall have  
Before you're summoned to the grave.  
Willing, for once, I'll quit my prey,  
And grant a kind reprieve,  
In hopes you'll have no more to say,  
But, when I call again this way,  
Well pleased, the world will leave."

To these conditions both consented,  
And parted, perfectly contented.

4. What next the hero of our tale befell,  
How long he lived, how wisely, and how well,—  
How roundly he pursued his course,  
And smoked his pipe and stroked his horse,—  
The willing muse shall tell.  
He chaffered then, he bought, he sold,  
Nor once perceived his growing old,  
Nor thought of Death as near ;  
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,  
Many his gains, his children few,  
He passed his hours in peace.  
But, while he viewed his wealth increase.—  
While thus along life's dusty road  
The beaten track content he trode,—  
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,  
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,  
Brought on his eightieth year.

5. And now, one night, in musing mood,  
When all alone he sate,  
Th' unwelcome messenger of fate  
Once more before him stood.  
Half killed with anger and surprise—  
"So soon returned!" old Dobson cries.  
"So soon, d'ye call it?" Death replies.  
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!  
Since I was here before  
'Tis six-and-thirty years, at least,  
And you are now fourscore."

6. "So much the worse!" the clown rejoined:  
"To spare the aged would be kind:

Besides, you promised me three warnings,  
 Which I have looked for nights and mornings."  
 "I know," cries Death, "that at the best,  
 I seldom am a welcome guest ;  
 But don't be captious, friend, at least.  
 I little thought you'd still be able  
 To stump about your farm and stable.  
 Your years have run to a great length ;  
 I wish you joy, though, of your strength."

7. "Hold!" says the farmer, "not so fast :  
 I have been lame these four years past."  
 "And no great wonder," death replies :  
 "However, you still keep your eyes ;  
 And sure, to see one's loves and friends,  
 For legs and arms would make amends."  
 "Perhaps," says Dobson, "so it might ;  
 But latterly I've lost my sight."  
 "This is a shocking story, faith !  
 Yet there's some comfort, still," says Death :  
 "Each strives your sadness to amuse :  
 I warrant you hear all the news."
8. "There's none," cries he ; "and if there were,  
 I'm grown so deaf I could not hear."  
 "Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoined,  
 "These are unwarrantable yearnings.  
 If you are *lame*, and *deaf*, and *blind*,  
 You've had your three sufficient warnings.  
 So come along ; no more we'll part !"  
 He said, and touched him with his dart ;  
 And now old Dobson, turning pale,  
 Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

## SONG OF THE ECHO.—DEAN SWIFT.

1. NEVER sleeping, still awake,  
Pleasing most when most I speak :  
The delight of old and young,  
Though I speak without a tongue.  
Nought but one thing can confound me,  
Many voices joining round me ;  
Then I fret, and rave, and gabble  
Like the laborers of Babel.
  
2. Now I am a dog, or cow,  
I can bark, or I can low :  
I can bleat, or I can sing  
Like the warblers of the spring.  
Let the love-sick bard complain,  
And I mourn the cruel pain ;  
Let the happy swain rejoice,  
And I join my helping voice ;  
Both are welcome, grief or joy,  
I with either sport and toy.
  
3. Though a lady, I am stout,  
Drums and trumpets bring me out ;  
Then I clash and roar, and rattle,  
Join in all the din of battle.  
Jove, with all his loudest thunder,  
When I'm vexed, can't keep me under ;  
Yet so tender is my ear,  
That the lowest voice I fear ;  
Much I dread the courtier's fate,  
When his merit's out of date ;  
For I hate a silent breath,  
And a whisper is my death.

## A GOOD BEE-HIVE—J. H. JEWELL.

1. *Be* sober and *Be* vigilant,  
Your hopes will then increase,  
*Be* drunken and neglectful,  
Your prospects will decrease ;  
*Be* charity your motto, and  
The poor will bless your name,  
*Be* careful ne'er to leave a blot,  
To hurt your future fame.
2. *Be* wise in all your words and works,  
You cannot then *Be* vain,  
*Be* always scrupulous to touch  
Where vice hath left a stain ;  
*Be* thankful and *Be* satisfied,  
What'er your lot in life,  
And *Be* assured your days will then  
*Be* ever free from strife.
3. *Be* careful, if a quarrel rise,  
With either friend or foe,  
*Be* watchful—never give offense,  
*Be* sure ne'er strike a blow.  
*Be* calm—*Be* patient—use mild words,  
It will all wrath appease ;  
Such conduct cannot sure do less,  
Than set the mind at ease.
4. *Be* tranquil under sickness for  
Our minds should all *Be* calm ;  
*Be* sure affliction's chastening hand,  
But proves to us a balm.  
*Be* cheerful, though your bitter cup  
Of sorrows overflow ;  
And *Be* prepared when you are called,  
To leave this vale of woe.

## WHAT IS A COTTAGE WITHOUT BEES!—WILSON.

1. WHAT is a Cottage in the country, unless "your banks are all furnished with bees, whose murmurs invite one to sleep?" There the hives stand like four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row. Not a more harmless insect in all this world than a bee. Wasps are demons incarnate, but bees are fleshy sprites, as amiable as industrious.

2. You are strolling along, in delightful vacuity, looking at a poem of Barry Cornwall's, when smack comes an infuriated honey-maker against your eyelid, and plunges into you the fourth part of an inch of sting saturated in venom. The wretch clings to your lid like a burr, and it feels as if he had a million claws to hold him on while he is darting his weapon into your eyeball. Your banks are indeed well furnished with bees, but their murmurs do not invite you to sleep; on the contrary, away you fly like a madman, bolt into your wife's room and roar out for the recipe.

3. The whole of one side of your face is most absurdly swollen, while the other is in its natural state. One eye is dwindled away to almost nothing, and is peering forth from its rainbow-colored envelope, while the other is open as day to melting charity, and shining over a cheek of the purest crimson.

## SUGGESTIONS.

1. FENCES operate in two ways—if good they are a *defense* if poor, an *offense*.

Many a farmer, by too sparingly *seeding* his new meadows, has had to *cede* his whole farm.

Every farmer should see daily every animal he has, and inspect its condition. *Weekly* visits as with some soon result in *weakly* animals.

The man who provides well-sheltered *cotes* for his sheep in winter, will soon find plenty of *coats* for his own back.

2. A good housewife should not be a person of one idea, but should be equally familiar with the *flower* garden and *flour* barrel; and though her *lesson* should be to *lessen* expense, yet the *scent* of a fine rose should not be less valued than the *cent* in the till. If her husband is a skillful *sower* of grain, she is equally skillful as a *sewer* of garments; he keeps his *hoes* bright by use; she keeps the *hose* of the whole family in order.

3. From *beer* to *bier* the drunkard goes:  
 How sad is his estate!  
 To think, that she who *airs* his clothes,  
 Must, also, *heir* his fate.

#### JOHANN, THE BASKET-MAKER.

1. JOHANN, the merry basket maker,  
 Learn'd many songs, and paid his baker.  
 From sunrise until day declined,  
 He sang with free and cheerful mind.  
 Right well he sang: his voice so good  
 Resounded through the neighborhood.  
 He held himself, with voice and wages,  
 Far happier than the seven sages:  
 Than many learned ones who seem  
 Themselves e'en as the *eighth* t' esteem.
2. Not far from Johann lived a cit  
 Of large estates but little wit,  
 Who daily like a prince would dine,  
 And, stiffly pompous sip his wine.  
 Relations had he aunts, and cousins,  
 And nieces—whom he fed by dozens;  
 They came whene'er he choose t' invite,  
 And wasted, feasting, half the night.



3. He'd scarcely settled him to sleep  
 When early dawn began to peep,  
 And rest and quiet fled away,  
 For Johann sang at break of day.  
 "Confound the bawling silence-breaker!  
 Plague take ye, noisy basket-maker!  
 Ne'er will ye cease? Oh, would that I  
 Could sleep, like oysters, nightly buy!"
4. At last he chanc'd the singer meet,  
 And beckon'd him across the street.  
 "My hearty friend, Johann," he said,  
 "How goes it with you—how is trade?  
 Your wares are praised by all, I hear;  
 What do they bring you in a year?"  
 "A year, dear me! I cannot tell  
 To what amount my profits swell.  
 I keep no count: each day provides  
 For all that in the day betides.  
 All through the year, so may I thrive,  
 Of times three hundred sixty-five."  
 "True, Johann, true; but can't you say  
 What is your profit in a day?"  
 "Dear Sir, you question very sore;  
 'Tis sometimes little, sometimes more—  
 Just as it comes, in many ways.  
 My only grief's the holidays.
5. Well pleased, to him the rich man said,  
 "Cheer up, Johann, your fortune's made.  
 All that you say may do for ninnies;  
 But here I'll give you fifty guineas,  
 If you in future cease your singing.  
 Far better to set gold a-ringing."  
 He stammer'd thanks, look'd shy, and then,  
 In sudden fear, sneak'd home again.

6. He hugs the bag, sits down to think,  
 Then counts and weighs. The merry clink  
 Fills him with rapture o'er his prize—  
 The golden pasture for his eyes.  
 With dumb delight 'twas long regarded,  
 Then in a chest securely hoarded,  
 With cunning look and iron band,  
 Against the burglar's daring hand.
7. No sleep for him : the silly wight,  
 As miser fearful, watch'd all night ;  
 If purrs the cat, Turk wags his tail,  
 Unwonted horrors him assail—  
 The house he searches, in belief  
 To light upon some skulking thief.  
 He learns at last, the more he spares  
 That riches ever come with cares :  
 Deprive his heart of many a joy,  
 Its freedom and its peace destroy—  
 The peace which honest natures prize,  
 Whose loss no gold indemnifies.
8. The wealthy neighbor's gift was vain,  
 Johann soon gave it back again :  
 The fatal bag destroy'd his rest,  
 His heart with weariness opprest.  
 "Dear Sir," he said, "your bag I bring,  
 No longer gold I'll watch, but sing.  
 Oh ! take it back, 'tis free resign'd,  
 And leave to me my cheerful mind.  
 Though you may envy me my pleasure,  
 I'll not exchange it with your treasure.  
 Heaven's favor, Sir, it seems to me,  
 That now my voice again is free ;  
 Again I'll be a silence-breaker—  
 Johann, the merry basket-maker !"

## GRATEFUL REMORSE.—ANDREWS.

1. THERE is a species of grateful remorse, which sometimes has been known to operate forcibly on the minds of the most hardened in impudence. Towards the beginning of this century, an actor celebrated for mimicry, was to have been employed by a comic author, to take off the person, the manner, and the singularly awkward delivery of the celebrated Dr. Woodward, who was intended to be introduced on the stage in a laughable character.

2. The mimic dressed himself as a countryman, and waited on the doctor with a long catalogue of ailments, which he said attended on his wife. The physician heard with amazement, diseases and pains of the most opposite nature, repeated and redoubled on the wretched patient.

3. For, since the actor's greatest wish was to keep Dr. Woodward in his company, as long as possible, that he might make the more observations on his gestures, he loaded his poor imaginary spouse with every infirmity, which had any probable chance of prolonging the interview.

4. At length, being become completely master of his errand, he drew from his purse a guinea, and with a scrape made an uncouth offer of it. "Put up thy money, poor fellow," cried the doctor, "put up thy money. Thou hast need of all thy cash and all thy patience too, with such a bundle of diseases tied to thy back."

5. The actor returned to his employer, and recounted the whole conversation, with such true feeling of the physician's character, that the author screamed with approbation. His raptures were soon checked, for the mimic told him, with the emphasis of sensibility, that he would sooner die, than prostitute his talents to the rendering such genuine humanity a public laughing-stock.

IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT IN THE MORNING.—BEN. F. TAYLOR.

1. WHEN the bounding beat of the heart of love,  
 And the springing step grow slow ;  
 When the form of a cloud in the blue above,  
 Lies dark on the path below,  
 The song that he sings is lost in a sigh,  
 And he turns where a STAR is dawning,  
 And he thinks, as it gladdens his heart and his eye :  
 " It will all be right in the morning !"
  
2. When " the strong man armed," in the middle-watch,  
 From life's dim deck is gazing,  
 And strives, through the wreck of the tempest, to catch  
 A gleam of the day-beam's blazing ;  
 Amid the wild storm, there hard by the helm,  
 He heeds not the dark ocean yawning ,  
 For this song in his soul not a sorrow can whelm :  
 " It will all be right in the morning !"
  
3. When the battle is done, the harp unstrung,  
 Its music trembling—dying ;  
 When his woes are unwept, and his deeds unsung,  
 And he longs in the grave to be lying,  
 Then a VOICE shall charm, as it charmed before  
 He had wept or waited the dawning :  
 " They do love there for aye—I'll be thine as of yore—  
 It will all be right in the morning !"
  
4. Thus all through the world, by ship and by shore :  
 Where the mother bends over  
 The cradle, whose tenant " has gone on before ;"  
 Where the eyes of the lover  
 Look aloft for the loved ; whatever the word,  
 A welcome, a wail, or a warning,  
 THIS is everywhere cherished—this everywhere heard :  
 " It will all be right in the morning !"

## THE MISSION OF HOBBLESHANK.—CORNELIUS MATHEWA.

1. **THERE** was one that toiled in Puffer's behalf more like a spirit than a man; a little shrunken figure, that was everywhere, for days before the canvas; a universal presence, breathing in every ear the name of Puffer. There was not a tap-room that he did not haunt; no obscure alley into which he did not penetrate, and make its reeking atmosphere vocal with his praises. Wherever a group of talkers or citizens were gathered, the little old man glided in and dropped a word that might bear fruit at the ballot-box. At nightfall he would mix with crowds of shipwrights' prentices and laborers, and kindle their rugged hearts with the thought of the young candidate.

2. He stopped not with grown men and voters, but seizing moments when he could, he whispered the name in children's ears, that, being borne to parents by gentle lips, it might be mixed with kindly recollections, and so be made triumphant.

3. It was given out that the Blinkerites had established or discovered, in some under-ground tenements that never saw light of day, a great warren of voters. When the toilsome old man learned of this burrow that was to be sprung against his favorite, he looked about for an equal mine, whence voters might be dug in scores, at a moment's notice, should occasion demand. With this in view, one afternoon, he entered Water street, at Peck slip, like a skillful miner, as though a great shaft had been sunk just there.

4. A strange climate it was that he was entering; one where the reek and soil are so thick and fertile, that they seem to breed endless flights of great white overcoats, and red-breasted shirts, and flying blue trowsers, that swarm in the air, and fix, like so many bats, against the house sides.

5. Tropical too, for there's not a gaudy color, green, or red, or orange-yellow, that the sun, shining through the smoky atmosphere, does not bring out upon the house fronts; and for inhabitants of the region, there are countless broad-backed

gentlemen, who, plucking from some one of the neighboring depositories a cloth roundabout, and a black tarpaulin, sit in the doorways launching their cigars upon the street, or gather within.

6. Hobbleshank, a resident of the inland quarter of the city, certainly came upon these, with his frock and eye-glass, as a traveller and landsman from far in the interior; and when he first made his appearance in their thoroughfare, looking hard about with his single eye, it could not be cause of surprise that they wondered aloud as he passed, where the little old blubber had come from. . . . .

7. But when, as he got accustomed to the place, he accosted them with a gentle voice, said a complimentary word for their sign-board, with its full-length sailor's lass—Hope upon her anchor, or sturdy Strength, standing square upon his pins—they began at once to have a fancy for the old man.

8. He passed from house to house, making friends in each. Sometimes he made his way into the bar-room, where, seated against the wall, on benches all around the sanded floor, with dusty bamboo rods, alligator skins, outlandish eggs, and seaweeds plucked among the Caribees or the Pacific islands, or some far-off shore, he would linger by the hour, listening with all the wondering patience of a child, to their ocean-talk.

9. And when they were through, he would draw a homely similitude between their story—the perils their ship had crossed—with the good ship of state; and then tell them of a young friend of his, who was on trial before the ship's crew for a master's place. Before he left, in nine cases out of ten, they gave their hands for Puffer, sometimes even rising and confirming it with a cheer that shook the house, and brought their messmates thronging in from the neighborhood, when the story would be recited to them by a dozen voices, and new recruits to Puffer's side enrolled.

10. Late at night, when others, who might have been expected to be stirring and making interest for themselves, slumbered, Hobbleshank was taking his rounds through the

city with the watchmen, with more than the pains of an industrious clear-starcher, smoothed the placards on the fences; jumping up where they were beyond his height, as was often the case, and brushing them down, both ways, with out-spread hands, so that they should read plain and free to the simplest passer-by. Was there ever one that toiled so, with the faith and heart of an angel, in the dusty road that time-servers use to travel!

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THE FLY AND THE BULLOCK.—THOMAS MOORE.

1. THE wise men of Egypt were secret as dummies;  
And, even when they most condescended to teach,  
They pack'd up their meaning, as they did their mummies,  
In so many wrappers, 't was out of one's reach.
2. They were also, good people, much given to Kings—  
Fond of monarchs and crocodiles, monkeys and mystery,  
Bats, hierophants, blue-bottle flies, and such things—  
As will partly appear in this very short history.
3. A Scythian philosopher (nephew, they say,  
To that other great traveller, young Anacharsis)  
Stepp'd into a temple at Memphis one day,  
To have a short peep at their mystical farces.
4. He saw a brisk blue-bottle Fly on an altar,  
Made much of, and worshipp'd as something divine;  
While a large handsome Bullock, led there in a halter,  
Before it lay stabb'd at the foot of the shrine.
5. Surprised at such doings, he whisper'd his teacher—  
"If 't is n't impertinent, may I ask why  
Should a Bullock, that useful and powerful creature,  
Be thus offered up to a blue-bottle Fly?"

6. "No wonder," said t' other, "you stare at the sight,  
 But *we* as a symbol of monarchy view it:  
 That Fly on the shrine is Legitimate Right,  
 And that Bullock the people that's sacrificed to it."

IMPERTINENT CURIOSITY.—FROM TRIALS OF A HOUSEKEEPER.

1. ONE chamber maid in my service, seemed to have a passion for reading other people's letters. More than once had I caught her rummaging in my drawers, or with some of my old letters in her hands; and I could not help remarking that most of the letters left at the door by the penny post, had, if they passed to me through her, a crumbled appearance.

2. One morning, after breakfast was over, and the children off to school, I drew on a cap, and went down to sweep out and dust the parlors. I had not been at work long, when I heard the bell ring. Presently Mary came tripping down the stairs. As she opened the street door, I heard her say:

"Ah! another letter? Who is it for? Me?"

3. "No, it is for Mrs. Smith," was answered, in the rougher voice of the Despatch Post-man.

"Oh." There was a perceptible disappointment in Mary's tone. "What's the postage?" she asked.

"Paid," said the man.

The door closed, and I heard the feet of Mary slowly moving along the passage. Then the murmur of her voice reached my ears. Presently I heard her say:

"I wonder who it is from? Mrs. Smith gets a great many letters. No envelope, thank goodness! but a plain, good old-fashioned letter. I must see who it is from."

4. By this time Mary had stepped within the back parlor. I stood, hid from her view, by one of the folding doors, which was closed, but within a few feet of her.



"From Mrs. Jackson! Hum—m. I wonder what she's got to say? Something about me, I'll bet a dollar."

There was a very apparent change in the thermometer of Mary's feelings at this last thought, as was evident from the tone of her voice.

5. "Lace collars—stockings—pocket han—. I can't make out that word, but it is handkerchiefs, of course," thus Mary read and talked to herself. "Breastpin—this is too mean! It's not true, neither. I'm a great mind to burn the letter. Mrs. Smith would never be the wiser. I won't give it to her now, at any rate. I'll put it in my pocket, and just think about it."

6. The next sound that came to my ears was the pattering of Mary's feet as she went hurrying up the stairs.

In a few minutes I followed. In one of my chambers I found Mary, and said to her :

"Didn't the carrier leave me a letter just now?"

The girl hesitated a moment, and then answered :

"Oh, yes, ma'am. I have it here in my pocket."

And she drew forth the letter, crumbled, as was usually the case with all that passed through her hands.

7. I took it, with some gravity of manner ; for I felt, naturally enough, indignant. Mary flushed a little under the steady eye that I fixed upon her.

The letter, or note, was from my friend, Mrs. Jackman, and read as follows :

"MY DEAR MRS. SMITH.—Do call in and see me some time to-day. I have bought some of the cheapest laces, stockings, and cambric pocket handkerchiefs that ever were seen. There are more left ; and at a great bargain. You must have some. And, by the way, bring with you that sweet breastpin I saw you wear at Mrs. May's last Thursday evening. I want to examine it closely. I must have one just like it. Do come round to-day ; I've lots of things to say to you.

"Yours, &c."

8. "Nothing so dreadful in all that," I said to myself, as I re-folded the letter. "My curious lady's conscience must be a little active! Let's see what is to come of this." The morning passed away, and the afternoon waned until towards five o'clock, when the accumulating pressure of Mary's feelings became so great that she was compelled to seek relief.

I was alone, sewing, when my chamber maid entered my room. The corners of her lips inclined considerably downward.

9. "Can I speak a word with you, Mrs. Smith?" said she.

"Certainly, Mary," I replied. "What do you wish to say?"

Mary cleared her throat once or twice—looked very much embarrassed, and at length stammered out.

"You received a letter from Mrs. Jackson this morning?"

"No." I shook my head as I uttered this little monosyllable.

10. A flush of surprise went over the girl's face.

"Wasn't the letter I gave you from Mrs. Jackson?" she asked.

"No; it was from Mrs. Jackman."

Mary caught her breath, and stammered out, in her confusion:

"Oh, my! I thought it was from Mrs. Jackson. I was sure of it."

"What right had you to think anything about it?" I asked, with marked severity.

Mary's face was, by this time, crimsoned.

11. I looked at her for some moments, and then, taking from my drawer Mrs. Jackman's note, handed it to her, and said:

"There's the letter you were so curious about this morning. Read it."

Mary's eyes soon took in the contents. The moment she

was satisfied, she uttered a short "Oh!" strongly expressive of mental relief, and handed me back the letter.

"I thought it was from Mrs. Jackson," said the still embarrassed girl, looking confused and distressed.

12. "You can now retire," said I, "and when another letter is left at my door, be kind enough to consider it my property, not yours. I shall make it my business to see Mrs. Jackson, and ascertain from her why you are so much afraid that she will communicate with me. There's something wrong."

13. Poor Mary still lingered.

"Indeed, Mrs. Smith," she sobbed—"I didn't do nothing wrong at Mrs. Jackson's, but wear her clothes sometimes. Once I just borrowed a breastpin of hers out of her drawer, to wear to a party; and she saw me with it on, and said I had stolen it. But, I'd put my hand in the fire before I'd steal, Mrs. Smith! Indeed, indeed I would. I was only going to wear it to the party; and I didn't think there was any great harm in that."

14. "Of course there was harm in using other people's things without their consent," I replied severely. "And I don't wonder that Mrs. Jackson accused you of stealing. But what cause had you for thinking this letter was from Mrs. Jackson?"

"The two names are so near alike, and then Mrs. Jackson speaks about—"

15. Here Mary caught herself, and crimsoned still deeper.

"That is," said I, "you took the liberty of peeping into my letter before you gave it to me; and this is not your first offence of the kind."

Mary was too much confounded to speak, or make any effort to excuse herself; and so thought it best to retire.

## THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.—LONGFELLOW.

1. SOMEWHAT back from the village street  
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.  
Across its antique portico  
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw  
And from its station in the hall  
An acient timepiece says to all,—  
    “ Forever—never !  
    Never—forever !”
  
2. Halfway up the stairs it stands,  
And points and beckons with its hands  
From its case of massive oak,  
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,  
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas !  
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—  
    “ Forever—never !  
    Never—forever !”
  
3. By day its voice is low and light ;  
But in the silent dead of night,  
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,  
It echoes along the vacant hall,  
Along the ceiling, along the floor,  
And seems to say at each chamber-door,—  
    “ Forever—never !  
    Never—forever !”
  
4. Through days of sorrow and of mirth  
Through days of death and days of birth,  
Through every swift vicissitude  
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,  
And as if, like God, it all things saw,  
It calmly repeats those words of awe,—  
    “ Forever—never !  
    Never—forever !”

5. In that mansion used to be  
Free-hearted Hospitality ;  
His great fires up the chimney roared ;  
The stranger feasted at his board ;  
But, like the skeleton at the feast,  
That warning timepiece never ceased,—  
“ Forever—never !  
Never—forever !”
6. There groups of merry children played,  
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed ;  
O precious hours ! O golden prime,  
And affluence of love and time !  
Even as a miser counts his gold,  
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—  
“ Forever—never !  
Never—forever !”
7. From that chamber, clothed in white,  
The bride came forth on her wedding night ;  
There, in that silent room below,  
The dead lay in his shroud of snow ;  
And in the hush that followed the prayer,  
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—  
“ Forever—never !  
Never—forever !”
8. All are scattered now and fled,  
Some are married, some are dead ;  
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,  
“ Ah ! when shall they all meet again ?”  
As in the days long since gone by,  
The ancient timepiece makes reply,—  
“ Forever—never !  
Never—forever !”

9. Never *here*, forever *there*,  
 Where all parting, pain, and care,  
 And death, and time shall disappear,—  
 Forever *there*, but never *here*!  
 The horologe of Eternity  
 Sayest this incessantly,—  
     “Forever—never!  
     Never—forever!”
- 

A PRETTY TIME OF NIGHT.—JOSEPH C. NEAL.

1. THERE is a furious stampede upon the marble—a fierce word or two of scathing Saxon, and then—

“Rangle—ja-a-a-ngle—ra-a-a-ng!!!”—the sound being of that sharp, stinging, excruciating kind, which leads to the conclusion that somebody is “worse,” and is getting in a rage.

2. That one, let me tell you, was Mr. Dawson Dawdle, in whom wrath had surmounted discretion, and who, as a forlorn hope, had now determined to make good his entrance—assault, storm, escalade—at any hazard and at any cost. Dawson Dawdle was furious now—“sevagerous”—as you have been, probably, when kept at the door till your teeth rattled like castanets and cachucas.

3. Yet there was no answer to this pealing appeal for admittance—not that Mrs. Dawson Dawdle was deaf—not she—nor dumb either. Nay, she had recognized Mr. Dawdle’s returning step—that husband’s “foot,” which should, according to the poet,

“Have music in’t,  
 As he comes up the stair.”

But Dawdle was allowed to make his music in the street, while his wife—obdurate—listened with a smile bordering, we fear, a little upon exultation, at his progressive lessons

and rapid improvements in the art of ringing "triple-bob-majors."

4. "Let him wait," remarked Mrs. Dawson Dawdle; "let him wait—'twill do him good. I'm sure I've been waiting long enough for him."

And so she had; but, though there be a doubt whether this process of waiting had "done good" in her own case, yet if there be truth or justice in the vengeful practice which would have us act towards others precisely as they deport themselves to us,—and every one concedes that it is very agreeable, however wrong, to carry on the war after this fashion,—Mrs. Dawson Dawdle could have little difficulty in justifying herself for the course adopted.

5. Only to think of it, now!

Mrs. Dawson Dawdle is one of those natural and proper people, who become sleepy of evenings, and who are rather apt to yawn after tea. Mr. Dawson Dawdle, on the other hand, is of the unnatural and improper species, who are *not* sleepy or yawny of evenings—never so, except of mornings. Dawson insists on it that he is no chicken to go to roost at sundown; while Mrs. Dawson Dawdle rises with the lark. Now, as a corrective to these differences of opinion, Dawson Dawdle had been cunningly deprived of his pass-key, that he might be induced "to remember not to forget" to come home betimes—a thing he was not apt to remember, especially if good companionship intervened.

Thus, Mrs. Dawdle was "waiting up" for him.

6. So it is not at all to be marvelled at that Mrs. Dawson Dawdle—disposed as we know her to be, to sleepiness at times appropriate to sleep—was irate at the non-appearance of Mr. Dawson Dawdle, or that after he had reached home, she detained him vengefully at the street door, as an example to such dilatoriness in general; for it is a prevailing fault in husbandry, and that, in particular, being thus kept out considerably longer than he wished to keep out—too much of a good thing being good for nothing—he might be taught better, on

the doctrine of curing an evil by aggravation—both were aggravated.

7. "Well," said he at the bell-handle all this time, "Well, I suppose it's late again—it rings as if it was late; and somehow or other it appears to me that it always is late, especially and particularly when my wife tells me to be sure to be home early—'you, Dawson, come back soon; d'ye hear?' and all that sort o' thing. I wish she wouldn't—it puts me out, to keep telling me what I ought to do; and when I have to remember to come home early, it makes me forget all about it, and *discomboberates* my ideas so that I'm a great deal later than I would be if I was left to my own sagacity. Let me alone, and I'm great upon sagacity; but yet what is sagacity when it has no key and the dead-latch is down? What chance has sagacity got when sagacity's wife won't let sagacity in? I'll have another pull at the bell—exercise is good for one's health."

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A PRETTY TIME OF NIGHT.—CONTINUED.

1. This last peal—as peals, under such circumstances, are apt to be—was louder, more sonorous, and in all respects more terrific than any of its "illustrious predecessors:" practice in this respect tending to the improvement of skill on the one hand, just as it adds provocation to temper on the other. For a moment, the fate of Dawson Dawdle quivered in the scale, as the eye of his exasperated lady glanced fearfully round the room for a means of retaliation and redress. Nay, her hand rested for an instant upon a pitcher, while thoughts of showerbaths, in their medicinal application to dilatory husbands, presented themselves in quick aquatic succession, like the rushings of a cataract. Never did man come nearer to being drowned than Mr. Dawson Dawdle.

2. "But no," said she, relenting; "if he were to ketch his death o' cold, he'd be a great deal more trouble than he is



now—husbands with bad colds—coughing husbands and sneezing husbands—are the stupidest and tiresomest kind of husbands—bad as they may be, ducking don't improve 'em. I'll have recourse to moral suasion; and if that won't answer, I'll duck him afterwards."

3. Suddenly, and in the midst of a protracted jangle, the door flew widely open, and displayed the form of Mrs. Dawson Dawdle, standing sublime—silent—statue-like—wrapped in wrath and enveloped in taciturnity. Dawdle was appalled.

"My dear!" and his hand dropped nervelessly from the bell-handle. "My dear, it's me—only me!"

Not a word of response to the tender appeal—the lady remained obdurate in silence—chilly and voiceless as the marble, with her eyes sternly fixed upon the intruder. Dawson Dawdle felt himself running down.

4. "My dear—he! he!" and Dawson laughed with a melancholy quaver—"it's me that's come home—you know me—it's late, I confess—it's most always late—and I—ho! ho!—why don't you say something, Mrs. Dawson Dawdle?—Do you think I'm going to be skeered, Mrs. Dawdle?"

5. As the parties thus confronted each other, Mrs. Dawdle's "masterly inactivity" proved overwhelming. For reproaches, Dawson was prepared—he could bear part in a war of opinion—the squabble is easy to most of us—but where are we when the antagonist will not deign to speak, and environs us, as it were, in an ambuscade, so that we fear the more, because we know not what to fear?

6. "Why don't she blow me up?" queried Dawdle to himself, as he found his valor collapsing—"why don't she blow me up like an affectionate woman and a loving wife, instead of standing there in that ghostified fashion?"

7. Mrs. Dawdle's hand slowly extended itself towards the culprit, who made no attempt at evasion or defense—slowly it entwined itself in the folds of his neck-handkerchief, and, as the unresisting Dawson had strange fancies relative to bow-strings, he found himself drawn inward by a sure and steady

grasp. Swiftly was he sped through the darksome entry and up the winding stair, without a word to comfort him in his stumbling progress.

8. "Dawson Dawdle!—Look at the clock!—A pretty time of night, indeed, and you a married man. Look at the clock, I say, and see."

Mrs. Dawson Dawdle, however, had, for the moment, lost her advantage in thus giving utterance to her emotion; and Mr. Dawson Dawdle, though much shaken, began to recover his spirits.

9. "Two o'clock, Mr. Dawdle—two!—isn't it two, I ask you?"

"If you are positive about the fact, Mrs. Dawdle, it would be unbecoming in me to call your veracity in question, and I decline looking. So far as I am informed, it generally is two o'clock just about this time in the morning—at least, it always has been whenever I stayed up to see. If the clock is right, you'll be apt to find it two just as it strikes two—that's the reason it strikes, and I don't know that it could have a better reason."

10. "A pretty time!"

"Yes—pretty enough!" responded Dawdle; "when it don't rain, one time of night is as pretty as another time of night—it's the people that's up in the time of night, that's not pretty; and you, Mrs. Dawdle, are a case in pint—keeping a man out of his own house. It's not the night that's not pretty, Mrs. Dawdle, but the goings on that's not—and you are the goings on. As for me, I'm for peace—a dead-latch key and peace; and I move that the goings on be indefinitely postponed, because, Mrs. Dawdle, I've heard it all before—I know it like a book; and if you insist on it, Mrs. Dawdle, I'll save you trouble, and speak the whole speech for you right off the reel, only I can't cry good when I'm jolly."

11. But Dawson Dawdle's volubility, assumed for the purpose of hiding his own misgivings, did not answer the end which he had in view; for Mrs. Dawson Dawdle, having had

a glimpse at its effects, again resorted to the "silent system" of connubial management. She spoke no more that night, which Dawson, perchance, found agreeable enough; but she would not speak any more the day after, which perplexed him when he came down too late for breakfast, or returned too late for dinner.

12. "I do wish she would say something," muttered Dawdle; "something cross, if she likes—anything, so it makes a noise.—It makes a man feel bad, after he's used to being talked to, not to be talked to in the regular old-fashioned way. When one's so accustomed to being blown up, it seems as if he was lost or didn't belong to anybody, if no one sees to it, that he's blowed up at the usual time. Bachelors; perhaps, can get along well enough without having their comforts properly attended to in this respect. What do they know, the miserable creatures, about such warm receptions, and such little endearments?"

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THE PATIENT.—GELLERT.

1. A MAN, long plagued with aches in joint and limb,  
Did all the neighbors recommended him;  
But, for all that, could nowise gain  
Deliverance from his pain.  
An ancient dame, to whom he told his case,  
Made up a most oracular face,  
And thus announced a magic remedy:  
"You must," said she,  
(Mysteriously hissing in his ear,  
And calling him "my dear!")  
"Sit on a good man's grave at early light,  
And, with the dew fresh-fallen over night,  
Thrice bathe your hands, your knee-joints thrice;  
'Twill cure you in a trice:  
Remember her who gave you this advice!"

2. The sick man did just as the grandam said ;  
 (What will not mortals do, to be  
 Relieved of misery ?)  
 Went, bright and early, to the burying-ground,  
 And, on a grave-stone ('twas the first he found)  
 These words, delighted, read :  
 " Traveller, what man he was, who sleeps below,  
 This monument and epitaph may show.  
 The wonder of his time was he,  
 The pattern of a genuine piety ;  
 And that thou all in a few words may'st learn,—  
 Him Church and School and Town and Country mourn."
3. Here the poor cripple takes his seat,  
 And bathes his hands, his joints, his feet ;  
 But all his labor's worse than vain,  
 It rather aggravates his pain.  
 With troubled mind he grasps his staff,  
 Turns from the good man's grave and creeps  
 On to the next, where lowly sleeps  
 One honored by no epitaph.  
 Scarce had he touched the nameless stone,  
 When, lo ! each racking pain had flown.  
 His useless staff forgotten on the ground,  
 He leaves this holy grave, erect and sound.
4. " Ah !" he exclaimed, " is there no line to tell  
 Who was this holy man that makes me well !"  
 Just then the Sexton did appear ;  
 Of him he asked : " Pray, who lies buried here ?"  
 The Sexton waited long, and seemed quite shy  
 Of making any sort of a reply.  
 " Ah !" he began at length with deep-drawn sigh,  
 " God's mercy on us ! 'twas a man,  
 Placed by all honest circles under ban,  
 Whom scarcely they allowed a decent grave,  
 Only a miracle whose soul might save ;

A heretic, and what is worse,  
Wrote plays and verse ;  
In short, to speak my full conviction,  
And without fear of contradiction,  
He was an innovator and a scound—”  
“ No !” cried the man, “ no ! I’ll be bound !  
Not so, though all the world the lie repeat ;  
But that chap there who sleeps hard by us,  
Whom you and all the world call pious,  
He was no doubt a scoundrel and a cheat.”

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ECCENTRICITIES OF FREDERICK WILLIAM I., KING OF  
PRUSSIA—DR. FRED FÖSTER.

1. THE king took much pleasure in joining family parties ; he frequently attended christenings and weddings, and sometimes invited himself. When, however, he invited himself as a guest, he had at times to pay the reckoning. One of his generals, who was noted for his parsimony, having declined the honor of a royal visit, under the plea that he had no establishment of his own, his majesty desired him to order a dinner at a Hotel.

2. This of course could not be evaded ; the king was invited but came with twice the number of attendants the general had expected. The very best, however, that the cellar or kitchen could afford was produced in the greatest abundance, and the king expressed his entire satisfaction. The general sent for the landlord, and inquired the price per head : “ One florin, without the wine.” “ Well, then, here is one florin for myself and another for his majesty ; the other gentlemen, whom I did not invite, will pay for themselves.” “ That is clever,” cried the king ; “ I thought to take in the general, and he has taken me in ;”—upon which he paid the whole bill.

3. The king expected everybody who spoke to him to look him full in the face, for he thought he could read in every

one's eye whether the story he told was true or not. He was therefore very angry when persons who saw him coming, endeavored to avoid him. A poor dancing-master one day tried to escape the usual compliments by scampering as fast as possible into a neighboring house. The king perceived him, and sent one of his pages to fetch him back; and, in order to be quite sure that he was what he represented himself to be, the king obliged him on the spot to dance a saraband.

4. A still harder sentence was pronounced on another French dancing-master, who met the king on horseback in the public road, and set off at a gallop, without paying any attention to the king's desire that he should stop. The king despatched a page after him, who at length found him secreted in a hay-loft. When brought before the king, he passed himself off as the travelling agent of a commercial house at *Marseilles*; but this story having turned out to be false, the king sentenced him to cart rubbish for one month at the rebuilding of *St. Peter's Church*.

5. A Jew boy, who, in order to avoid meeting him in a very narrow street, endeavored to get away as fast as possible, was overtaken by the king. "Why do you run away?" said he to him. "Because I am afraid," replied the trembling boy. "You should not be afraid of me; you ought to love me," rejoined the king, at the same time letting him feel the weight of his cane.

6. Persons, however, who knew how to return an answer, often made their fortune. The king one day stopped in the street a young student in theology, and finding that he was a native of *Berlin*, said, "Ah! the *Berlin* people are good for nothing!" "That may be true in the main," answered the student, "but I know two natives of *Berlin* who are exceptions to this rule." "And who are they?" asked the king. "Your majesty and myself," replied the student. The king desired him to call at the palace the next day, and having passed a very favorable examination, he was immediately appointed to a vacant living.

7. When the king was prevented from riding either by the weather or by attacks of the gout, to which he had been subject since 1729, he generally drove out in an open chaise, attended by two or three officers. When, however, the weather was too unfavorable, or the attacks of the gout too painful, the king used to amuse himself after dinner with painting,—an occupation which he considered as promoting digestion.

8. Though there were several eminent painters belonging to the academy, the king generally employed one Master Hänschen Adelfing, who used to prepare his colors and paint portraits of tall grenadiers, servants and peasants. He was paid an annual salary of a hundred dollars, and a florin for every day on which he gave a lesson; but he received more blows than florins: for every touch of the brush in which the king did not succeed, he was sure of feeling the cane.

9. A second assistant, who understood something of painting, was now and then called in; but when the king wished to paint some portrait particularly well, he sent for the court-painter, Weidemann. As we may imagine, there was nothing extraordinary in any of these performances. A picture-dealer, named Schätz, however, offered the king a *louis-d'or* for every picture.

10. His majesty one day sent for him to ascertain how much he could earn by his profession, and, as it took him five days to paint a portrait, he was satisfied that he should at least be able to support himself by painting, as he calculated that he could live on a dollar a day. Some of the members of the Smoking Club having expressed their doubts as to whether his majesty *could* maintain himself by his painting, he sent for a well known picture-dealer, and offered to sell him some of his pictures.

11. As the dealer could not refuse such an offer, he agreed to take them at 100 dollars each; and accordingly displayed them in a conspicuous part of the shop with this notice: "Painted by His Majesty!" This public exhibition was not agreeable to the king, who returned the money, and begged

to have the pictures back. To this the dealer would not consent: saying that it was impossible for him to part with such valuable paintings for the very low cost price; and the king was obliged to allow him a considerable profit.

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ADDRESS TO A WIFE.\*—REV. SAMUEL BISHOP.

1. A KNIFE, dear wife, cuts love, they say—  
 Mere modish love perhaps it may;  
 For any tool of any kind  
 Can sep'rate what was never joined.  
 The knife that cuts our love in two  
 Will have much tougher work to do:  
 Must cut your softness, worth and spirit  
 Down to the vulgar size of merit;  
 To level yours with modern taste,  
 Must cut a world of sense to waste;  
 And from your single beauty's store  
 Clip what would dizen out a score.
  
2. The self-same blade from me must sever  
 Sensation, judgment, sight, forever!  
 All mem'ry of endearments past,  
 All hope of comforts long to last,  
 All that makes fourteen years with you  
 A summer—and a short one too:  
 All that affection feels and fears,  
 When hours, without you, seem like years.  
 Till that be done (and I'd as soon  
 Believe this knife will clip the moon)  
 Accept my present undeterred,  
 And leave their proverbs to the herd.

\* On presenting her with a handsome pen-knife.



## RAIN IN SUMMER.—LONGFELLOW.

1. How beautiful is the rain !  
After the dust and heat,  
In the broad and fiery street,  
In the narrow lane,  
How beautiful is the rain !
  
2. How it clatters along the roofs,  
Like the tramp of hoofs !  
How it gushes and struggles out  
From the throat of the overflowing spout !  
Across the window pane  
It pours and pours ;  
And swift and wide,  
With a muddy tide,  
Like a river down the gutter roars  
The rain, the welcome rain !
  
3. The sick man from his chamber looks  
At the twisted brooks ;  
He can feel the cool  
Breath of each little pool ;  
His fevered brain  
Grows calm again,  
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.
  
4. From the neighboring school  
Come the boys,  
With more than their wonted noise  
And commotion ;  
And down the wet streets  
Sail their mimic fleets,  
Till the treacherous pool  
Engulfs them in its whirling  
And turbulent ocean.

5. In the country, on every side,  
Where far and wide,  
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,  
Stretches the plain,  
To the dry grass and the drier grain  
How welcome is the rain !
6. In the furrowed land  
The toilsome and patient oxen stand ;  
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,  
With their dilated nostrils spread,  
They silently inhale  
The clover-scented gale,  
And the vapors that arise  
From the well watered and smoking soil.  
For this rest in the furrow after toil,  
Their large and lustrous eyes  
Seem to thank the Lord,  
More than man's spoken word.
7. Near at hand,  
From under the sheltering trees,  
The farmer sees  
His pastures, and his fields of grain,  
As they bend their tops  
To the numberless beating drops  
Of the incessant rain.  
He counts it as no sin  
That he sees therein  
Only his own thrift and gain.
8. These, and far more than these,  
The Poet sees !  
He can behold  
Aquarius old  
Walking the fenceless fields of air ;

And from each ample fold  
Of the clouds about him rolled  
Scattering everywhere  
The showery rain,  
As the farmer scatters his gain.

9. He can behold  
Things manifold  
That have not yet been wholly told,  
Have not been wholly sung nor said.  
For his thought, that never stops,  
Follows the water-drops  
Down to the graves of the dead,  
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,  
To the dreary fountain-head  
Of lakes and rivers under ground ;  
And sees them, when the rain is done,  
On the bridge of colors seven  
Climbing up once more to heaven,  
Opposite the setting sun.
10. Thus the Seer,  
With vision clear,  
Sees forms appear and disappear,  
In the perpetual round of strange,  
Mysterious change  
From birth to death, from death to birth,  
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth ;  
Till glimpses more sublime  
Of things unseen before,  
Unto his wondering eyes reveal  
The Universe, is an immeasurable wheel  
Turning for evermore  
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

## A STREET SCENE.—LYDIA M. CHILD.

1. THE other day, as I came down Broome street, I saw a street musician, playing near the door of a genteel dwelling. The organ was uncommonly sweet and mellow in its tones, the tunes were slow and plaintive, and I fancied that I saw in the woman's Italian face an expression that indicated sufficient refinement to prefer the tender and the melancholy, to the lively "trainer tunes" in vogue with the populace. She looked like one who had suffered much, and the sorrowful music seemed her own appropriate voice.

2. A little girl clung to her scanty garments, as if afraid of all things but her mother. As I looked at them, a young lady of pleasing countenance opened the window, and began to sing like a bird, in keeping with the street organ. Two other young girls came and leaned on her shoulder; and still she sang on. Blessings on her gentle heart! It was evidently the spontaneous gush of human love and sympathy. The beauty of the incident attracted attention.

3. A group of gentlemen gradually collected round the organist; and ever as the tune ended, they bowed respectfully toward the window, waved their hats, and called out: "More, if you please!" One, whom I knew well for the kindest and truest soul, passed round his hat; hearts were kindled, and the silver fell in freely. In a minute, four or five dollars were collected for the poor woman.

4. She spoke no word of gratitude, but she gave *such* a look! "Will you go to the next street, and play to a friend of mine?" said my kind-hearted friend. She answered, in tones expressing the deepest emotion: "No, sir, God bless you all—God bless you *all*," (making a courtesy to the young lady, who had stepped back, and stood sheltered by the curtain of the window,) "I will play no more to-day: I will go *home*, now." The tears trickled down her cheeks, and as she walked away, she had ever and anon wiped her eyes with the corner of her shawl.

5. The group of gentlemen lingered a moment to look after her, then turning toward the now closed window, they gave three enthusiastic cheers, and departed, better than they came. The pavement on which they stood had been a church to them ; and for the next hour, at least, their hearts were more than usually prepared for deeds of gentleness and mercy. Why are such scenes so uncommon ? Why do we thus repress our sympathies, and chill the genial current of nature, by formal observances and restraints ?

THE PERSIAN PEASANT.—NICOLAI

1. In Erivan

Once on a time there lived a poor plain man ;  
 A little garden was his sole possession,  
 To tend it was his only occupation.  
 A tree that stood upon his ground,  
 Bore fruit well known and everywhere renowned,  
 So red and rich and round,  
 Such sunny radiance beaming,  
 With such balsamic juices teeming,  
 The very smell  
 Were quite enough to make a sick man well.  
 "By all means," said a neighbor, "take, good man,  
 A basket of this fruit to Ispahan !  
 The Sheik, they say, has a sweet tooth, ay, marry,  
 And spends his money freely, I am told.  
 Mark me ! for every piece of fruit you carry,  
 You shall bring home with you a piece of gold."

2. "Faith, I myself should think so," says the man ;  
 "The thing looks promising—I'll even do it."  
 He buys the finest basket he can find,  
 And packs into it  
 The choicest fruits assorted to his mind,

Takes leave of all his friends,  
 And gaily wends  
 His way along the road to Ispahan,  
 Already big and bright with many a plan,  
 What he will do with all the golden pieces ;  
 E'en now, in thought, his house, his ground increases :  
 And so the lightened moments ran,  
 And ere he thinks, he is at Ispahan.  
 To the chief marshal they announce his name ;  
 The way at courts is everywhere the same :  
 To him who brings, the doors are always open ;  
 Who comes to get, may long stand hoping.  
 The fruit is taken by the marshal,  
 Who soon returns, our worthy man informing,  
 His Majesty the Sheik is very partial  
 To fruit so charming ;  
 In his own person had devoured the store,  
 And praised it much and asked for more.

3. Hey ! my good Persian, what a trade !  
 Thou hast thy fortune made !  
 He watches till the moment suits  
 Softly to whisper in the Emperor's ear,  
 He is the peasant with the fruits ;  
 He stands where soon the Emperor must appear,  
 He gazes down along the gorgeous hall,  
 Stares at the great who here do seem so small ;  
 At last he spies a dwarf among the swarm,  
 With such a queer and crooked form,  
 That the poor man  
 Must laugh, do all he can.  
 Unluckily this dwarf was the prime minister :  
 With a sharp look, so cross and sinister,  
 He squints at our poor friend. One word : the guard  
 Drags him away down stairs and through the yard.

Now he may sit and whistle for his purses  
 Of gold, in prison there; he curses  
 The tree, the garden; curses thrice,  
 Body and soul,  
 The neighbor whose advice  
 Brought him to this dark hole.  
 But all his curses cannot mend the matter,  
 Cannot undo what's done nor make it better.  
 And so a whole year fled,—  
 Too long a time by half  
 For one poor little laugh!—  
 Men thought no more of him than if he had been dead.

4. At length the time of fruit came round,  
 They brought the Sheik the best that could be found:  
 He turned his nose up, laid them down again;  
 " 'Twas not such fruit you brought me last year—then  
 'Twas worth an Emperor's eating! where's the fellow  
 Who brought me then the fruit so mellow?  
 Will he, perhaps, again come round this way?  
 Has none had tidings of him since that day?  
 Whence came he? Whither did he go?  
 Who is he? Quick, make search, and let me know?"

They search, and solve the mystery.  
 The Emperor laughs to hear the tragic history:  
 "Good! Bring him hither! I myself will see  
 That the poor creature's lot shall be  
 Better than this!"

5. He comes: "I know your story,  
 Good friend!" so says the Sheik, "I'm very sorry.  
 But for lost time, jail fare, and money due you,  
 Ask what you will, we'll freely give it to you."

"Sir, give me only," answered the poor man,  
 "An axe, a bag of salt, and Alcoran."

The Emperor to laugh began :

“ What foolish stuff! Axe, salt, and Alcoran !”

“ The axe, that I may fell the fruit tree ; then  
 The salt, to sow, that where  
 It grew, no thing may ever grow again ;  
 And last the Koran, so that I may swear  
 A solemn oath, that I will never,  
 (Though I should live forever,)  
 Nor chick nor child of mine,  
 While sun and moon do shine,  
 Shall darken any more  
 The palace-door !”

THE FINE GENTLEMAN—A PORTRAIT.—SOAME JENTINS.

1. Just broke from school, pert, impudent, and new,  
 Expert in Latin, more expert in law,  
 His honor posts o'er Italy and France,  
 Measures St. Peter's dome, and learns to dance ;  
 Thence, having quick through various countries flown,  
 Gleaned all their follies, and exposed his own.
2. He back returns, a thing so strange all o'er,  
 As never ages past produced before ;  
 A monster of such complicated worth,  
 As no one single clime could ere bring forth ;  
 Half atheist, papist, gamester, bubble, rook,  
 Half fiddler, coachman, dancer, groom, and cook.  
 Next, because business is now all the vogue,  
 And who'd position get, must play the rogue,  
 In parliament he purchases a seat,  
 To make th' accomplished gentleman complete.
3. There, safe in self-sufficient impudence,  
 Without experience, honesty, or sense,



Unknowing in her interest, trade, or laws,  
 He vainly undertakes his country's cause :  
 Forth from his lips, prepared at all to rail,  
 Torrents of nonsense, burst like bottled ale ;  
 \*Though shallow, muddy ; brisk, though mighty dull ;  
 Fierce, without strength ; o'erflowing, though not full.

4. Now, quite a Frenchman in his garb and air,  
 With graceful bows and condescension rare  
 The liberties of Britain he supports,  
 And storms at placemen, ministers, and courts ;  
 Now in cropped greasy hair, and leather breeches,  
 He loudly bellows out his patriot speeches ;  
 Kings, lords, and commons ventures to abuse,  
 Yet dares to show those ears he *ought* to lose.
5. From hence to White's our virtuous Cato flies,  
 There sits with countenance erect and wise,  
 And talks of games of whist, and pig-tail pies ;  
 Plays all the night, nor doubts each law to break  
 Himself unknowingly has helped to make ;  
 Trembling and anxious, stakes his utmost groat,  
 Peeps o'er his cards, and looks as if he thought ;  
 Next morn disowns the losses of the night,  
 Because the fool would fain be thought a bite.
6. Devoted thus to politics and cards,  
 All worthy acts he wholly disregards ;  
 So far is ev'ry *virtue* from his heart,  
 That not a gen'rous *vice* can claim a part ;  
 Nay, lest one human passion e'er should move  
 His soul to friendship, tenderness, or love,

\* Parody on these lines of Sir John Denham :—

Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,  
 Strong without rage, without overflowing full.

To Figg and Broughton\* he commits his breast,  
To steel it to the fashionable test.

7. Thus, poor in wealth, he labors to no end,  
Wretched alone, in crowds without a friend ;  
Insensible to all that's good or kind,  
Deaf to all merit, to all beauty blind ;  
For love too busy, and for wit too grave,  
A hardened, sober, proud, luxuriant knave ;  
By little actions striving to be great,  
And proud to be, and to be thought, a cheat.

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BLESSED ALMANACS.—BEN. F. TAYLOR.

1. WHILE I am writing these words, a pair of "bright particular" eyes, just on a level with the table, are following my pen in its eccentric movements over the page. Don't you and I wish *our* eyes were just on a level with the tables again! And speaking of eyes, where can you find a brighter pair of interrogation-points, than the eyes of a child? Seeing everything, and turning everything into a query that they see?

2. Subject yourself for a half hour to one of these youthful inquisitors, and you are more of a philosopher than I take you to be, if he doesn't pose you, in less than half the time.

3. But small as he is, his ambition, like a vine in a garden, has run all over the month of December, and leaved and flowered at a tropical rate, somewhere near the 25th. "How many days is it to Christmas?" "How many Saturdays is it?" There is no school on Saturdays, and the little rascal keeps his calendar by play-days! Well, *let* him, for few enough of them he'll find by and by, unless he lives on into the Millennium. "And will Santa Claus come?—and how

\* One a celebrated prize-fighter, the other a no less famous boxer.

can he come down the chimney and the stove-pipe?—and does he come Christmas or New Year's?" There's that vine of his, a week longer than it was a minute ago.

4. "Oh! have him come Christmas! Have him come Christmas!" and eyes, and feet, and heart, for that matter, all dance together. Have him come Christmas! There spoke the child of a larger growth. There peeped out the man, through the disguise of boyhood, thus early drawing on the future, like a gay heir in expectancy, to make up the deficits of the present—an extravagance that has made many a man and woman bankrupt for the amount of a thousand hopes sterling, and "the undivided half" of a life full of happiness.

5. Men have a weary train of days—days of care and toil, if not of tears; but children have, in their calendar, but four or five days in a whole year—Christmas, New Year's, and Birthday, Fourth of July, and Thanksgiving—but they, like great lamps, light up all the year, and keep the little fellows perennial candidates for hope.

6. How much happiness is purchased for how little in the holidays! And it is easily calculated that if eighteen pence will just render a boy just turned of six, supremely happy, two-and-sixpence will make a lad of nine a prince.

Who *wouldn't* invest in such property!

7. But those eyes; there they are yet, looking over the table's edge, and I cannot help dreading the time when they will look *down* upon it, and one can see shadows in them, and the *coming of a real tear* in them—for children seldom weep—and a heavy light in them, and dimness and death in them.

8. True, there are shadows there now, but they are like those

"by a cloud in a summer-day made,  
Looking down on a field of blossoming clover."

A cloud! Life itself is a morning cloud, and whether with shadows or glory, glides swiftly and silently by.

## MEMORABILIA.\*

## TALENT WASTED.

AN infidel, who had been attempting to prove that men have no souls, asked a lady, with an air of triumph, what she thought of his philosophy. "It appears to me," she replied, "that you have been employing a good deal of talent to prove yourself a beast."

## A PERSIAN FABLE.

A little particle of rain,  
 That from a passing cloud descended,  
 Was heard thus idly to complain—  
 "My brief existence now is ended!  
 Outcast alike of earth and sky,  
 Useless to live, unknown to die!"

It chanced to fall into the sea,  
 And there an open shell received it;  
 And after years how rich was he  
 Who from its prison-house relieved it!  
 The drop of rain had formed a gem  
 To deck a monarch's diadem.

## IMPORTANT DISTINCTION

KNOWLEDGE and WISDOM, far from being one,  
 Have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells  
 In heads replete with thoughts of *other* men,  
 Wisdom in minds attentive to their *own*;  
 Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,  
 The mere materials with which wisdom builds,  
 Till smooth'd, and squared, and fitted into place,  
 Does but encumber what it seems to enrich.  
 Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much,  
 Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.—COWPER.

\* See note, page 58.

## CONCLUSIVE REASONING.

A little boy asked his mother how many gods there were. A younger brother answered: "Why, one to be sure." "But how do you know that?" inquired the other. "Because," answered the younger, "God fills every place, so there is no room for any other."

## TRUE STANDARD OF A MAN.

Were I so tall, as to reach the pole,  
And grasp the ocean with a span,  
I would be measured by my *soul* :  
The *mind's* the *standard* of the man.—*Pope*.

## TOYS OF THE MILLION.

So millions are swift with the glare of a *toy* ;  
They grasp at a *pebble*, and call it a *gem* ;  
And *tinsel* is gold, (if it *glitters*,) to *them* ;  
Hence, dazzled with *beauty*, the lover is smit ;  
The *hero* with *glory*—the *poet*—with *wit* ;  
The fop—with his *feather*, his *snuff-box* and *cane* ;  
The *nymph*,—with her *novel*, the *merchant*,—with *gain*.

## HONESTY AND INDEPENDENCE.

Let honesty be as the breath of thy soul, and never forget to have a penny, when all expenses are paid ; then shall thy soul walk upright, nor stoop to the silken wretch, because he has riches, nor pocket abuse, because the hand which offers it, wears a ring set with diamonds.—*Franklin*.

## A SECRET KNOWN TO FEW.

It is a secret known to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear *you*, or that you should hear *him*.—*Ad-dison*.

## SLANDER.

No ; 'tis slander,  
 Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue  
 Outvenoms all the worms of Nile ; whose breath  
 Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie  
 All corners of the world : kings, queens, and states,  
 Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave,  
 This viperous slander enters.—*Shakspeare.*

## PHILOSOPHICAL HAPPINESS.

Philosophical happiness is to want *little* and enjoy *much* ;  
 vulgar happiness is to want *much* and enjoy *little*.

## VALUE OF REPUTATION.

Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,  
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls :  
 Who steals my *purse*, steals *trash* : 'tis *something*, *nothing* :  
 'Twas *mine*, 'tis *his*, and has been slave to thousands :  
 But he that filches from me my *good name*,  
 Robs me of that which not enriches him, -  
 But makes *me* poor indeed.—*Shakspeare.*

## THE FAVOR OF MEN.

O momentary grace of mortal man,  
 Which we more hunt for than the grace of God !  
 Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,  
 Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast ;  
 Ready with every nod to tumble down  
 Into the fatal bowels of the deep.—*Shakspeare.*

## PRAISE AND FLATTERY.

Fair PRAISE is sterling gold—all should desire it—  
 FLATTERY, base coin—a cheat upon the nation :  
 And yet our vanity doth much admire it,  
 And really gives it all its circulation.—*Wolcot.*

## STANZAS TO THE MOON.—F. W. R.

1. SINCE ev'ry poet has address'd a song  
To thee, fair queen of all the starry throng,  
Why should not I my heartfelt praises sing,  
And my poor tribute to thy beauty bring.
2. The Sun is lord of all the earth, I know,  
And to his kingly majesty I bow,  
Yet somehow I feel more inclined to be  
On ceremonious terms with him than thee.
3. When in his glorious beaming car on high,  
His majesty patrols the azure sky,  
My hand before my dazzled eyes I place,  
Afraid to look into his kingly face.
4. But thou, dear Moon! whene'er thy face I meet,  
Thy placid features I delight to greet;  
My joys and griefs securely I confide,  
Nor am obliged my shamefaced eyes to hide.
5. If without him fair fruits would deck the trees,  
If it would not be dark nor coldly freeze,  
If fields would still in verdant flowers be dress'd,  
The Sun might shine or not as pleased him best.
6. But thou, fair lady of the diamond bow!  
I'd ne'er consent to leave this "vale of wo."  
What were a summer eve without thy light?  
So soft, serene, and yet so purely bright!
7. What should I do, but that I'd thee to tell,  
In sleepless nights—thou know'st the reason well;—  
Patient thou hearest all I say to thee,  
And though a lady, yet can secret be!

## NO LORDS AND LADIES.—N. P. WELLS.

1. THE life of a commoner in England is one of inevitable and daily eclipse and mortification—nothing but the force of early habits and education making it tolerable to the Englishman himself, and nothing at all making it in any way endurable to a republican of any pride or spirit.

2. You naturally say: "Why not associate with the middle classes, and let the aristocracy go to ruin?" but *individually* sending people to ruin, is of no use, and the middle classes value yourself and each other only as your introduction to them is aristocratic, or as their friends are approvable by an aristocratic eye. There is no class free from this humiliating weakness.

3. The notice of a lord will at any time take the wind out of your sails when a lady is in the case; your tailor will leave you half-measured to run to my lord's cab in the street; your doctor will neglect your fever for my lord's cold; your friend will breakfast with my lord, though engaged particularly to you; and the out-goings, and in-comings, the sayings and doings, the stupidities, impudencies, manners, greetings, and condescensions of lords and ladies, usurp the conversation in all places, and to the interruption or exclusion of the most grave or personal topics.

4. Understand us, we grudge no respect to dignities or authorities. Even to wealth as power, we are willing to yield the wall. But we say again, that a *republican spirit must rebel against homage with anything human with which it never can compete*, and in this lies the only distinction (we fervently hope) which will ever hedge in American aristocracy.

5. Let who will get to windward of us by superior sailing—the richer, the handsomer, the cleverer, the stronger, the more beloved and gifted—there was fair play at the start, and we will pay deference and duty with the promptest. But no lords and ladies, Mr. President, if you love us.



## SLYDER DOWNEHYLLE.—JOSEPH C. NEAL.

1. "How happy I'll be to-morrow!" exclaimed little Slyder Downehylle, in anticipation of Christmas,—“O, how happy I shall be to-morrow!”

“Couldn't you contrive to be happy a little now?” replied uncle John, who had learned somewhat to distrust anticipation and its gorgeous promises.

2. “Happy now, uncle John!” retorted little Slyder Downehylle, rather contemptuously,—“happy now! what with, I should like to know—what shall I be happy with—now? Where are the cakes, the candy, the pies—where the hobby horse that somebody's going to give me—and all the Christmas gifts? How I wish to-morrow was here! What a long day—what a long evening—what a great while I've got to sleep!”

3. Little Slyder Downehylle became quite cross, and uncle John whistled. Twenty-four hours afterwards, little Slyder Downehylle was still more cross; he had been happy with candy, with cakes, and with pies, until he was very uncomfortable indeed; he had been happy with toys, until he had quarreled with his little companions, and strewed the room with broken playthings; he had been happy with his hobby horse, until he got a fall.

4. “O, what a stupid day!” said little Slyder Downehylle. “I wish to-morrow would come—I'll be so happy at aunt Betsy's.”

It is unnecessary to intrude at aunt Betsy's, for the events there were of a character strongly resembling what had already occurred. Little Slyder Downehylle went to bed in tears.

5. It was always so with the unfortunate Slyder Downehylle. Throughout life he wanted something to be happy with; and, strangely enough, it universally occurred, that, when he had obtained the thing, it did not prove to be exactly the thing he wanted. His expectations were never re-

alized, and he was, therefore, constantly in a state of disappointment. Unlucky Slyder Downehylle! It was deplorable, too; that such should be the case, for Slyder Downehylle was anxious to be happy—he was always looking forward to be happy—for something to be happy with.

6. When he got up in the morning, it was always his resolve to be happy in the afternoon; and, if not successful in accomplishing his purpose at that time, he endeavored, as far as possible, to retrieve the failure by forming a similar determination for the evening. No one had ever a greater variety of schemes for living happy—very happy—than he; for living happy next week; for living happy next month, or next year; but it appeared to him that a malignant fate was sure to interfere, in order that his projects might be frustrated.

7. At school, he was always thinking how happy he would be on Saturday afternoon; but then sometimes it rained on Saturday afternoon, or his companions would not do as he wished them to do on Saturday afternoon, or it may be that although he had toiled hard for pleasure on Saturday afternoon,—and the toil for pleasure is often the severest of work,—he returned home weary, dispirited, and out of temper. Of course, it was unavoidable that his pleasure should be postponed until some other Saturday afternoon. And it was even so with the larger holidays. They never were exactly what they ought to have been—what they promised to be—what they seemed to be, when viewed from a distance.

8. If Slyder Downehylle went a-fishing, why, a treacherous bank would often give way; and then—pray who can possibly be happy when dripping wet with his clothes on? Nobody but poodles. What felicity is there in losing one's shoe in a swamp? Then, if Slyder Downehylle went skating, it not unfrequently happened that he cried with cold. What a strange arrangement it is not to have the best of skating on the warmest days!

9. The young Downehylle, finding that happiness eluded his grasp while a boy, made sure of throwing a noose over

its head when he should be a man. What on earth is there to prevent a man's being happy, if he chooses—especially if a man has money, as was the case in the present instance, uncle John and aunt Betsy both being gathered to their fathers and mothers.

10. May not a man do as he pleases?—go to bed when he pleases?—eat what he pleases, and drink what he pleases? A man is not compelled to learn lessons. All his afternoons are Saturday afternoons—his holidays last all the year round. Who would not be a man? “I want to be a man!” cried Slyder Downehylle, with impatience.

And Slyder Downehylle was a man at last, though, on the whole, it must be confessed that he did not derive the satisfaction from it that he had been led to expect.

11. In theorizing on happiness, he thought it was, to some degree, vehicular—that, like respectability, it was to be found in a gig, if it were to be found anywhere. So he bought him a sulky and a fast trotter—a mile in two minutes or thereabouts. What could escape a man who followed so rapidly? If you wish to be successful in the pursuit of happiness, do not forget to buy a sulky—there's nothing like a sulky.

“Aha!—that's it!” muttered Slyder Downehylle, as he tagged at the reins, and went whizzing along the turnpike in a cloud of dust, passing everything on the road, and carrying consternation among the pigs, the ducks, and the chickens.

12. Slyder thought that this was “it” for several consecutive days; but as the novelty wore off—there's the rub—Slyder was not so sure whether it was the thing exactly; and on the recommendation of his friend, who borrowed a hundred on the occasion, he endeavored to improve it a little by playing billiards at the “Cottage.”

13. “Now I'm happy,” said Slyder Downehylle, as he stood on the portico of the “Cottage,” and saw every eye fixed with admiration on his establishment, as the boy led his horse and sulky through the crowd of vehicles. “That's it, at last!”

"There—let him go!" said he, tossing a half dollar to the hostler's deputy.

14. Mr. Downehylle's sulky flew like lightning across the lawn. "Splendid!" ejaculated the spectators.

The dogs barked—the colored gentlemen who officiated as waiters, grinned from ear to ear. There was quite a sensation at the "Cottage."

"That's it, at last!" said Slyder Downehylle, triumphantly. But he forgot that existence, short as it is, cannot be crowded all into the exhilarating moment of a "start." Life is not to be distilled and condensed in this way, though his life seemed to come as near it as possible, on the occasion referred to.

15. Why are we made ambitious? Why will we endeavor to jump over puddles that are too wide, when we so often miss immortality by no more than a hair's breadth? But "touch and go" is the secret of great enterprises. Downehylle was allowed to "touch"—we often do that—but there was a veto on his "go." He wished to shave the gate-post, in his curricular enthusiasm—to astonish the natives with his charioteering skill. Yet the poplars might have reminded him of Phaëton—of Phaëton's sisters weeping, lank and long.

16. Mr. Downehylle was out in his calculation about the sixteenth part of an inch. He was on a lee shore.

A cloud of splinters went up and came down again. "There is but a Frenchman the more in France," said a Bourbon on the restoration. It was also quite evident that there was a sulky the less in existence. As this could not be considered the "fast trotter's" business,—he having no further concern with the matter than to do a certain number of miles in a specific number of minutes,—he therefore went straight on to fulfill his part of the contract; and it is to be presumed that he was successful, as nothing has been heard from him since.

17. "That's not it, after all," murmured Mr. Slyder Downehylle, as he was carried into the "Cottage" for surgical aid.

The by-standers, lately so full of admiration, ungraciously

placed their thumbs upon their noses, and waggled their fingers. Greatness always falls when it meets with an *upset!*

“What could you expect from a fellow that holds his elbows so when he drives!” was the general remark. When we are *down*, every one can see the reason *why*. The world is always full of sagacity *after* the event.

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HORACE ON POLITICS.—FROM SMOL'S *EGERIA*.

1. **STUFF**, Tom! no more of politics,  
I'm sick of all these juggler tricks,  
    This strife 'twixt *ins* and *outs* ;  
The knaves behind that pull the wires,  
The fool in front that prates, nor tires,  
    So long as Demus shouts!
2. I've seen and heard for twenty years,  
The same vile slang offend mine ears ;  
    And every wretched shoat,  
Who longs for office, still declares,  
How needful for the land's affairs,  
    That he should have my vote!
3. *He* is the patriot, born to save,  
(If you believe the barefaced knave,)  
    The country from its fate ;  
*This* is the crisis, worst of all,  
Since Adam's or Napoleon's fall,  
    That threatens most the State.
4. Don't you believe the rascal tale!  
The State, be sure, would never ail,  
    Were such as he at rest :  
*He* is the cook that smokes the stew,—  
Rid us of *him*, and we should do,  
    As safely as the best.

5. Suppose the State in danger!—well,  
Can *he* the threatening storm repel?  
Look on him where he stands;—  
Pursue his progress—backward trace,  
His long career in public place,  
With power for aye in hands.
  
6. What has he done, endured or shown,  
That he should seize the helm alone,  
And claim the right to guide?  
He spouts and swaggers—he may sway  
The rabble with his donkey bray,  
But can he aught beside?
  
7. 'Tis one thing surely, to assert  
The danger threat'ning still our hurt,  
But quite another, when,  
Jack Mainstay rises to entreat,  
We place him in the master's seat,  
And make him first of men!
  
8. No! no! good Tom!—There may be strife,  
And storm,—for these still follow life;—  
But for these mouths that feed,  
Forever off the public plate,—  
They only fatten on the State,  
Not help it at its need.
  
9. For us, good Tom, 'tis quite enough,  
If still, eschewing all his stuff,—  
When comes the time, we stand,  
Where God first gave us breath, prepared  
To do, as still our fathers dared,  
For home and Fatherland!

## PARTIALITY OF SANTA CLAUS.—FROM KARL KRINKEN.

1. WHEREVER Santa Claus lives, and in whatever spot of the Universe he harnesses his reindeer and loads up his sleigh, one thing is certain—he never yet put anything in that sleigh for little Carl Krinken. Indeed it may be noted as a fact, that the Christmas of poor children has but little of his care.

2. Now and then a cast-off frock or an extra mince-pie slips into the load as it were accidentally; but in general Santa Claus strikes at higher game,—gilt books, and sugarplums, and fur tippets, and new hoods, and crying babies, and rocking horses, and guns and drums and trumpets;—and what have poor children to do with these?

3. Not but they might have something to do with them—it is a singular fact that poor children cut their teeth quite as early as the rich,—even that sweet tooth, which is destined to be an unsatisfied tooth all the days of its life, unless its owner should perchance grow up to be a sugar refiner.

4. It is also remarkable, that though poor children can bear a great deal of cold, they can also enjoy being warm—whether by means of a new dress or a load of firing; and the glow of a bright blaze looks just as comfortable upon little cheeks that are generally blue, as when little cheeks that are generally red; while not even dirt will hinder the kindly heat of a bed of coals from rejoicing little shivering fingers that are held over it.

5. I say all this is strange—for nobody knows much about it; and how can they? When a little girl once went down Broadway with her muff and her doll, the hand outside the muff told the hand within that he had no idea what a cold day it was. And the hand inside said that for his part he never wished it to be warmer.

6. But with all this Santa Claus never troubled his head—he was too full of business, and wrapped up in buffalo skins besides; and though he sometimes thought of little Carl, as a goodnatured little fellow who talked as much about *him* as if

Santa Claus had given him half the world—yet it ended with a thought, for his hands were indeed well occupied.

7. It was no trifle to fill half a million of *rich* little stockings, and then—how many poor children had any to fill? or if one chanced to be found it might have holes in it; and if the sugarplums came rolling down upon such a floor!—

To be sure the children wouldn't mind that, but Santa Claus would.

8. Nevertheless, little Carl always hung up his stocking, and generally had it filled—though not from any sleigh load of wonderful things; and he often amused himself Christmas eve with dreaming that he had made himself sick eating candy, and that they had a stack of mince pies as high as the house. So altogether, what with dreams and realities, Carl enjoyed that time of year very much, and thought it was a great pity Christmas did not come every day.

9. He was always contented too with what he found in his stocking; while some of his rich neighbors had theirs filled only to their heart's *discontent*, and fretted because they had what they did, or because they hadn't what they didn't have. It was a woful thing if a top was painted the wrong color, or if the mane of a rocking-horse was too short, or if his bridle was black leather instead of red.

10. But when Carl found in his stocking a little board nailed upon four spools for wheels, and with no better tongue than a long piece of twine: *his* little tongue ran as fast as the spools, and he had brought his mother a very small load of chips in less than five minutes. And a small cake of maple sugar which somehow once found its way to the depending toe, was a treasure quite too great to be weighed; though it measured only an inch and a half across, and though the maple trees had grown about a foot since it was made.



## OLD MORTALITY.—WALTER SCOTT.

1. "ONE summer evening, as, in a stroll such as I have described, I approached this deserted mansion of the dead, I was somewhat surprised to hear sounds distinct from those which usually soothe its solitude, the gentle chiding, namely, of the brook, and the sighing of the wind in the boughs of three gigantic ash trees, which mark the cemetery. The clink of a hammer was, upon this occasion, distinctly heard; and I entertained some alarm that a march-dike, long meditated by the two proprietors whose estates were divided by my favorite brook, was about to be drawn up the glen, in order to substitute its rectilinear deformity for the graceful winding of the natural boundary. As I approached I was agreeably undeceived. An old man was seated upon the monument of the slaughtered Presbyterians; and busily employed in deepening, with his chisel, the letters of the inscription, which announcing, in scriptural language, the promised blessings of futurity to be the lot of the slain, anathematized the murderers with corresponding violence. A blue bonnet of unusual dimensions covered the gray hairs of the pious workman.

2. His dress was a large old-fashioned coat, of the coarse cloth called *hoddingley*, usually worn by the elder peasants, with waistcoat and breeches of the same; and the whole suit, though still in decent repair, had obviously seen a train of long service. Strong clouted shoes, studded with hob-nails, and *gramoches* or *leggins* made of thick black cloth, completed his equipment. Beside him, fed among the graves, a pony, the companion of his journey, whose extreme whiteness, as well as its projecting bones and hollow eyes, indicated its antiquity. It was harnessed in the most simple manner, with a pair of branks, and hair tether, or halter, and a *swak*, or cushion of straw, instead of bridle and saddle. A canvas pouch hung round the neck of the animal, for the purpose, probably, of containing the rider's tools, and anything else he might have occasion to carry with him. Although I had never seen

the old man before, yet, from the singularity of his employment, and the style of his equipage, I had no difficulty in recognizing a religious itinerant whom I had often heard talked of, and who was known in various parts of Scotland by the name of Old Mortality.

3. Where this man was born, or what was his real name, I have never been able to learn, nor are the motives which made him desert his home, and adopt the erratic mode of life which he pursued, known to me except very generally. He is said to have held, at one period of his life, a small moorland farm; but, whether from pecuniary losses, or domestic misfortune, he had long renounced that and every other gainful calling. In the language of Scripture, he left his house, his home, and his kindred, and wandered about until the day of his death—a period, it is said, of nearly thirty years.

4. During this long pilgrimage, the pious enthusiast regulated his circuit so as annually to visit the graves of the unfortunate Covenanters, who suffered by the sword, or by the executioner, during the reigns of the two last monarchs of the Stuart line. These tombs are often apart from all human habitation, in the remote moors and wilds to which the wanderers had fled for concealment. But wherever they existed, Old Mortality was sure to visit them, when his annual round brought them within his reach. In the most lonely recesses of the mountains, the moorfowl shooter has been often surprised to find him busied in cleaning the moss from the gray stones, renewing with his chisel the half-defaced inscriptions, and repairing the emblems of death with which these simple monuments are usually adorned.

5. As the wanderer was usually to be seen bent on this pious task within the precincts of some country churchyard, or reclined on the solitary tombstone among the heath, disturbing the plover and the blackcock with the clink of his chisel and mallet, with his old white pony grazing by his side, he acquired, from his converse among the dead, the popular appellation of Old Mortality.

## MY SISTER JANE.

1. My sister Jane is quite a blue,  
She's read Lord Byron through and through ;  
And none more fervently adore  
The glowing melodies of Moore.  
In fact she squanders half her time  
In reading and in scribbling rhyme ;  
And says the " beauty of the mind "  
Leaves charms of person far behind.  
But think not so the men 'tis plain,  
For none come courting sister Jane.
  
2. My sister Jane has had in print  
A poem which would melt a *flint* ;  
But though she visits play and park,  
It fail'd to conjure up a *spark* !  
Perchance she'll from her lattice look,  
But ne'er be seen without a book ;  
And then she each debut attends,  
Calls learned folks her bosom friends ;  
But each device proves quite in vain,  
For none come courting sister Jane.
  
3. My sister Jane an album keeps,  
For which she many a stanza reaps,  
From " ancient maids," whose venom'd pen,  
Declaims against the sins of men.  
Our youths without cravats who rave  
In every style from gay to grave,  
And fish for an invite to dine  
With pa, and quaff his choicest wine ;  
Make hearty dinners, drink champagne,  
But never think of sister Jane.

4. My sister Jane is very fair,  
With azure eyes and auburn hair ;  
Her brow as polished marble white,  
Her eyes are bathed in liquid light,  
And Jane is slightly form'd and young,  
But then my sister *has* a tongue,  
With which she loves dispute to wage  
With all a forward critic's rage.  
Her learning makes her proud and vain  
So none come courting sister Jane.
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A RAINY SUNDAY AT AN INN.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

1. It was a rainy Sunday, in the gloomy month of November. I had been detained, in the course of a journey, by a slight indisposition, from which I was recovering ; but I was still feverish, and was obliged to keep within doors all day, in an inn of the small town of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country inn ! whoever has had the luck to experience one can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements ; the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound. I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye ; but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement.

2. The windows of my bed-room looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting-room commanded a full view of the stable-yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable-yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw that had been kicked about by travelers and stable-boys. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water, surrounding an island of muck. There were several half-drowned-fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable, crest-fallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit ;

his drooping tail matted, as it were, into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back.

3. Near the cart was a half-dozing cow, chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapor rising from her reeking hide. A wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dropping on it from the eaves. An unhappy cur, chained to a dog-house hard by, uttered something every now and then, between a bark and a yelp. A drab of a kitchen wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself. Everything, in short, was comfortless and forlorn—excepting a crew of hard-drinking ducks, assembled like boon companions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

4. I sauntered to the window and stood gazing at the people, picking their way to church, with petticoats hoisted mid-leg high, and dripping umbrellas. The bells ceased to toll, and the streets became silent. I then amused myself with watching the daughters of a tradesman opposite; who, being confined to the house for fear of wetting their Sunday finery, played off their charms at the front windows, to fascinate the chance tenants of the inn. They at length were summoned away by a vigilant vinegar-faced mother, and I had nothing farther from without to amuse me.

5. The day continued lowering and gloomy. The slovenly, ragged, spongy clouds, drifted heavily along. There was no variety even in the rain; it was one dull, continued, monotonous patter—patter—patter, excepting that now and then I was enlivened by the idea of a brisk shower, from the rattling of the drops upon a passing umbrella. It was quite *refreshing* (if I may be allowed a hackneyed phrase of the day) when, in the course of the morning, a horn blew, and a stage coach whirled through the street, with outside passengers stuck all over it, cowering under cotton umbrellas, and seethed together, and reeking with the steams of wet box-coats and upper Benjamins. The sound brought out from their lurking-places

a crew of vagabond boys, and vagabond dogs, and the carrot-headed hostler, and that nondescript animal ycleped Boots, and all the other vagabond race that infest the purlieus of an inn; but the bustle was transient. The coach again whirled on its way; and boy and dog, and hostler and Boots, all slunk back again to their holes. The street again became silent, and the rain continued to rain on.

6. The evening gradually wore away. The travellers read the papers two or three times over. Some drew round the fire, and told long stories about their horses, about their adventures, their overturns, and breakings-down. They discussed the credits of different merchants and different inns; and the two wags told several choice anecdotes of pretty chambermaids and kind landladies. All this passed as they were quietly taking what they called their night-caps, that is to say, strong glasses of brandy and water and sugar, or some other mixture of the kind; after which, they one after another rang for "Boots," and walked off to bed, in old shoes, cut down into marvelously uncomfortable slippers.

7. There was only one man left; a short-legged, long-bodied, plethoric fellow, with a very large sandy head. He sat by himself with a glass of port wine negus, and a spoon; sipping and stirring, and meditating and sipping, until nothing was left but the spoon. He gradually fell asleep bolt upright in his chair, with the empty glass standing before him; and the candle seemed to fall asleep too! for the wick grew long and black, and cabbaged at the end, and dimmed the little light that remained in the chamber. The gloom that now prevailed was contagious. Around hung the shapeless, and almost spectral box-coats of departed travellers, long since buried in deep sleep. I only heard the ticking of the clock, with the deep-drawn breathings of the sleeping toper, and the drippings of the rain, drop—drop—drop, from the eaves of the house.

## THE COACH AND THE FLY.—LA FONTAINE.

1. UPON a sandy, uphill road,  
Which naked in the sunshine glowed,  
Six lusty horses drew a coach.  
Dames, monks, and invalids, its load,  
On foot, outside, at leisure trode.  
The team, all weary, stopped and blowed :  
Whereupon there did a fly approach,  
And, with a vastly business air,  
Cheered up the horses with his buzz—  
Now pricked them here, now pricked them there,  
As neatly as a jockey does—  
And thought the while—he knew 'twas so—  
He made the team and carriage go ;  
On carriage-pole sometimes alighting—  
Or driver's nose—and biting.
2. And when the whole did get in motion,  
Confirmed and settled in the notion,  
He took, himself, the total glory—  
Flew back and forth in wondrous hurry,  
And as he buzzed about the cattle,  
Seemed like a sergeant in a battle,  
The files and squadrons leading on  
To where the victory is won.
3. Thus charged with all the commonweal,  
This single fly began to feel  
Responsibility too great,  
And cares, a grievous, crushing weight ;  
And made complaint that none would aid  
The horses up the tedious hill—  
The monk his prayers at leisure said—  
Fine time to pray !— the dames, at will,  
Were singing songs—not greatly needed !

4. Thus in their ears he sharply sang,  
 And notes of indignation ran—  
 Notes, after all, not greatly heeded.  
 Ere long the coach was on the top :  
 Now, said the fly, my hearties, stop  
 And breathe—I've got you up the hill ;  
 And, Messrs Horses, let me say,  
 I need not ask you if you will  
 A proper compensation pay.

## MORAL.

5. Thus certain ever-bustling noddies  
 Are seen in every great affair ;  
 Important, swelling, busy-bodies,  
 And bores 'tis easier to bear,  
 Than chase them from their needless care.

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 THE PLAGUE IN THE FOREST.—J. QUINCY ADAMS.

1. TIME was, when round the lion's den,  
 A peopled city raised its head ;  
 'Twas not inhabited by men,  
 But by four-footed beasts instead.  
 The lynx, the leopard, and the bear,  
 The tiger and the wolf, were there ;  
 The hoof-defended steed,  
 The bull, prepared with horns to gore,  
 The cat with claws, the tusky boar,  
 And all the canine breed.
2. In social compact thus combined,  
 Together dwelt the beasts of prey ;  
 Their murderous weapons all resigned,  
 And vowed each other not to slay.  
 Among them Reynard thrust his phiz ;  
 Not hoof, nor horn, nor tusk was his,



For warfare all unfit ;  
 He whispered to the royal dunce,  
 And gained a settlement at once ;  
 His weapon was,—his wit.

3. One summer, by some fatal spell,  
 (Phœbus was peevish for some scoff,)  
 The plague upon that city fell,  
 And swept the beasts by thousands off.  
 The lion, as became his part,  
 Loved his own people from his heart,  
 And taking counsel sage,  
 His peerage summoned to advise  
 And offer up a sacrifice,  
 To soothe Apollo's rage.

4. Quoth lion : " We are sinners all,  
 And even it must be confessed,  
 If among sheep I chance to fall,—  
 I, I am guilty as the rest.  
 To me the sight of lamb is curst,  
 It kindles in my throat a thirst,—  
 I struggle to refrain,—  
 Poor innocent ! his blood so sweet !  
 His flesh so delicate to eat !  
 I find resistance vain.

5. " Now to be candid, I must own  
 The sheep are weak and I am strong,  
 But when we find ourselves alone,  
 The sheep have never done me wrong.  
 And, since I purpose to reveal  
 All my offences, nor conceal  
 One trespass from your view ;  
 My appetite is made so keen,  
 That with the sheep the time has been  
 I took the *shepherd* too.

6. "Then let us all our sins confess,  
And whosoe'er the blackest guilt,  
To ease my people's deep distress,  
Let *his* atoning blood be spilt.  
My own confession now you hear,  
Should none of deeper dye appear,  
Your sentence freely give ;  
And if on me should fall the lot,  
Make me the victim on the spot,  
And let my people live."
7. The council with applauses rung,  
To hear the Codrus of the wood ;  
Though still some doubt suspended hung,  
If he would make his promise good,—  
Quoth Reynard,—“Since the world was made,  
Was ever love like this displayed ?  
Let us like subjects true  
Swear, as before your feet we fall,  
Sooner than you should die for all,  
We all will die for you.
8. “But please your majesty, I deem,  
Submissive to your royal grace,  
You hold in far too high esteem  
That paltry, poltroon, sheepish race ;  
For oft, reflecting in the shade,  
I ask myself why sheep were made  
By all-creating power ?  
And howsoe'er I tax my mind,  
This the sole reason I can find,  
For lions to devour.
9. “And as for eating now and then,  
As well the shepherd as the sheep,—  
How can that braggart breed of men  
Expect with you the peace to keep ?

'Tis time their blustering boast to stem,  
 That all the world was made for them,  
 And prove creation's plan ;  
 Teach them by evidence profuse  
 That man was made for lion's use,  
 Not lions made for man."

10. And now the noble peers begin,  
 And, cheered with such examples bright,  
 Disclosing each his secret sin,  
 Some midnight murder brought to light ;  
 Reynard was counsel for them all,  
 No crime the assembly could appal,  
 But *he* could botch with paint :  
 Hark ! as his honeyed accents roll,  
 Each tiger is a gentle soul :  
 Each blood-hound is a saint.

11. When each had told his tale in turn,  
 The long-eared beast of burden came,  
 And meekly said : " My bowels yearn  
 To make confession of my shame ;  
 But I remember on a time  
 I passed, not thinking of a crime,  
 A haystack on my way :  
 His lure some tempting demon spread,  
 I stretched across the fence my head,  
 And cropped,—a lock of hay."

12. " Oh, monster ! villain !" Reynard cried,—  
 " No longer seek the victim, sire ;  
 Nor why your subjects thus have died,  
 To expiate Apollo's ire."  
 The council with one voice decreed ;  
 All joined to execrate the deed,—

"What, steal another's grass!"  
 The blackest crime *their* lives could show,  
 Was washed as white as virgin snow;  
 The victim was,—THE ASS!

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#### COLORING THINGS TOO HIGHLY.

1. "If there be any one mannerism," says Ephraim Holding, "that is universal among mankind, it is that of coloring too highly things we describe. We cannot be content with a simple relation of truth—we must exaggerate—we must overdraw—we must have 'a little too much red in the brush.' Who ever heard of a dark night that was not 'pitch dark?'—of a stout man that was not 'strong as a horse?'—or of a miry road that was not 'up to the knees?' I would walk 'fifty miles on foot' to see the man who never caricatures the subject on which he speaks; but where is such a one to be found?"

2. "From 'rosy morn to dewy eve,' in our common conversation, we are constantly outraging the truth. If somewhat wakeful in the night, we have 'scarcely had a wink of sleep;' if our sleeves get a little damp in a shower, we are 'as wet as if dragged through a brook;' if a breeze blow up while we are in the 'chops of the Channel,' the waves are sure to 'run mountains high;' and if a man grow rich, we all say that 'he rolls in money.' No later than yesterday, a friend of mine, who would shrink from a wilful misrepresentation, told me hastily, as he passed, that the newspaper had 'nothing in it but advertisements,' and that he had just sent off, by the Shrewsbury coach, a codfish as 'big as a jackass!"

3. "Every newspaper has its 'Bargains,' its 'Great Savings,' and its 'Immense Sacrifices.' 'Fish all alive' is not too strong a term for the unbearably tainted, sealy fry offered for sale. The Irish cloth of the mercer is 'fine as cambric;'—the stale meat of the butcher 'sweet as a nut'—and the cheese-monger's hard, tough, lean cheese, 'as fat as butter.'

## METAPHYSICS—A LUMINOUS CONVERSATION.

1. "PRAY, Doctor," said Uncle Tim, "tell me something about metaphysics; I have often heard of that science, but never for my life could find out what it was."

"Metaphysics," said the Doctor, "is the science of abstractions."

"I'm no wiser for that explanation," said Uncle Tim.

"It treats," said the Doctor, "of matters most profound and sublime, a little difficult perhaps for a common intellect, or an unachooled capacity to fathom, but not the less important on that account to all living beings."

2. "What does it teach?" asked the schoolmaster.

"It is not applied so much to the operation of teaching," answered the Doctor, "as to that of inquiring; and the chief inquiry is, whether things are, or whether they are not."

"I don't understand the question," said Uncle Tim, taking the pipe out of his mouth.

"For example, whether this earth on which we tread," said the Doctor, giving a heavy stamp on the floor, and setting his foot slap on the cat's tail, "whether this earth does really exist, or whether it does not exist."

3. "That is a point of considerable consequence to settle," said my grandfather.

"Especially," added the schoolmaster, "to the holders of real estate."

"Now the earth," continued the Doctor, "may exist—"

"Who the dogs ever doubted that?" asked Uncle Tim.

"A great many men," said the Doctor, "and some very learned ones."

4. Uncle Tim stared a moment, and then began to fill up his pipe, whistling the tune of High Betty Martin, while the Doctor went on:

"The earth, I say, may exist, although Bishop Berkeley has proved beyond all possible gainsaying or denial, that it

does not exist. The case is clear; the only difficulty is, to know whether we shall believe it or not."

"And how," asked Uncle Tim, "is all this to be found out?"

"By digging down to the first principles," answered the Doctor.

"Ay," interrupted Malachi, our laboring man, "there is nothing equal to the spade and pickaxe."

5. "That is true," said my grandfather, going on in Malachi's way; "'tis by digging for the foundation that we shall find out whether the world exists or not; for, if we dig to the bottom of the earth and find a foundation—why then we are sure of it. But if we find no foundation, it is clear that the world stands upon nothing, or, in other words, that it does not stand at all; therefore, it stands to reason—"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted the Doctor, "but you totally mistake me; I use the word *digging* metaphorically, meaning the profoundest cogitation and research into the nature of things. That is the way in which we may ascertain whether things are or whether they are not."

6. "But if a man can't believe his eyes," said Uncle Tim, "what signifies talking about it?"

"Our eyes," said the Doctor, "are nothing at all but the inlets of sensation, and when we see a thing, all we are aware of is, that we have a sensation of it; we are not sure that the thing exists. We are sure of nothing that we see with our eyes."

"Not without spectacles," said Aunt Judy.

"Plato, for instance, maintains that the sensation of any object is produced by a perpetual succession of copies, images, or counterfeits streaming off from the object to the organs of sensation. Descartes, too, has explained the matter upon the principle of whirligigs."

7. "But does the world exist?" asked the schoolmaster.

"A good deal may be said on both sides," replied the Doctor, "though the ablest heads are for non-existence."

"In common cases," said Uncle Tim, "those who utter nonsense are considered blockheads."

8. "But in metaphysics," said the Doctor, "the case is different."

"Now all this is hocus pocus to me," said Aunt Judy, suspending her knitting-work, and scratching her forehead with one of the needles. "I don't understand a bit more of the business than I did at first."

10. "I'll be bound there is many a learned professor," said Uncle Tim, "could say the same after spinning a long yarn of metaphysics."

The Doctor did not admire this gibe at his favorite science.

"That is as the case may be," said he; "this thing or that thing may be dubious, but what then? Doubt is the beginning of wisdom."

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**METAPHYSICS, A LUMINOUS CONVERSATION.—CONTINUED.**

1. "No doubt of that," said my grandfather, beginning to poke the fire, "but when a man has got through his doubting, what does he begin to build upon in a metaphysical way?"

"Why, he begins by taking something for granted," said the Doctor.

"But is that a sure way of going to work?"

"Tis the only thing he can do," replied the Doctor, after a pause, and rubbing his forehead as if he was not altogether satisfied that his foundation was a solid one. My grandfather might have posed him with another question, but he poked the fire and let him go on.

2. "Metaphysics, to speak exactly—"

"Ah," interrupted the schoolmaster, "bring it down to vulgar fractions, and then we shall understand it."

"Tis the consideration of immateriality, or the mere spirit and essence of things."

"Come, come," said Aunt Judy, taking a pinch of snuff, "now I see into it."

"Thus, man is considered, not in his corporeality, but in his essence or capability of being; for a man metaphysically, or to metaphysical purposes, hath two natures, that of spirituality and that of corporeality, which may be considered separate."

3. "What man?" asked Uncle Tim.

"Why, any man; Malachi there, for example, I may consider him as Malachi spiritual or Malachi corporal."

"That is true," said Malachi, for when I was in the militia, they made me a sixteenth corporal, and I carried grog to the drummer."

4. "That is another affair," said the Doctor, in continuation, "we speak of man in his essence; we speak also of the essence of locality, the essence of duration—"

"And essence of peppermint," said Aunt Judy.

"Pooh!" said the Doctor, "the essence I mean is quite a different concern."

"Something too fine to be dribbled through the worm of a still," said my grandfather.

5. "Then I am all in the dark again," rejoined Aunt Judy.

"By the spirit and essence of things, I mean things in the abstract."

"And what becomes of a thing when it gets in the abstract?" asked Uncle Tim.

"Why, it becomes an abstraction."

"There we are again," said Uncle Tim; "but what in the world is an abstraction?"

6. "It's a thing that has no matter; that is, it cannot be felt, seen, heard, smelt or tasted; it has no substance or solidity; it is neither large nor small, hot nor cold, long nor short."

"Then what is the long and short of it?" asked the school-master.



"Abstraction," replied the Doctor.

"Suppose, for instance," said Malachi, "that I had a pitchfork—"

"Ay," said the Doctor, "consider a pitchfork in general; that is, neither this one nor that one, nor any particular one, but a pitchfork or pitchforks divested of their materiality—these are things in the abstract."

7. "They are things in the hay-mow," said Malachi.

"Pray," said Uncle Tim, "have there been many such things discovered?"

"Discovered!" returned the Doctor, "why, all things, whether in heaven or upon the earth, or in the waters under the earth, whether small or great, visible or invisible, animate or inanimate; whatever the eye can see, or the ear can hear, or the nose can smell, or the fingers touch; finally, whatever exists or is imaginable in the nature of things, past, present, or to come, all may be abstractions."

8. "Indeed!" said Uncle Tim, "pray what do you make of the abstraction of a red cow?"

"A red cow," said the Doctor, "considered metaphysically, or as an abstraction, is an animal possessing neither hide nor horns, bones nor flesh, but is the mere type, image, and fantastical semblance of these parts of a quadruped. It has a shape without any substance, and no color at all, for its redness is the mere counterfeit or imagination of such.

9. "As it lacks the positive, so it is also deficient in the accidental properties of all the animals of its tribe; for it has no locomotion, stability, or endurance, neither goes to pasture, gives milk, chews the cud, nor performs any other function of a horned beast, but is a mere creature of the brain, begotten by a freak of the fancy, and nourished by a conceit of the imagination."

"A dog's foot!" exclaimed Aunt Judy. "All the metaphysics under the sun wouldn't make a pound of butter."

"That's a fact!" said Uncle Tim.

BEAR AND FORBEAR.—*Cowper.*

1. The lady thus address'd her spouse—  
 "What a mere dungeon is this house!  
 By no means large enough; and, was it,  
 Yet this dull room, and that dark closet,  
 Those hangings, with their worn-out Graces,  
 Long beards, long noses, and pale faces,  
 Are such an antiquated scene,  
 They overwhelm me with the spleen."
  
2. Sir Humphrey, shooting in the dark,  
 Makes answer quite beside the mark—  
 "No doubt, my dear; I bade him come,  
 Engag'd myself to be at home,  
 And shall expect him at the door  
 Precisely when the clock strikes four."  
 "You are so deaf," the lady cried,  
 (And rais'd her voice, and frown'd beside,)  
 "You are so sadly deaf, my dear,  
 What shall I do to make you hear?"
  
3. "Dismiss poor Harry!" he replies;  
 "Some people are more nice than wise:  
 For one slight trespass all this stir!  
 What if he did ride whip and spur?  
 'Twas but a mile; your fav'rite horse  
 Will never look one hair the worse."  
 "Well, I protest, 'tis past all bearing!"  
 "Child! I am rather hard of hearing!"  
 "Yes, truly, one must scream and bawl:  
 I tell you, you can't hear at all."  
 Then, with a voice exceeding low,  
 "No matter, if you hear or no."

4. Alas! and is domestic strife,  
That sorest ill of human life,  
A plague so little to be feared,  
As to be wantingly incurred,  
To gratify a fretful passion,  
On every trivial provocation?  
The kindest and the happiest pair  
Will find occasion to forbear,  
And something, ev'ry day they live,  
To pity, and, perhaps, forgive.
5. But, if infirmities that fall  
In common to the lot of all,  
A blemish, or a sense impaired,  
Are crimes so little to be spared,  
Then farewell all that must create  
The comfort of the wedded state:  
Instead of harmony, 'tis jar,  
And tumult, and intestine war.
6. The love that cheers life's latest stage,  
Proof against sickness and old age,  
Preserved by virtue from declension,  
Becomes not weary of attention;  
But lives when that exterior grace,  
Which first inspired the flame, decays.  
'Tis gentle, delicate, and kind,  
To faults compassionate or blind,  
And will with sympathy endure  
Those evils it would gladly cure:  
But angry, coarse, and harsh expression,  
Shows Love to be a mere profession,  
Proves that the heart is none of his,  
Or soon expels him, if it is.

## THE SHEPHERD AND PHILOSOPHER.—GAY.

1. **Remote** from cities lived a swain,  
 Unvexed with all the cares of gain ;  
 His head was silvered o'er with age,  
 And long experience made him sage ;  
 In summer's heat, and winter's cold,  
 He fed his flock and penned the fold ;  
 His hours in cheerful labor flew,  
 Nor envy nor ambition knew ;  
 His wisdom and his honest fame  
 Through all the country raised his name.
  
2. A deep philosopher (whose rules  
 Of moral life were drawn from schools)  
 The shepherd's homely cottage sought,  
 And thus explored his reach of thought.  
 " Whence is thy learning ? Hath thy toil  
 O'er books consumed the midnight oil ?  
 Hast thou old Greece and Rome surveyed,  
 And the vast sense of Plato weighed ?  
 Hath Socrates thy soul refined,  
 And hast thou fathomed Tully's mind ?  
 Or, like the wise Ulysses, thrown,  
 By various fates on realms unknown,  
 Hast thou through many cities strayed,  
 Their customs, laws, and manners weighed ?"
  
3. The shepard modestly replied :  
 " I ne'er the paths of learning tried ;  
 Nor have I roamed in foreign parts,  
 To read mankind their laws and arts ;  
 For man is practised in disguise,  
 He cheats the most discerning eyes ;  
 Who by that search shall wiser grow,  
 When we ourselves can never know ?

The little knowledge I have gained,  
 Was from all simple nature drained ;  
 Hence my life's maxims took their rise  
 Hence grew my settled hate to vice.

4. The daily labors of the bee  
 Awake my soul to industry :  
 Who can observe the careful ant,  
 And not provide for future want ?  
 My dog (the trustiest of his kind)  
 With gratitude inflames my mind :  
 I mark his true, his faithful way,  
 And in my service copy Tray.  
 In constancy and nuptial love,  
 I learn my duty from the dove.  
 The hen, who from the chilly air,  
 With pious wing, protects her care,  
 And every fowl that flies at large,  
 Instructs me in a parent's charge.
5. From nature too I took my rule,  
 To shun contempt and ridicule.  
 I never with important air,  
 In conversation overbear.  
 Can grave and formal pass for wise,  
 When men the solemn owl despise ?  
 My tongue within my lips I reign ;  
 For who talks much, must talk in vain.  
 We from the wordy torrent fly :  
 Who listens to the chattering pye ?  
 Nor would I with felonious flight,  
 By stealth invade my neighbor's right.
6. Rapacious animals we hate :  
 Kites, hawks, and wolves deserve their fate.  
 Do not we just abhorrence find  
 Against the toad and serpent kind ?

But envy, calumny, and spite,  
 Bear stronger venom in their bite.  
 Thus every object of creation  
 Can furnish hints to contemplation ;  
 And from the most minute and mean,  
 A virtuous mind can morals glean."

7. "Thy fame is just," the sage replies ;  
 "Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.  
 Pride often guides the author's pen ;  
 Books as affected are as men :  
 But he who studies nature's laws,  
 From certain truth his maxims draws ;  
 And those without our schools, suffice  
 To make men moral, good, and wise."

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#### PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

1. I ONCE had a neighbor, who, though a very clever man, came to me and said, "Squire White, I want you to come and get your geese away." "Why," said I, "what are my geese doing?" "They pick my pigs ears when they are eating, and drive them away, and I will not have it." "What can I do?" said I. "You must yoke them." "That I have not time to do now," said I; "I do not see but they must run." "If you do not take care of them, I shall," said the clever shoemaker in anger. "What do you say, Squire White?" "I cannot take care of them now, but I will pay you for all damages." "Well," said he "you will find that a hard thing, I guess."

2. So off he went, and I heard a terrible squalling among the geese. The next news from the geese was, that three of them were missing. My children went and found them terribly mangled and dead, and thrown into the bushes. "Now," said

I, "all keep still, and let me punish him." In a few days, the shoemaker's hogs broke into my corn. I saw them, but let them remain a long time. At last I drove them all out, and picked up the corn which they had torn down, and fed them with it in the road.

3. By this time the shoemaker came in great haste after them. "Have you seen anything of my hogs?" said he. "Yes, sir, you will find them yonder, eating some corn, which they tore down in my field." "In your field?" "Yes, sir," said I, "hogs love corn, you know—they were made to eat." "How much mischief have they done?" "Oh, not much," said I. Well, off he went to look, and estimated the damage to be equal to a bushel and a half of corn. "Oh, no," said I, "It can't be." "Yes," said the shoemaker, "and I will pay you every cent of the damage." "No," replied I, "you shall pay me nothing. My geese have been a great trouble to you."

4. The shoemaker blushed, and went home. The next winter when we came to settle, the shoemaker determined to pay me for my corn. "No," said I; "I shall take nothing." After some talk we parted; but in a day or two, I met him on the road, and fell into conversation in the most friendly manner. But when I started on he seemed loth to move, and I paused. For a moment both of us were silent.

5. At last he said, "I have something laboring on my mind." "Well, what is it?" "Those geese. I killed three of your geese, and shall never rest until you know how I feel. I am sorry." And the tears came into his eyes. "Oh, well," said I, "never mind, I suppose my geese were provoking." I never took anything of him for it; but when my cattle broke into his field after this, he seemed glad—because he could show how patient he could be. "Now," said the narrator, "conquer yourself, and you can conquer with kindness where you can conquer in no other way."

## THE STREAM OF LIFE.—ANDREW PARK.

1. I THREW three flowers into a stream  
That swiftly journeyed by,  
And sparkled in the golden gleam  
Of May's reviving sky.  
"Now," said I calmly, as I stood,  
"This is the stream of life,  
That sweeps to the eternal flood,  
And these, three men of strife!"
2. I placed them gently side by side  
Upon the sparkling stream,  
Then on they rushed, like things of pride  
Aroused from Morphean dream.  
Awhile they journeyed on in joy  
Along their pebbly way,  
But soon earth's common lot, alloy,  
Has seized them in their play.
3. One that bade well to be the first  
'Mong the ambitious three,  
Has hit upon a jarring rock,  
And to the side runs he.  
The others, heedless of his fate,  
Move joyously along,  
Nor mourn their poor, wrecked brother's state,  
Self-love has grown so strong.
4. But, ha! the foremost of the two  
Has caught upon a brier;  
And now the third one rushes past,  
Impatient with desire.  
Though all are trav'ling down to death,  
Ne'er to retrace life's stream,  
Yet do they thus mark other's wo,  
Nor sad nor sickly seem.



5. On bounds the one triumphantly,  
 More pleased to reign alone,  
 And, laughing at the two behind,  
 Is dashed against a stone :  
 While struggling now impatiently,  
 The other two sweep by,  
 And gaze on their relentless friend  
 With an indignant eye.
6. Thus moves mankind o'er mother earth—  
 Exceptions, little claim :  
 All are alike at weakly birth,  
 And have no wit nor name.  
 But growing into manhood bold,  
 They sail life's fleeting river ;  
 One all-engrossing object, GOLD,  
 Which some find, and some never !
- 

## YOUNG LOCHINVAR.—WALTER SCOTT.

1. O young Lochinvar is come out of the west,  
 Through all the wide border his steed was the best—  
 And save his good broadsword, he weapon had none,  
 He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.  
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
 There never was knight, like the young Lochinvar
2. He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,  
 He swam the Eske river, where ford there was none,  
 But ere he alighted, at Netherby gate,  
 The bride had consented the gallant came late ;  
 For a laggard in love and a dastard in war,  
 Was to wed the fair Ellen, of brave Lochinvar.
3. So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,  
 'Mong bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers and all,

Then spoke the bride's father his hand on his sword,  
 For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word:  
 "O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

4. "I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;  
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;  
 And now I am come with this lost love of mine,  
 To tread but one measure, drink one cup of wine.  
 There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,  
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."
5. The bride kissed the goblet, the knight took it up,  
 He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.  
 She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,  
 With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye.  
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar;  
 "Now tread we a measure," said young Lochinvar.
6. So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace;  
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,  
 And the bridegroom—stood dangling his bonnet and plume,  
 And the bride maidens whispered: "Twere better by far,  
 To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."
7. One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
 When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood  
     near,  
 So light to the croup, the fair lady he swung,  
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung:  
 "She's won, we are gone, over bank, bush and scour,  
 They'll have swift steeds that follow," quoth young Lochin-  
     var.
8. There was mounting 'mong Grahams of the Netherby clan,  
 Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;

There was racing, and chasing on Cannobie Lea,  
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.  
 So daring in love, and so gallant in war,  
 Have you e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

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THE POOR MAN'S MAY.—SAUNDERS.

1. SWEET May! they tell me thou art come :  
 Thou art not come to *me* ;  
 I cannot spare a single hour,  
 Sweet May! to welcome thee.  
 God knows how hard I've worked this week,  
 To earn my children bread ;  
 And see we have an empty board,—  
 My children are unfed.
  
2. And thou art still the same sweet May  
 My childhood loved so well,  
 When humming like a happy bee  
 Along some primrose dell.  
 I thought, oh! what a lovely world  
 Is this, dear God has given ;  
 And wondered any one should seek  
 For any other heaven!
  
3. The hawthorn buds have come again,  
 And apple blossoms too ;  
 And all the idle, happy birds  
 May sing the long day through.  
 The old green lane awakes once more,  
 And looks perhaps for me ;  
 Alas! green lane, my heart may die—  
 I cannot come to thee.

## THE BACHELOR'S DAY.

1. THE bachelor's morning is weary and sad :  
His bread is ill-toasted, his butter is bad ;  
His coffee is cold, and his shoes are not brushed—  
Breakfast thus leaveth him angry and flush'd.
2. He comforts himself for his sorrows by thinking,  
At dinner at least he'll have eating and drinking :  
" Good ale and beefsteak no misfortune can hinder,"—  
But the steak, when brought up, is found burn'd to a  
cinder.
3. He tags at the bell-pull, by fury inspired,  
To lecture the landlady till he is tired ;  
But she takes precious care to be out of the way  
When she thinks that her lodger has *something to say* !
4. He then finds that the temper to which she has driven  
him,  
Is not like to be sweetened by the beer she has given him,  
So he rises in wrath. " But my tea cannot miss,"  
He half doubtingly says, " to be better than this."
5. The whole afternoon he has nothing to do—  
He reads his old newspaper twenty times through ;  
If the weather were good, he might saunter about,  
But the rain is so heavy he cannot go out.
6. Between yawning and nodding, time passes away,  
And tea comes at last, after weary delay :  
Now surely the fates will relent at his lot,  
And allow him " the cup that inebriates not."
7. Alas, no !—to his sorrow no tea will pour out ;  
For a host of tea-leaves have got fixed in the spout,  
And before he can clean out the obdurate stopper,  
The tea is as cold as the bread and the butter.

8. The butter, in spite of his scolding and warning,  
Is, if possible, worse than he had in the morning:  
She has paid no regard to one word he commanded,  
What mortal's good temper is able to stand it?
9. Not much, to be sure, at the best he could boast,  
And his dinner mischance had extinguished the most,  
While the little not slain in the previous flutter,  
Is now drowned in the tea, and interred in the butter.
10. No longer the course of misfortune we trace:  
But we thought we could draw from his pitiful case  
A moral as plain as if Æsop had shown it—  
Get a snug little house and a wife of your own in't.

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TO A MOUSE.—ROBERT BURNS.

ON TURNING ONE UP IN HER NEST WITH THE FLOUGH.

1. WEE, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,  
Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie!  
Thou needna start awa so hastie,  
    Wi' bickering brattle!\*  
I wad be laith to rin and chase thee  
    Wi' murd'ring pattle.†
2. I'm truly sorry man's dominion  
Has broken nature's social union,  
And justifies that ill opinion  
    Which makes thee startle  
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,  
    And fellow mortal!
3. I doubtna, whyles, but thou mayst thieve:  
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!

\* A short race.

† Plough-staff.

- A daimen icker\* in a thrave, †  
 'S a sma' request :  
 P'll get a blessing wi' the lave, ‡  
 And never miss't.
4. Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !  
 Its silly wa's the winds are strewin' !  
 And naething now to big a new ane  
 O' foggage green !  
 And bleak December's winds ensuin'  
 Baith snell and keen !
5. Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,  
 And weary winter comin' fast,  
 And cozie§ here beneath the blast,  
 Thou thought to dwell, •  
 Till, crash ! the cruel coulter past  
 Out through thy cell.
6. That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble,  
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble ;  
 Now thou's turned out for a' thy trouble,  
 But house or hald,  
 To thole the winter's sleety dribble,  
 And cranreuch|| cauld !
7. But, mousie, thou art no thy lane,  
 In proving foresight may be vain :  
 The best laid schemes o' mice and men,  
 Gang aft a-gley,\*\*  
 And lea'e us nought but grief and pain  
 For promised joy.
8. Still art thou blest, compared wi' me !  
 The present only toucheth thee :

\* An ear of corn now and then.

† A shock of corn.

‡ The rest.

§ Snugly.

|| The hoarfrost.

¶ Not alone.

\*\* Off the right line, wrong.

But oh! I backward cast my e's  
 On prospects drear!  
 And forward, though I canna see,  
 I guess and fear.

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THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.—G. P. MORRIS.

1. WHY dost thou come at set of sun  
 Those pensive words to say?  
 Why whip-poor-will?—what has he done?  
 And who is Will I pray?
2. Why come you from yon leaf-shaded hill,  
 A suppliant at my door?  
 Why ask of me to whip-poor-will?  
 And is Will really poor?
3. If poverty's his crime, let mirth  
 From out his heart be driven;  
 That is the deadliest sin on earth,  
 And never is forgiven.
4. Art Will himself? It must be so,  
 I learn it from thy moan;  
 For none can feel another's woe  
 As deeply as his own.
5. Yet wherefore strain thy tiny throat  
 While other birds repose?  
 What means thy melancholy note?  
 The mystery disclose.
6. Still "Whip-poor-will,"—Art thou a sprite  
 From unknown regions sent,

To wander in the gloom of night  
And ask for punishment ?

7. Is thine a conscience sore beset  
With guilt or what is worse,  
Hast thou to meet writs, duns and debt,  
No money in thy purse ?
8. If this be thy hard fate indeed,  
Ah, well mayst thou repine !  
The sympathy I give I need,  
The poet's doom is thine.
9. Art thou a lover, Will ?—hast proved  
The fairest can deceive ?  
Thine is the lot of all who've loved  
Since Adam wedded Eve.
10. Hast trusted in a friend, and seen  
No friend was he in need ?  
A common error—men still lean  
Upon as frail a reed.
11. Hast thou in seeking wealth and fame  
A crown of brambles won ?  
O'er all the earth, 'tis just the same  
With every mother's son.
12. Hast found the world a Babel wide  
Where man to mammon stoops ;  
Where flourish arrogance and pride,  
While modest merit droops ?
13. What none of these ? Then whence thy pain—  
To guess it who's the skill ?  
Pray have the kindness to explain  
*Why* I should whip-poor-will !



14. Dost merely ask thy just desert ?  
 What not another word ?  
 Back to the woods again, unhurt,  
 I would not harm thee, bird !
15. But treat thee kindly—for my nerves,  
 Like thine have penance done ;  
 Treat every man as he deserves,  
 Who shall 'scape whipping?—NONE !
16. Farewell, poor Will—not valueless  
 This lesson by thee given ;  
 Keep thine own counsel, and confess  
 Thyself alone to Heaven !
- 

## THE SONG OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.—TAYLOR'S MAGAZINE.

1. AWAY, away, I burst !  
 Who will follow me ? who ?  
 I have quenched my burning thirst,  
 And I'm off!—Whiz, whistle, whew !
2. With my glowing heart of fire,  
 And my never tiring arm,  
 And my whisp'ring magic wire,  
 With its space-destroying charm,  
 From the city I sweep along,  
 Like an arrow swift and true ;  
 And before the eyes of the dazzled throng  
 I sing out—Whiz, whistle, whew !
3. The citizen stood in my path,  
 With the bower of delights he had made,  
 And proudly he vowed, in his wrath,  
 That his privacy none should invade ;—

- My gold in his purse dropped sweet,  
My iron o'er his lawn I threw,  
And I laughed at the calm of his snug retreat,  
With a merry whistle, whew!
4. The peer, from his old gray towers—  
His forefathers' proud domain—  
Looked down on my new-born powers  
With a lordly and high disdain ;  
But he started to see my breath  
His ancestral oaks bedew ;  
And I greeted his ear, his window beneath,  
With a piercing whistle, whew !
5. The Scot on his wild hill stood,  
Defying my onward course,  
And, pointing to mountain and flood,  
He dared me a passage to force ;  
But my arch o'er the gulf I flung,  
And the startled heathcock flew,  
As the caverned breast of the lone hills rung  
With a tearing whistle, whew !
6. Poor Pat from his bog looked round,  
And mocked my advancing tread ;  
But I taught him to train the deceitful ground,  
And his little ones blessed me for bread ;  
For famine forsook his door,  
When I made him my servant true,  
And wherever I passed on before,  
To make way for the whistle, whew !
7. When I came to the crowded town,  
They said I must stand outside ;  
But from high on their roofs I looked down,  
And they stared at my giant stride :

Then hiding, with cunning art,  
I tunneled in darkness through,  
And came rushing up in the city's heart,  
With a fierce whiz, whistle, whew!

8. The old royal mail dashed on,  
With its coachman and guard in state,  
And its foaming steeds, and its bugle-blower  
In its glory and pride elate;  
To a creeping "bus" it shrunk,  
As my steam-cloud rose in view,  
And its haughty guard, to a cabman sunk,  
Came to meet the whistle, whew!

9. 'Tis good that I pass along:  
From the smoke of the city I bear  
A pale and o'erwearied throng  
To fields and the fresh sweet air.  
'Tis good, for my path is fraught  
With boons for the country too—  
I waken men's spirits to life and thought  
With my stirring whistle, whew!

10. I fly like the tempest's wing,  
Yet the timid have nought to fear—  
A great but gentle thing,  
An infant might check my career.

11. Away, away, away!  
Who will not follow me? who?  
Peasant and prince the shrill summons obey  
Of my proud whiz, whistle, whew!

## SHERIDAN AND THE HEIR.

1. A numerous party was assembled at the mansion of a northern squire. Among them were Sheridan and a young, wealthy heir, belonging to a neighboring county. This youth prided himself on the accident of his birth, and on his consequent acquisition of riches.

2. During the early part of the day, the stripling sneered at poverty, and spoke slightly of authors, actors, and other classes of the community who afford occupation and amusement to thousands who would otherwise be devoured by ennui, or seek excitement in vicious pleasures. Sheridan was justly displeased at the want of tact, taste, and feeling in the rich young man, and waited for an opportunity of making him feel the edge of his keen rebuke.

3. At dinner were twenty guests. Sheridan sat on the left hand, at the bottom of the table; the youth on the right at the top; so that they were at opposite angles; and the whole party were so placed as to witness and hear what passed from either of them. The youth talked much of all that concerned him. He gave accounts of the wonderful leaping of his favorite hunter, of the distance his new double-barreled gun killed a wild duck, of the extraordinary stanchness of a cross-bred setter, of his dexterity in catching salmon with a single hair, of his prowess in London, &c., &c., to the number of eighteen different circumstances.

4. After the removal of the second course, silence ensued. Sheridan availed himself of the moment, and thus addressed the youth, his voice insuring a continuation of the prevailing silence: "Sir, from the distance at which I sit from you, I did not hear with accuracy the whole of your interesting anecdotes. Permit me to ask you whose hunter performed those extraordinary leaps." The youth replied: "Mine, sir." Sheridan continued: "But whose gun killed so far!" Again the youth answered: "Mine, sir." "Whose setter was so stanch?"

"Mine, sir," repeated the victim. "Who caught the salmon, sir?" "I did," was faintly answered.

5. Sheridan was inexorable, and continued, with the utmost politeness of manner, until he had exhausted the whole eighteen items, and then dryly said: "So, you were the chief actor in every anecdote, and the *author* of them all. Is it not impolitic to depise your own professions?" The youth left the mansion the following day, and was cured of his illiberality and egotism.

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## POETRY AND POVERTY.

1. 'Twas sung of old, how one Amphion  
Could, by his verses, tame a lion;  
And by his strange enchanting tunes,  
Make bears and wolves dance rigadoons;  
His songs could call the timber down,  
And form it into house or town;  
But it is plain, now in these times,  
No house is raised by poet's rhymes;  
They for themselves can only rear  
A few old castles in the air.
2. Poor are the brethren of the Bays,  
Down from high strains, to ekes and ayes;  
The muses too, are virgins yet,  
And may be, till they portions get;  
Yet, still the doating rhymer dreams,  
And sings of Helicon's bright streams;  
But Helicon, for all his clatter,  
Yields nothing, but insipid water.
3. Yet, ev'n a-thirst, he sweetly sings  
Of Nectar, and Elysian springs.  
The grave physician, with his physic,  
Like death, despatches him that is sick;

Pursues a sure and thriving trade ;  
For kill or cure, the doctor's paid.

4. In shady groves the muses play,  
And love, in flow'ry meads, to stray ,  
Pleased with a bleak barren ground,  
Where rip'ning fruits are never found.  
But then, some say, you purchase fame,  
And gain a never dying name ;  
Great recompense for real trouble,  
To be rewarded with a bauble !  
Thus soldiers, who in deadly battle  
Get bangs and blows, like butchers' cattle,  
Are paid with fame and wooden leg,  
And gain a pass with leave to *beg* !

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THE FLY.—OLDYS.

OCCASIONED BY A FLY DRINKING OUT OF THE AUTHOR'S CUP.

1. Busy, curious, thirsty fly !  
Drink with me, and drink as I !  
Freely welcome to my cup,  
Couldst thou sip and sip it up :  
Make the most of life you may ;  
Life is short and wears away !
2. Both alike are mine and thine,  
Hastening quick to their decline !  
Thine's a summer, mine no more,  
Though repeated to threescore !  
Threescore summers, when they're gone,  
Will appear as short as one !

THE JACK-DAW.—*COWPER.*

1. **THERE** is a bird who by his coat,  
And by the hoarseness of his note,  
Might be suppos'd a crow ;  
A great frequenter of the church,  
Where bishop-like he finds a perch,  
And dormitory too.
2. About the steeple shines à plate,  
That turns and turns, to indicate  
From what point blows the weather ;  
Look up—your brains begin to swim,  
'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him,  
He chooses it the rather.
3. Fond of the speculative height,  
Thither he wings his airy flight,  
And thence securely sees  
The bustle and the raree show  
That occupies mankind below,  
Secure and at his ease.
4. You think no doubt he sits and muses  
On future broken bones and bruises,  
If he should chance to fall ;  
No, not a single thought like that  
Employs his philosophic pate,  
Or troubles it at all.
5. He sees that this great round-about,  
The world, with all its motley rout,  
Church, army, physick, law,  
Its customs and its bus'nesses  
Are no concern at all of his,  
And says, what says he ? *Caw !*

6. Thrice happy bird! I too have seen  
 Much of the vanities of men,  
     And, sick of having seen 'em,  
 Would cheerfully these limbs resign  
 For such a pair of wings as thine,  
     And such a head between 'em.
- 

VULGAR HOSPITALITY.—DEAN SWIFT.

1. THOSE inferior duties of life, which the French call *les petites morales*, or the smaller morals, are with us distinguished by the name of good manners, or breeding. This I look upon, in the general notion of it, to be a sort of artificial good sense, adapted to the meanest capacities, and introduced to make mankind easy in their commerce with each other. It is odd to consider that for want of common discretion, the very end of good breeding is wholly perverted; and civility, intended to make us easy, is employed in laying chains and fetters upon us, in debarring us of our wishes, and in crossing our most reasonable desires and inclinations.

2. This abuse reigneth chiefly in the country, as I found, to my vexation, when I was last there, in a visit I made to a neighbor, about two miles from my cousin. As soon as I entered the parlor, they put me into the great chair, that stood close by a huge fire, and kept me there by force, until I was almost stifled. Then a boy came, in a great hurry, to pull off my boots, which I in vain opposed, urging that I must return soon after dinner.

3. In the meantime, the good lady whispered her eldest daughter, and slipped a key into her hand. The girl returned instantly with a beer-glass half full of *aqua mirabilis* and syrup of gilly-flowers. I took as much as I had a mind for; but madam vowed I should drink it off, for she was sure it would do me good, after coming out of the cold air; and I was forced to obey,—which absolutely took away my stomach.



4. When dinner came in, I had a mind to sit at a distance from the fire ; but they told me it was as much as my life was worth, and set me with my back just against it. Although my appetite was quite gone, I resolved to force down as much as I could and desired the leg of a pullet. "Indeed, Mr. Bickerstaff," says the lady, "you must eat a wing to oblige me;" and so put a couple upon my plate. I was persecuted at this rate, during the whole meal.

5. As often as I called for small beer, the master tipped the wink, and the servant brought me a brimmer of October. Some time after dinner, I ordered my cousin's man, who came with me, to get ready the horses ; but it was resolved I should not stir that night ; and when I seemed pretty much bent upon going, they ordered the stable-door to be locked, and the children hid my cloak and boots.

6. The next question was what I would have for supper ? I said I never eat anything at night ; but was, at last, in my own defence, obliged to name the first thing that came into my head. After three hours, spent chiefly in apologies for my entertainment, insinuating to me "that this was the worst time of the year for provisions ; that they were a great distance from any market ; that they were afraid I should be starved ; and that they knew they kept me to my loss," the lady went and left me to her husband, for they took special care I should never be alone. As soon as her back was turned, the little Misses ran backwards and forwards every moment, and constantly, as they came in or went out, made a courtesy directly at me, which, in good manners, I was forced to return with a bow, and "Your humble servant, pretty Miss." Exactly at eight the mother came up, and discovered, by the redness of her face, that supper was not far off. It was twice as large as the dinner, and my persecution doubled in proportion.

8. I desired, at my usual hour, to go to my repose ; and was conducted to my chamber by the gentleman, his lady, and the whole train of children. They importuned me to drink something before I went to bed ; and upon my refusing, at last left

a bottle of *stingo*, as they called it, for fear I should wake and be thirsty in the night.

9. I was forced, in the morning, to rise and dress myself in the dark, because they would not suffer my kinsman's servant to disturb me at the hour I wished to be called. I was now resolved to break through all measures, to get away; and, after sitting down to a monstrous breakfast of cold beef, mutton, neat's tongues, venison-pasty, and stale beer, took leave of the family. But the gentleman would needs see me part of my way, and carry me a short cut through his own grounds, which he told me would save half a mile's riding.

10. This last piece of civility had like to have cost me dear, being once or twice in danger of my neck, by leaping over his ditches, and at last forced to alight in the dirt; when my horse having slipped his bridle, ran away, and took us up more than an hour to recover him again. It is evident, that none of the absurdities I met with in this visit, proceeded from an ill intention, but from a wrong judgment of complaisance, and a misapplication in the rules of it.

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THE FLY'S REVENGE.—N. ENG. MAGAZINE.

1. "So," said a fly, as he paused and thought  
How he had just been brushed about,  
"They think, perhaps, I am next to nought—  
Put into life but to be put out!
2. "Just as if, when our Maker planned  
His mighty scheme, he had quite forgot  
To grant the work of his skillful hand,  
The peaceful fly an abiding spot!
3. "They grudge me even a breath of air,  
A speck of earth and a ray of sun!

This is more than a fly can bear—  
Now I'll pay them for what they've done!"

4. First, he lit on the idle thumb  
Of a poet, and, "Now for your thoughts," said he,  
"Wherever they soar, I'll make them come  
Down from their towering flight, to me!"
5. He went and tickled the nasal tip  
Of the scholar, and over his eyebrow stung,  
Till he raised his hand, and his brain let slip  
A chain of gems that had just been strung.
6. He washed his feet in the worthless tear  
A belle at the theatre chanced to weep—  
"Rouge in the bath!" he cried; "my dear  
Your cheek has a blush that is not skin deep!"
7. Off, to a crowded church, he flew,  
And over their faces boldly stepped,  
Pointing out to the pastor's view  
How many sheep in the pasture slept.
8. He buzzed about a lady's ear,  
Just as a youth, with piteous sigh,  
Popped the question she would not hear,  
And only answered, "a saucy fly!"
9. On the astronomer's painted glass  
He leisurely stood and stretched his wing;  
For here, he knew he was sure to pass  
For quite a great and important thing.
- 10. "Now is the time," said he, "my man,  
To measure the fly from head to heel!  
Number the miles, and if you can,  
Name the planets that I conceal!"

11. "What do you call the twinkling star  
Over the spot where you see me tread—  
And the beautiful cluster of lights afar,  
Ranged in the heavens above my head ?
12. "Ah! it is *station* which swells us all,  
At once, to a size that were else unknown !  
And now, if ever I hear you call  
My race an order beneath your own—
13. "I'll tell the world of this comic scene ;  
And how will they laugh to hear that I,  
Small as you think me, can stand between  
You and your view of the spacious sky !"
- 

## ADDRESS TO AN OLD WIG.

1. HAIL thou ! that liest so snug in this old box ;  
With awe I bend before thy wood-built shrine !  
Oh ! 'tis not closed with glue, nor nails, nor locks,  
And hence the bliss of viewing thee is mine.
2. Like my poor aunt, thou hast seen better days ;  
Well curled and powdered, once it was thy lot  
Balls to frequent, and masquerades, and plays,  
And panoramas, and I know not what !
3. Alas ! what art thou now ? a mere old mop !  
With which our housemaid Nan, who hates a broom,  
Dusts all the chambers in my little shop,  
Then slyly hides thee in this lumber-room.
4. Such is the fate of wigs—and mortals too !  
After a few more years than thine are past,  
The Turk, the Christian, Pagan, and the Jew,  
Must all be shut up in a box at last !

5. Vain man ! to talk so loud, and look so big !  
 How small the difference 'twixt thee—and a wig !  
 How small, indeed !—for speak the truth I must ;  
 Wigs turns to dusters, and man turns to dust.
- 

## THE EMPLOYMENTS OF DEATH.\*

1. I BRING down to an equal state  
 The counselor and the advocate,  
 The shepherd and the gentleman,  
 The banker and the citizen,  
 The mistress and her waiting maid,  
 The niece, her aunt—a wrinkled jade—  
 The abbot and the monk so lowly,  
 The little clerk and canon holy.  
 I never hesitate, and wonder  
 What people I shall make my plunder.
2. I take one in his hour of grief ;  
 Another, in a space as brief,  
 When he is ripe with joy and glee,  
 Gets a terrible cuff from me.  
 I take one as he lifts his head,  
 Another, when he goes to bed ;  
 The well man and the sick I borrow,  
 The one to-day—the other to-morrow.
3. One, when with sleep his brain is muddy,  
 Another, in his brownest study ;  
 One, in a gormandizing mood,  
 Another, famishing for food.  
 I seize one while he utters prayer,  
 Another, just about to swear ;

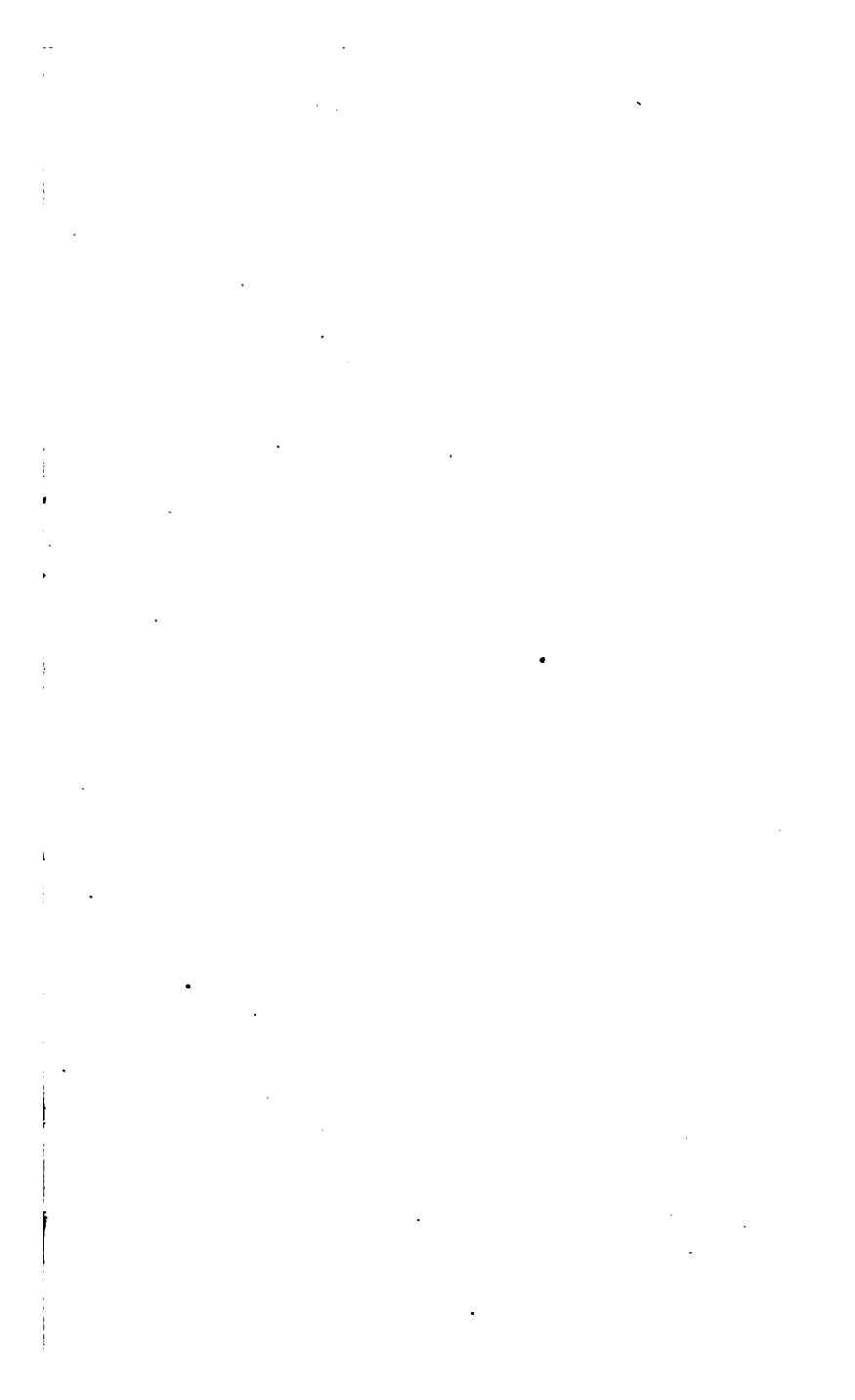
\* From the New England Magazine ; being a translation from the French of Jacques Jacques.

One, at his table richly spread,  
 Between the white wine and the red ;  
 Another, in his oratory,  
 Who gives to God all praise and glory.

4. I frighten one away from life  
 The very day he gets a wife ;  
 Another, with deep sorrow bowed,  
 To see his loved one in her shroud.  
 One a walking, another a prancing,  
 One a playing, another a dancing ;  
 One who is eating, but never a thinking,  
 Another, who eats not, but always is drinking ;  
 One, who pays for his purchases quick,  
 Another, who pays not, but goes upon tick.

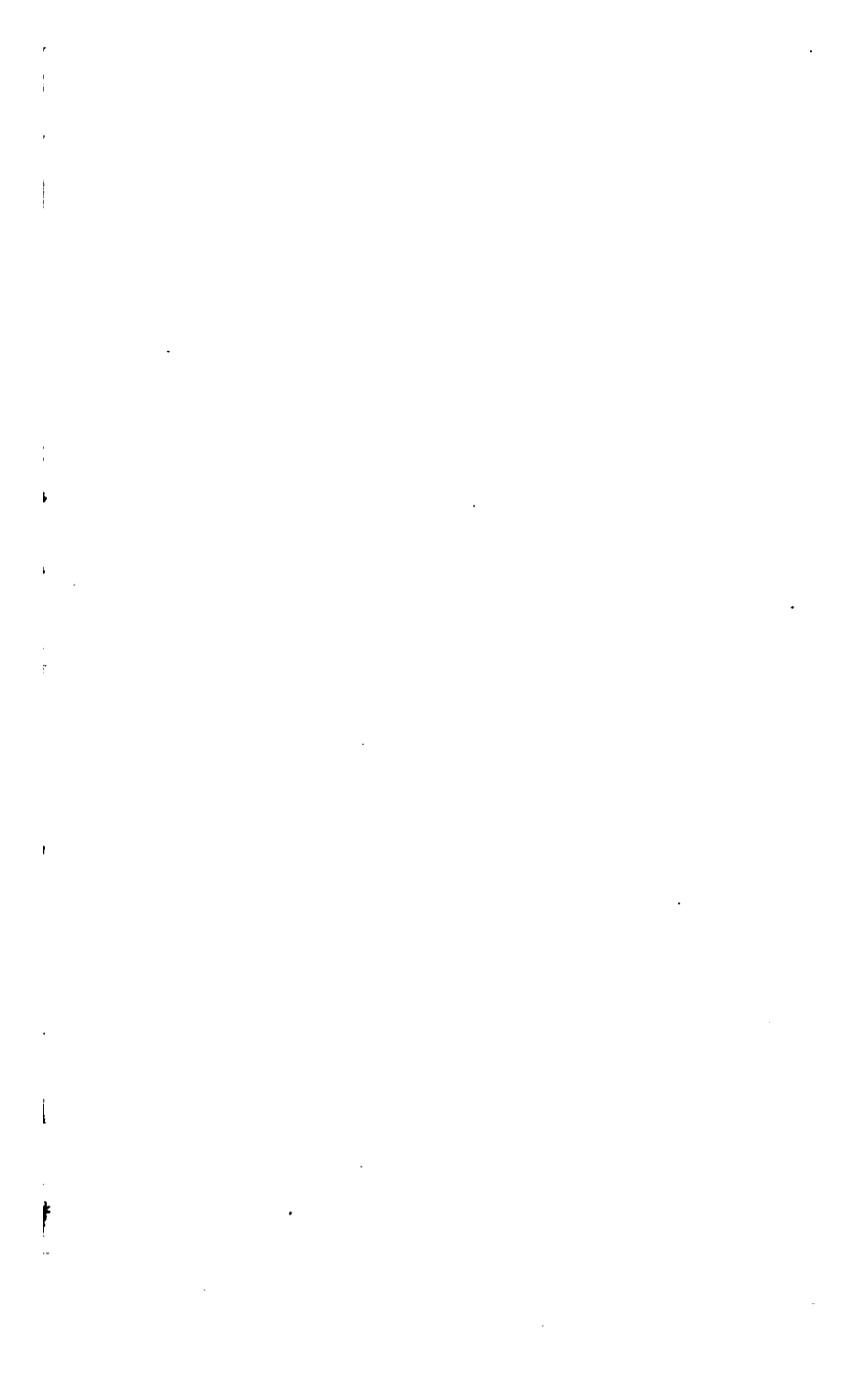
5. One, who gathers the golden grain,  
 That summer strews on the fertile plain ;  
 Another, who reaps the loaded vine,  
 When autumn sunbeams softly shine ;  
 One, who raises the lusty cry  
 Of " buy my new Almanacs, come and buy !"

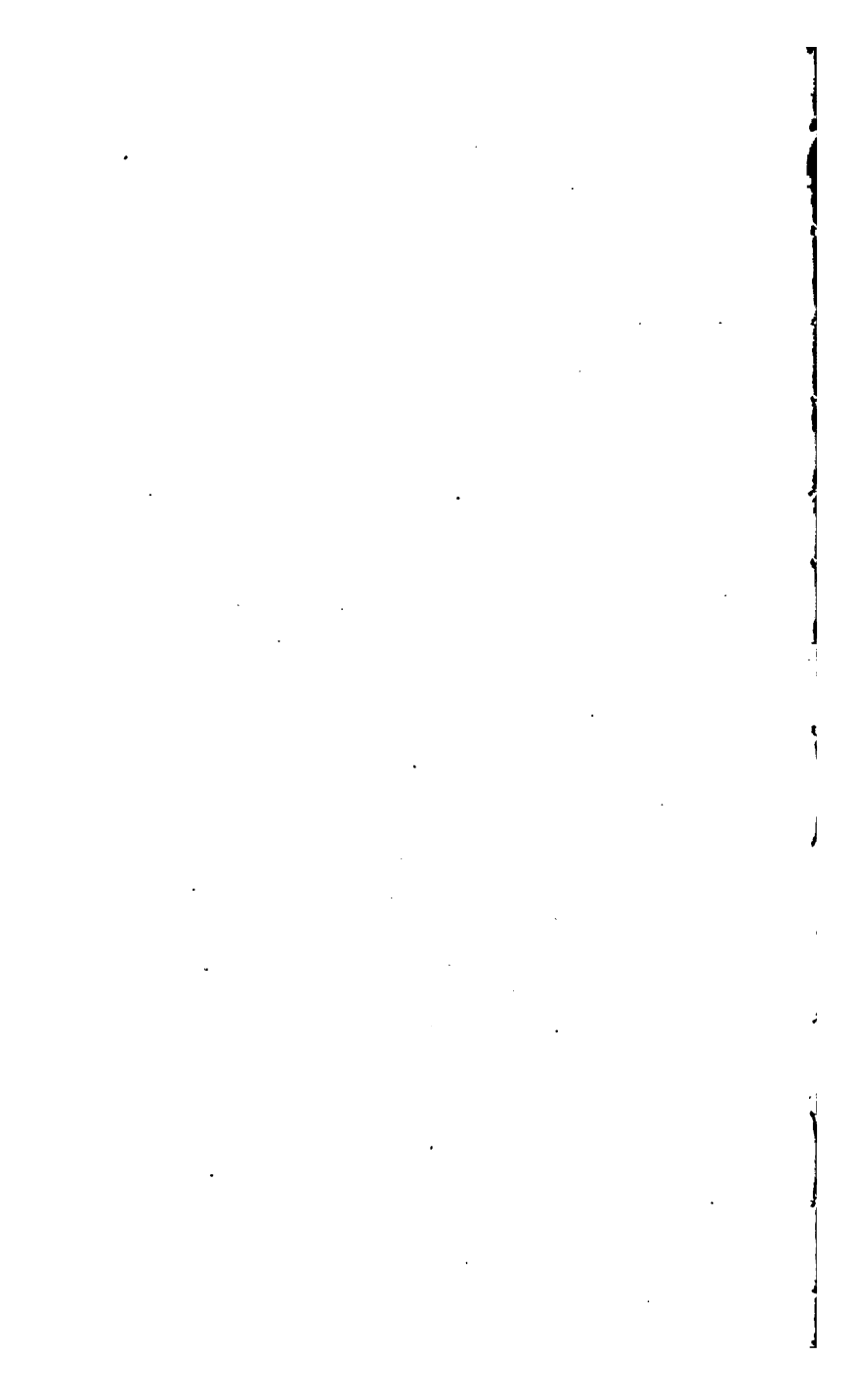
6. Another—but I need not tell  
 What every hour can witness well.  
 I take him who by begging lives,  
 Alike with him who freely gives.  
 The patient I deprive of motion,  
 The day he drinks a healing potion ;  
 And, more than all, the doctor dies,  
 With a huge fee before his eyes !















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